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# abhráin grádh chuíge connacht

OR

## *LOVE SONGS OF CONNACHT*

(BEING THE FOURTH CHAPTER OF THE "SONGS OF CONNACHT"), NOW  
FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED, EDITED, AND TRANSLATED

BY



DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

(an chraoiríín aoiúinn).

PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LITERARY SOCIETY, MEMBER OF  
THE COUNCIL OF THE GAELIC UNION. AUTHOR OF "LEABHAR  
SGEULUIGHEACHTA," "BESIDE THE FIRE," ETC.

*THIRD EDITION.*

baile-aċ-cliaċ.

Clóbuailce le Gill, Spáro uí Čonaill.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN. DUBLIN: GILL & SON

---

*Half-a-Crown, Nett.*



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*Tὴν Ἀφροδίτην πόλλα ἔνεστι ποικίλα,  
Τέρπει τε γὰρ μὰλιστα καὶ λυπεῖ βροτούς,  
Τύχοιμι δ' αὐτῆς ἡνικ' ἐστὶν εὔμενής.*

EURIPIDES.

*Δη τά πας ὅρευθαί  
Θεαν το ὅρευσασθ  
Πίτι απ θάριε ιομ.*

BÁRD ÉGIN.

*Tίς δὲ βίος τί δὲ τερπνὸν ἄτερ χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης,  
Τεθναιην ὅτε μοι μηκέτι ταῦτα μέλοι.*

MIMNERMUS.

PB1429  
H9

158865

## FUAGRADH.

---

*A Cháirde,*

Ní'l ann san leabhairín seo acht aon chaibidil amháin de'n leabhar mór atú mé ag cur le chéile ar “Abhránaibh Chúige Connacht.” Tá caibidil le bheith agam ann ar abhránaibh Uí Chearbhallúin nach raibh ariamh i geló, caibidil eile ar Mhac Cába agus ar Chom-aimsireachaibh an Chearbhallánaigh, caibidil eile ar abhránaibh óil, caibidil ar chaointib agus ar abhránaibh bróin, caibidil ar dhántaibh Mhic Shuibhne agus an Bhaireudaigh, caibidil ar dhántaibh an Reachtair, caibidil ar abhránaibh eug-samhla, agus b' éidir tuilleadh. Agus i n-éinfeacht leis sin ta mé ag cur rómham cuntas ionlán do thabhairt ar bhárdaigheacht agus ar rannaigheacht na h-Eireann, le somplachaibh ar nios mo'ná leith-cheud de na miosúraibh no módfaibh-rannaigheachta do bhi aca, i nGaedheilg.

Acht mar atú clóbhualadh na Gaédheilge an-chostasach, agus mar cailltear mórán airgid le gach leabhar, d'iarrfainn ar gach uile dhuine léigheas an leabhar so agus ata sásta leis an geaoi ann a bhfuil sé deunta—agus go deimhin do rinneas mo dhithchioll leis—líné do chur chugam-sa go tigh Gill, Sráid Uí Chonaill, Baile-ath-cliath, le rádh an nglacfaidh sé na coda eile nuair tiuc-faidh siad amach, no an d-tiubhraidh sé aon chongnamh dham leis na leabhracha so do sgapadh i n-aisge gan luach ameasg na sgol ann a bhfhuil an Ghaedheilg d'á múnadhanois i n-Eirinn, mar do sgap an duine-uasal an Cliabharach mo “Leabhar Sgeuluighe-actha,” agus a “Dhuanaire” féin, agus mar do sgap mé féin mo “Chois na Teineadh,”—rud do rinne, mar cluinim, mórán leis na teanga do chongbháil suas ann sna h-áiteachaibh sin. Do thug mo charad agus mo chomh-Chonnachtach féin an t-Athair Mártaín Labhrás O Murchadh ó Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., fiche punt dam, mar chongnamh ann san geúis mhaith seó, agus is mian liom m'fhíor-bhuidheachas do chur i n-úmhail dó ann so.

Go raibh buaidh agus beannacht ar mhuinntir na Gaedheilge ! agus go saoraidh Dia Éire !

*An CHRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.*

Oibheasá eile leir an g-Craoibhín Aoibhinn.

*Other Works by the same Author :*

“Leabhar Sgeuluisíseacta.”

viii—261 pp., 8vo. Price 5/-. Gill & Son, O’Connell Street, Dublin.

Containing some sixteen Folk Tales, Riddles, Ranns, &c., in Irish, with copious Notes on the Pronunciation, Vocabulary, and Dialect.

“The multitude of characteristic idioms and of those charmingly expressive turns of speech which one meets with daily among the peasantry is so great as to make the work a perfect treasure-house of rich jewels of thought. . . . Dr. Hyde deserves well, not only of his country, but of all scientific investigators and philologists.”—*Freeman’s Journal*.

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“His collection of Irish Gaelic Folk Stories is the fruit of years of pious work. He has travelled into every corner of Ireland where the old tongue still lingers, gathering from the mouths of the Irish-speaking peasants the olden stories that linger among them.”—*Nation*.

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“BESIDE THE FIRE.”

lviii—204 pp., large 8vo. Price 7/6. David Nutt, Strand, London.

Containing Folk Tales and Fairy Stories in Irish and English, collected from the mouths of the peasantry. With Introduction and Notes, and additional Notes by Alfred Nutt.

“Any reader conversant with the subject will at once recognize the fact that this book is distinctly the most valuable contribution that has ever been made to Irish Folk-Lore. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that it is the only work in that particular department that is trustworthy in its details and scientific in its treatment.”—*Nature*.

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“Perhaps the most interesting part of Dr. Hyde’s collection of Irish tales, ‘Beside the Fire,’ is his Introduction.”—*Saturday Review*.

“We trust that his warning, though late, is not given in vain, and that a whole literature will not be allowed to die or to become a fossil in the studies of the Dryasdusts.”—*Daily News leading article*.

---

“COIS nA TENEAO.”

60 pp., large 8vo. Price 1/6. Gill & Son, O’Connell Street, Dublin

Containing six Folk Stories in Irish, reprinted from the last volume.  
With additional Notes, &c.

## P R E F A C E .

---

MY DEAR DR. SIGERSON,

Allow me to offer you this slight attempt on my part to do for Connacht what you yourself and the late John O'Daly, following in the footsteps of Edward Walsh, to some extent accomplished for Munster, more than thirty years ago. Since that attempt of yours, down to the present day, scarcely an effort has been made to preserve what you then felt to be one of the most valuable heritages of the Irish race—its Folk Songs. I have, in the following little volume, collected a few of these, the Love-Songs of a single province merely, which I either took down in each county of Connacht from the lips of the Irish-speaking peasantry—a class which is disappearing with most alarming rapidity—or extracted from MSS. in my own possession, or from some lent to me, made by different scribes during this century, or which I came upon while examining the piles of modern manuscript Gaelic literature that have found their last resting-place on the shelves of the Royal Irish Academy. The little work of mine, of which this is the fourth chapter—the preceding three having been printed in the now extinct *Nation*—was originally all written in Irish, but the exigencies of publication in a weekly newspaper necessitated the translation of it into English. This I do not now wholly regret; for the literal translation of these songs will, I hope, be of some advantage to that at present increasing class of Irishmen who take a just pride in their native language, and to those foreigners who, great philologists and etymologists as they are, find themselves hampered in their pursuits through their unavoidable ignorance of the modern Irish idiom, an idiom which can only be correctly interpreted by native speakers, who are, alas! becoming fewer and fewer every day. It has also given me the opportunity of throwing some of these songs into English verse—such as it is—in doing which I have differed somewhat from yourself, Mangan, Ferguson, and other translators, in endeavouring to reproduce the vowel-rhymes as well as the exact metres of the original poems. This may give English readers, if the book ever fall into the hands of

#### PREFACE.

any such, some idea of the more ordinary and less intricate metres of the people, and of the system of Irish interlineal rhyming, though I fear that the unaccustomed ear will miss most of it. My English prose translation only aims at being literal, and has courageously, though no doubt ruggedly, reproduced the Irish idioms of the original.

I have, as you will see, carefully abstained from trenching upon anything ever before published, my object merely being to preserve what was in danger of speedy extinction. It is, however, more than time that the best of those gems of lyric song, published by Hardiman, over sixty years ago, in two expensive and now rare volumes, were given to the public in a cheap and accessible form. It is to them the student should first look for the very highest expression of the lyric genius of our race.

I have compiled this selection out of many hundreds of songs of the same kind which I have either heard or read, for, indeed, the productiveness of the Irish Muse, as long as we spoke Irish, was unbounded. It is needless to say that I have taken no liberties with my originals, and, though I have inserted conjectural emendations of many passages and words which to me appeared unintelligible, I have, of course, in every case honestly preserved in foot-notes the reading of the original MSS., or the words of the *vivâ-voce* reciter, no matter how corrupt they may have appeared, and I have spared no trouble in collating manuscripts wherever I could, so as to give the best text possible.

In conclusion, I beg of you to accept this little *díospán*, not for its intrinsic worth, if it has any, but as a slight token of gratitude from one who has derived the greatest pleasure from your own early and patriotic labours in the same direction, for, as the poet says:—

'S í an teangeal Ó Daoiðeisge iŋ gneannta cló,  
Go blácta léigteas i manj céol,  
'S í éanar bhuadcha binn-šuč beóil.  
'S iŋ riop gur móp a h-áille.

iŋ mé, Le meáf móp,

an chraobhín aoibhinn.

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aibhráin grádh chuíge connacht

OR

*LOVE SONGS OF CONNACHT*

éus ghlád ó fheasair náir éuis é. Tá ainn an éailín caillte, agus ní l' fíor airí an ocáid airí a n-dearainnaió rí an tán ro, na airí aon ruda eile ó d'á chaoisib, áct ainnam go bfuil an tán féin ann rún. Sin é an éaoi le trí ceadhráinnaió agus níor mó te na tántais ann rian Leabhar ro; ní mhairfeann te na tásomhaibh do éum iad fadai bhrón agus ríaoi ghearr-érlád ó áct na h-áthráim,

1) buaine pojnt na glór na n-eam  
1) buaine focal na toice an tráeasail.

Ag ro aii tán do minne rí, agus i fólláraíocht gur caillín-thuaité bí innici.

### TÁ OTÉIRÍONN-SE SIAN.

Tá otéiríonn-re riapar i fomair in éiscfaimh,  
Airí aii g-cnoc do b'áirne i fhearrfaimh,  
'S i aii ériaoibh éanáigéada i tainifínn  
'Súr i f é mo ghlád féin air lusaité leanfaimh.

Tá mo érioióde ómón tuis le áirne,  
ná le gual tuis b'ónigfíde i g-ceadrtair,  
Le bonn bhróige airí háláitíb bána,  
'S tá lionn tuis móri of cionn mo gáire

Tá mo érioióde-re bhrúigte bhrúigte,  
mar leas-cioróine airí uadctair uigthe,  
mar baird' cnuasairc enó leirf a mbhrúigte,  
ná marighean óg leir a rórtá.

Tá mo ghlád-ra airí ódaé na rmeára,  
'S airí ódaé na rús-craoibh, Lá bhréaghs ghléine,  
airí ódaé na bhráodcós buis tuisce an trléibh,  
'Súr i f minic bí ceann tuis airí collaínn gléasil.

1) miéis tasmh-raf an baile geó fágáil,  
1) geur airí clóch 'súr i fuaig air láib ainn,  
1) ainn a fuaigear gur éan éadair,  
Agus focal triom ó luséit air bhoisáin.

\* Aliter, "i f tainigé" = i f lusaité.

† .1. 'n éir, no, tar éir. Labhréar é i g-contae Róiscomáin agus i n-áiteasáid eile mar "leir."

who did not understand it. The girl's name, and the occasion on which she made this poem, and everything else about it, is unknown, except that the poem is here. That is the way with three-fourths and more of the poems in this book; there remains nothing of the people who composed them in grief and tribulation, except the songs.

A tune is more lasting than the voice of the birds,  
A word is more lasting than the riches of the world.

This is the poem she made, and it is evident that she was a country girl.

#### IF I WERE TO GO WEST.

If I were to go west, it is from the west I would not come,  
On the hill that was highest, 't is on it I would stand,  
It is the fragrant branch I would soonest pluck,  
And it is my own love I would quickest follow.

My heart is as black as a sloe,  
Or as a black coal that would be burnt in a forge,  
As the sole of a shoe upon white halls,  
And there is great melancholy over my laugh.

My heart is bruised, broken,  
Like ice upon the top of water,  
As it were a cluster of nuts after their breaking,  
Or a young maiden after her marrying.

My love is of the colour of the blackberries,  
And the colour of the raspberry on a fine sunny day.  
Of the colour of the darkest heath-berries of the mountain,  
And often has there been a black head upon a bright body

Time it is for me to leave this town,  
The stone is sharp in it, and the mould is cold;  
It was in it I got a voice (blame), without riches  
And a heavy word from the band who back-bite.

Ρυαστρατον αι τηράδό, ιγ τωμησ το έυς ε  
Το πάς να μηνά ίντ, αριανή νάρι ένις ε,  
Μο όποιος ανη μο λάρι γυρι φάγευτό γέ τους ε,  
'Σ μι φεικινή αιρι αι τηγάδο νά ι η-άιτ αιρι βιέ ε.

Σιν αληράνη ηαέ φέτοιρι α ήλιασταδό αιρι φιμπλιθεάετ αιρι πίνε αγυρ  
καιονε αγυρ αιρι θύθρον τοινιν. Αγ γινη μαρι γυαρη πηρε ε, αέτ  
τά νά γανη ειλε ανη, το βι θευντα λε τυνη ειλε γαν ανημαρ, ειδό<sup>το</sup>  
γο θευαρη γιασο άιτ ανη γαν τάνη ρο. Τά αι ιηγεαν αγ λαβαίτ λε  
ηα μάχαιρι ανη γαν γ-κευσ γανη, αγυρ τά αι ταρα ιηγεαν ασ  
λαβαίτ λειρ αι μάχαιρι ανη γαν ταρα γανη.

(Αι ίευσ ιηγεαν αγ λαβαίτ φόρ.)

Α μάιτερην θίλεαρ ταβαίρ μέ φέιν δό,  
Ταβαίρη ηα βατ' α'ρη ηα καιοιησε γο λειρ δό,  
Τέιδ, έν φέιν, αγ ιαρηιατό ηα τέιηρε  
Α'ρη ηα γαθη γιαρη ηα αιμαρη τομ' έιλιασταδό.

(Αι ταρα ιηγεαν αγ ευρη ηα ή-αξαιδ.)

Α μάχαιρην θίλεαρ ταβαίρ ί φέιν τό,  
Ηά ταβαίρη ηα βατ' ηά ηα καιοιησε γο λειρ τό,  
Ηά τέιδη έν φέιν αγ ιαρηιατό ηα τέιηρε  
Τ' αον μάς θευαίσ τ' α' θευηλη βεό ι η-έιηνην.

Θειρινη αι τά γανη ρο, αέτ γασοιλην ο'ν γευιο ειλε τε'ν τάνη ιασ,  
Οιρη ιγ φολλαράε γυρι τυνη έιγην ειλε το έυηρη ι γ-κιονη αι μάχαιρη  
αληράνη ιασ.

Αγ γινη αι θεαν αγ ταβαίτ λόλαϊρ τ' α' ειοιοθε θηριτε, λε ηα  
γημαντε το έυηρη ι θρολαιδ. Σεό ανοιρ αι φεαρ αγ ιαρηιατό αη  
μυσ θευνηα το θευνατην, αγυρ θοιλζεαρ τοινιν τοθρόναε αγυρ  
κύμα εριαδιό εριάθε αιρι. Ιγ έ ιγ αινη το'ν αληράνη ρο, ηαλα  
ηέιρην. Έυαλατό μέ κυιο τε' δημηαοι ι γ-κονταδέ Ρογκομάνη, αγυρ  
τά αον γανη αινηαν τέ ι λεαβαρη ηι ή-αριζαδάνη, αέτη ηι θευαίρη μέ  
αριατην σόιρη ιομιλην τέ ηο γο θευαίρη μέ αηη γαν τ-γεανλάμη-  
γηριβηνη έ, αγ αη θαη μέ αη οιρεασ γινη τ' αληράναιδ έεανα. Ηιορ  
φευο μέ αον σόιρη τε' τ' φάγαιλ αηη γαν ηηη. 'Γαν Αρο-γροιη  
Ριογαθηνη Ειρεανηαιδ. Ιγ κορινηλ γυρη γηη γο μόρη αη τάνη ρο  
'νά αον ηιδ αη Κεαρβαλλάναιδ. Ιγ γιαλε α θρατη γιαρη ι γ-κονταδέ  
ηηηζ-εδ, ηέιρην, αγυρ ιγ έ αη γιαλε το έυης αινη το'ν αληράνη. Ιγ

I denounce love ; woe is she who gave it  
 To the son of yon woman, who never understood it.  
 My heart in my middle, sure he has left it black,  
 And I do not see him on the street or in any place.

That is a song that cannot be surpassed for simplicity, softness, gentleness, and deep sorrow. That is how I found it; but there are two other verses that were, without doubt, composed by some one else, though they have found a place in this poem. The daughter is speaking to her mother in the first verse, and the second daughter is speaking to the mother in the second verse.

#### THE FIRST DAUGHTER SPEAKS.

Oh ! dear little mother, give him myself ;  
 Give him the cows and the sheep altogether.  
 Go yourself a-begging alms,  
 And go not west or east to look for me.

#### THE SECOND DAUGHTER (OPPOSING).

Oh ! dear little mother, give him herself ;  
 Do not give him the cows and the sheep altogether.  
 Do not go yourself begging for alms  
 For any son of churl who is alive in Erin.

I give these two verses, but I separate them from the rest of the poem, for it is evident that it was some other person who added them to the mother-song.

There is the woman seeking satisfaction for her broken heart by putting her thoughts into words. Here, now, is the man trying to do the same thing in deep, mournful sorrow, and hard and ruined (*i.e.*, ruinous) melancholy upon him. The name of this song is the "Brow of Nephin." I heard part of it from a woman in Roscommon, and there is one verse of it given in Hardiman's book ; but I never got a complete copy of it until I found it in my old manuscript, out of which I have already taken so many songs. I was unable to find any copy of it in the MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy. It is likely that this poem is older than anything of Carolan's. Nephin is a mountain far west in the county Mayo, and the mountain gave its name to the song. No doubt it was a peasant who was neither poet or bard who com-

νόις γυρ τυμε-τηρε πας ραιθ' ηνα φίλε πά 'ηνα θάριο το γιννε ε,  
αέτι γε βεαγ τ' αβράναιθ πα πιθάριο τόρι ατά—ταρ λιον-γα—εον  
μιλιγ λειρ.

παλα πέιριν.

Ωά πιθέιδιμη-ρε αιρι πιλα πέιριν  
'S μο χευο-χράδι λε μο έδαιθ,\*  
Ιγ λάξας έοιτεόλαμδαιρι τη-έιηφεαέτ  
πιλαιρι αι τ-έιην αιρι αι γ-εραιοιθ.  
'Σε το θέιλιν θινη βριαλχράδ  
Οο πιευθαιρις αιρι μο ψιανη,  
Δγυρινούλαδι ειύινη ιν φευθαιμ,  
Σο η-έυγρασ, φαραοη!

Ωά πιθέιδιμη-ρε αιρι πα κυανταιθ  
Πιλαιρι βινθ τυαλ ταμ, ρεοβαιην ιρόριτ,  
Μο έάιρησε νιλε ραοι βιατρηεαδ  
Δγυρινούλαμιν ορρια γαέ λι.  
Ριοη-ργαιέ πα ηγριασας  
Ρυαιρι βιατρι ά'ρ εινη γαέ γιεο,  
'S γυρι β'έ μο χριοιθε-γτισγ τά 'ηνα ρεαλ τυθ,  
Δγυρινούλαμιν ιν'λ βεο.

Πας δαιθηνη το πα ή-έιηνηθ  
Δ ειριγεαρ γο ή-άριο,  
'S α έουληιγεαρ τη-έιηφεαέτ  
Αιρι αοι χραιοιθιν αιμάιη.  
Πι πιλαιρι ταμ φέιη  
Δ'ρι το μ' χευο πιλε γράδι  
Ιγ ραοα ο πα έειλε ορριαηνη  
Ειριγεαρ γαέ λά.†

\* “Θειέτ Δγαμ,” i η-άιτ “λε μο έδαιθ,” 'γαν ms.

† Aliter.

Ηι ή ηιρι φέιη ταμ-γα  
Πά το μ' χευο πιλε γράδι,  
Ιγ ραοα ράνας δ πα έειλε  
Βίορι αιρι η-έιριγε γαέ λά.

posed it, but there are few songs of the great bards themselves that are in my opinion as sweet as it.

### THE BROW OF NEFIN.\*

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin  
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,  
 We should nestle together as safe in  
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.  
 From your lips such a music is shaken,  
 When you speak it awakens my pain,  
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,  
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean,  
 I should sport on its infinite room,  
 I should plough through the billow's commotion  
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.  
 For the flower of all maidens of magic  
 Is beside me where'er I may be,  
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,  
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,  
 They rise up on high in the air  
 And then sleep upon one bough together  
 Without sorrow or trouble or care ;  
 But so it is not in this world  
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,  
 For away, far apart from each other,  
 Each day rises barren and bare.




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#### \* LITERAL TRANSLATION.

If I were to be on the Brow of Nefin and my hundred loves by my side, it is pleasantly we would sleep together like the little bird upon the bough. It is your melodious wordy little mouth that increased my pain, and a quiet sleep I cannot (get) until I shall die, alas !

If I were to be on the harbours as I ought to be, I would get sport, my friends all under trouble and gloom upon them every day.

O thou flower (?) of enchanters who got victory and fame in every strife, sure it is my heart within that is a black coal and a woman of my pity (*i.e.*, to pity me) lives not.

Is it not delightful for the little birds who rise up high and who sleep together upon one little bough ? Not so is it for me myself and my hundred thousand loves, it is far from each other each day rises on us.

What is your opinion of the sky when there comes a heat upon the day, or on the full tide rising in the face of the high ditch ? Even so does he be who gives excessive desire to love, like a tree on the brow of a mountain which its blossoms would forsake.

Caod é do bhréascthusaadh airn na ghréascthas  
 Tíracht [tísg] teagair airn an ló,  
 Na airn an Lán-mara ag éirí sé  
 Le h-euidhean airn cíorainne óilim?  
 Mar fúid bhoif an té úto  
 A bheir air-toil do 'n ghréas  
 Mar chraonn airn mala ríleáise  
 Do\* érreisgeasadh a bhláit.

Táir éir airn tá aibhráin mi-mhírnéadáinil fheadh do éabdhait, leanfarr  
 maoisí iad le tá aibhráin eile de cineál contíoplach, aibhráin o'fheus-  
 fhamm éairg aigteasach ambealgas aibhráin-molta-ná-mbaan acé gur fheadh  
 aibhráin ghrádach iad airn feadach eileann airn fad, agusur bheilim ann ro  
 cónair Connachtach do fhuairt mór ann fuan trean ghríbhinn airn ari lathair  
 mór éoin minic fheadh, agusur cóbair mhírnéadach do fuailear mór i láimh-ghríbhinn  
 do rinn airn riach-ghsoláipe hædeileas rím Dóimhneall mac Conchaidh o  
 inniúr i g-conadach air Chláir. Ír é air t-aibhráin ro “Mhírnín na  
 ghríbheise báine.” Tá an éudo cónair coipíníil leig airn té rím atá ag  
 air h-áigrasánach, acé níl ri éoin coipíníil léite naobair fíú a fatháil.  
 Ag ro é.

mírnín na ghríbheise báine,

'S i mbairle-ná-hinnfe fíar  
 Atá mo ghrádach le bláthaim,  
 If áille i 'ná ghríon air fóidhílair,  
 'S go bhráfham mil 'nna thíos  
 Air loing a cor fuan tuisleáin  
 Tá fuailear air uairi 'náir na Samhna.  
 Tá bhráfham féin mo thíos  
 So ngrábhaim i ann mo lion

\* “Ann do érreisgeasadh,” fán ms., acé in feicim bhríodh air  
 “ann” ro.

† “Tá bhráfham air rtáid mo chíall,” fán ms. b' éidigh = “Tá  
 bhráfham air rtáid [bhean] mo chíall” i. mo rún no mo éoil.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens  
 When the heat overmasters the day,  
 Or what when the steam of the tide  
 Rises up in the face of the bay ?  
 Even so is the man who has given  
 An inordinate love-gift away,  
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven  
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

After giving these two dispirited songs we will follow them with two other songs of a contrary kind, songs which I might have included amongst those in praise of women, except that they are old love songs throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, and I give here a Connacht copy which I found in the old manuscript about which I have spoken so often, and a Munster copy which I found in a manuscript of mine which that fine Irish scholar, Donal MacConsidine, from Ennis, in the county Clare, made. This song is the "Moorneen (darling) of the fair hair." This first version is like that which the Hargadaunuch (Hardiman) has, but it is not so like it that it is not worth while to save it. Here it is—

#### THE MOORNEEN, OR DARLING, OF THE FAIR HAIR.

In Ballinahinch in the West  
 My love is for a year,  
 She is more exquisite than the sun of the autumn,  
 And, sure, honey grows after her,  
 On the track of her foot on the mountains,  
 No matter how cold the time after November.

Α' το γειτνιαν-ρε αν θρόν ρο όιον όν λά μη τ  
α' της είναι πλε α μυστό μιαν  
νι βόρραιδ μέ αέτ μο μιαν  
ιρ ι μάρτιν να γρυαίγε βάνε.

Τά μο̄ σευέτα λε γραπή  
 Α' το̄ μο̄ βρανηρά λε εγραψή  
 Αγωγή από μέσαν τύο ωile λε τευματίν,  
 Μέ νο̄ βειέ δαμιεζ  
 Αιρ φεαρέδαινη α' το̄ αιρ γιος  
 Αιρ ρύλ γο̄ στιύκρα γρέιρ δαμ.

Ἴη σοια λεατ ἐ<sup>τ</sup>  
Α ἔσπιατο ο μο ἔλειβ,  
Ηι ορτ ατά άι φιαι ἔράιοτε,  
Δεγυρ τύιτέε φλαιτεαρ Τέ  
Ηάρ φειριό τυ γο ή-ένδ  
Μιμα ουγατό το ἔροιο-τις γράθ θαμ.

Ωά βράχαινη το ποσά  
Ωε μηνιάθ οεαρα αν δοιήδαι,  
Δευτερού φάγαινη ορρα ποσάπιν γάρτα,  
Δευτερού πέιρη μαρ τειρη να λεαδαιρη  
Ωο ευγ γι δυνιό ον δοιήδαι  
Ιη ι μάμηνη να γραδαιγε βάινε.

Seó atoibr aii cóir i Muineac mór o'fág Mac Conairtín 'nná óis aig i, agus aitíseasim go toilteannac guri feapar i 'ná an ceann fuaig.

máire bheag na gruaige báine.

Coir na bprígoe fiáir atá mo ghrádó le bliadán  
A fathúil rún mar ghrádai an t-ghairid,  
Fáraon mil 'nna díaitis air loigríos a coir gan t-ghrádáin  
Seacáit reacáintíne tar éis na Sathma.  
Dá bprádáinn-re féin a tuarafar 'r í bean an chúilín óuadairis  
An aithnír úd do luardeadh air bhréagácht,  
'S gur aig geataidibh Cill-ó-dá-luaet do gharraf-ja le m'uan  
Iar i móire no ghráidíe báine.

<sup>†</sup> "Σαν βυαιόηεαδ" γραν ΜΙΣ, τά φοιλ ζηνίθεαρ νηού-ζηναίμ.

If I were myself to get my desire,  
 Sure I would take her in my net,  
 And I would put away from me this grief without trouble,  
 And for the counsel of all ever were born  
 I shall only marry my desire,  
 She is the Moorneen of the fair hair.

My plough is to cease,  
 And my lea-land to sow,  
 And all that is to be done;  
 Me to be out  
 In rain and in frost  
 In hope that you would give me liking.

It is all one to you  
 Oh ! friend of my bosom ;  
 Not on you is the ruinous pain (*but on me*),  
 And the country of the heavens of God  
 That you may never see till death,  
 Unless the inner heart give me love.

If I were to get my choice  
 Of the pretty women of the world,  
 And let me get of them a satisfactory choice (*I would take you*),  
 And as the books say  
 She took the victory from the world,  
 She is the Moorneen of the fair hair.

Here, now, is the Munster version as Considine left it after him, and I willingly admit that it is better than the one just given.

#### LITTLE MARY OF THE FAIR HAIR.

Beside the Breed in the West, my love is for a year.  
 Her likeness is as the sun of the summer.  
 Honey grows behind her on the track of her feet in the mountain  
 Seven weeks after November day (i.e., even in the heart of winter)  
 If I were myself to get her description she is the woman of the  
 tressy cooleen,  
 Yonder maiden who was spoken of (or betrothed) for loveliness,  
 And sure at the gates of Killaloe I parted with my lamb,  
 She is Maurya (Mary) of the fair hair.

πάρι έιγεασ-γα φέμι όο'ν έας πο γεαλ φέ θάρηι αι φέιρ  
 ιρ σύμια αγ' νο δέιρη η πάτηρ λιον,  
 Δέτι πολαδι αιρη πότη πα π-ευη ι πθάρηι ρογ πα γειραδού  
 πο αι θευιλ αιρη φεαρ α βρέμι παρ τάιμ-ρε.  
 Βά φατ ί αι οιδέε 'ρέιρη ποτηρι εόδαιλ μο γύιλε νευλ,  
 Δέτι αγ' πατέπιαν αιρη γηνομιαρέαιν πατηρε,  
 Δ'γ' γο θράτη πάρι έαδαιοδι πα τ-ευη ι πθάρηι φυαρ μο γέαδας  
 Σο θρειερεασ-γα ι στιγεαρ μο γηράδι γεαλ.

Κοιρη πα θηρίσθε πότηρε ατά μο τίλε γιτόρ-γα  
 'S ί αι αινόθηρ τά μόδαδηνιλ θευραδέ,  
 'S γυρη πιλληρε blaρ α πόση 'πά γιύρηα θεαδέ αιρη θηρην,  
 'S α θειέ τ'ά όλ αιρη θηραπησα εραοραδ.\*  
 Ένα έισι θηρεαδά θεαρηα θάνα πίληε γεαλα  
 παρ εαλα θειθεαδι αιρη αη λιην 'ππα ή-αποδη,  
 Δ'γ' γο λαβαριανη αι ζυαδέ αιρη λάρη αι γειτηριό φυαρη  
 'S αι πθαδιλε πθεαρ 'ππα πθιονη γι πλέιρεαδέτ.

Παδέ ποιλη θυθαδέ αι κάρη νο θυινε παρ ατάιμ  
 Παδέ γ-ειριθη πα πηνά πο φυινη αηνη,  
 'S γυρη β'έ έλυνινη-ρε νά πάδι γο θαθαρραιούρι φύο γηρέθ  
 Νο'ν φεαρη ιρ πεαρα κάιλ ι π-ειρηνη.  
 Παδέ παθατ\* αηνη αριή γο πτόζφατ μο λιον  
 Δ'γ' γο πθαινιφηνη-ρε τ'ά γεροινε φύο φάρατη,  
 Ταρη α πατηρεανη θεό τε πηνάιη, ιρι φύο μο γηράδι,  
 Μάτηρε θεαρη πα γηρατιγε βάινε.

Τά γηριοθραιηη αι τ-αθηράν 'ραη παππατιγεαδέτ αγυρ 'ραη πιογύρ  
 θευνηα λειρ αι γ-ειανη θειριονηαδέ τ-θειερηιρε έ γο φοραρ έομη πορ-  
 μώνιλ λε κέιλε ατά γιαν. Δέτι ατά κοιρη ειλη, κοιρη πιπινηεαδέ αγ'  
 γηριθηιηη νο πινηη αι Κονφαριδην θευνηα, αγυρ γηριοθραιο μέ έ 'ραη  
 παππατιγεαδέ θευνηα 'ηη αη γηριοθαρη αι τάη Κονναέταδέ, γο  
 γηηλόεαμαοι λε κέιλε πιορ φεαρη ιαν. Δέτι ηι παρη φυαρη μέ  
 έ γηροθέα λειρ αι γ-Κονφαριδην Δέτι λε λιντηιθ πανα, παρη αη "πάτηρ  
 θεαρη πα γηρατιγε βάινε," φυαρη.

\* = Εαορη-θεαρηγ, έομη θεαρηγ λε εαορη,

\* = Ηά παιη μέ (?)

That I may never come to the death or a while beneath the earth's  
top

And melancholy after thee I think no shame,  
But sleep like the birds in the soft top of the boughs,  
Or is any man in pain as I am ?  
No matter how long last night was, my eyes never slept a wink  
But musing on the deeds of Maurya,  
And that the Death may never come in the cold top of my branches  
Until I see my white love in a household.

Beside the great Breed my thousand treasures is,  
She is the maiden who is mannerly, courteous,  
And sure the taste of her'kisses is sweeter than the honey of the  
bees on the table  
And to be drinking it in berry-red brandy.  
Two breasts—fine, handsome, white, smooth, bright,  
Like a swan that would be alone upon the linn ;  
And sure the cuckoo speaks in the middle of the cold winter  
In the little village in which she is sporting.

Is it not sorrowful, mournful, the case to a person as I am  
That these women pay him no attention ?  
And sure what I hear said is that they would give their love  
To the man of the worst character in Erin.  
That I may not be in it again until I lift up my net  
And until I take satisfaction out of their hearts,  
Over all that live of women she yonder is my love,  
Little Maurya of the fair hair.

If I were to write this song in the same metre and measure as the  
last one it would easily be seen how like they are to one-another.  
But there exists another version, a Munster one from a manuscript of  
mine which the same Considine made, and I shall write it in the same  
measure as I wrote the Connacht song, that we may the better com-  
pare them with one another, but it was not thus I found it written by  
the Considine but in long lines like the "Mary of the Fair Hair,"  
above.

mūirnín na gruaighe báine.  
 mo léin gáin mé 'gur tu  
 a mairghean óg gáin éumí'  
 i n-oileánaib tuibh loch' eipne,  
 no fáoi éorlaitibh tuibh' na ríat  
 mar a ndeunaid na h-éanlaist nead  
 agur fáradh go bárria gheusda.  
 no i ngleannntáinín coif cuain  
 mar a labhrann ari éuaé,  
 a'r ari fáirige o éuait bheit taoibh líinn,  
 míre féin 'r mo rún  
 gáin coitlaibh ari nó rúan  
 acht agh rúigheach i g-clúid a céile.  
  
 mo lén ! gáin mé 'ra' g-cill  
 i bhoíeadh mo éairíthe gaoil  
 no i mullacé cnúic agh deunaith óruair  
 Sul fá r' éarla tu am' lison  
 agh d'ubairt cnead am' érioiše  
 agur t'iompruit tu mo ólaois mar airtne.  
 Cumadai geadh[1]\* o innadai  
 ní mairleadh r' acht mí  
 acht mar riolla te gaoit nílártá,  
 a rtóir níor cónai mé óiol  
 mar gheall aigh beagán maoim'  
 a'r feartá liom bhoi d'innseann rásca.  
  
 níor fád mé baile cuain  
 o Córcais ariuair  
 no ar linn go Currach-árdairis  
 Éarla ó ñeas ariuair  
 go béal ari eadra Ruaibh  
 náir éaircear, aigh mo éuairt ariu, ráláccé.  
 mar fúil go bhrághainn tuairis  
 péarla ari éuil tuaisleis  
 's i aingír do éis buairt éair innairibh i,  
 's gur i stéoraidh Cill-dá-lua  
 do rígaras le mo rún  
 i f i mórín na gruaighe báine.

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\* M' l' fíor agham ari é reo "gáur," no "geairr."

## THE MOORNEEN OF THE FAIR HAIR.

[MUNSTER VERSION].

My grief that I and thou  
 Oh young maiden without melancholy  
 Are not in **the** dark island of Lough Erne,  
 Or beneath the dark woods of **the** rods,  
 Where the birds make their nests  
 And (there is) growth to the top of the boughs.  
 Or in a little valley beside a bay  
 Where the cuckoo speaks,  
 And the sea from the north to be beside us,  
 Myself and my secret  
 Without sleep or slumber  
 But playing in a corner together.

My grief that I am not in the church-yard  
 Along with my kindred friends,  
 Or on the top of a hill making a dwelling,  
 Before you chanced into my net  
 Doubting the wound in my heart,  
 And you turned my locks like a sloe-berry.  
 Short affection from a woman  
 It only lasts a month,  
 But it is like a whiff of the March wind,  
 Oh treasure, it were not right to sell me  
 On account of a little riches  
 And in future let your mind be satisfied with me.

I never left a harbour town  
 From Cork down  
 Nor from that to Croagh Patrick (in Mayo),  
 Round from the south, and down  
 To the mouth of the Red Waterfall (*i.e.*, Ballyshanon),  
 That I did not spend a quarter-of-a-year on my visit in it,  
 In hopes that I might get an account  
 Of the pearl of the tressy *cool* ;  
 She is the maiden who gained the victory over women,  
 And sure at the mearn of Killaloe  
 I parted with my secret,  
 She is **the** Moorneen of the fair hair.

Coir na h-aisibne móijre  
 Atá mo mísle fíotóraí  
 'S í an mhaighean mhaigheád mó[ó]in[a]rás fíortha i,  
 'S go mbuio mille liom a rog  
 'ná míl na mbeasád aip bóir,  
 Águr i do bheit 'gá h-ól le bhrannuas.  
 A óá cscé ériuinne bheagá  
 Cumáta deara bláthiúair,  
 Míarí bheitheadh fneadáta 'gá éacád aip fíléibtíb,  
 'S go Labhrann an éuas le fonn  
 aip Láir an gceimhniú éall  
 'San mbaile 'nna mbionn mo ghrád le pléiriúr.

Τά δον θευρήα ειλε δον ταν αθηράν, αέτι τη νόιξη λιον πασι τηδαιν-  
εανν τέ λειρ, αγυρτούντων είγιν ειλε το πιννέ ε, αέτι θέαρηφαν δον  
το ε.

Tá euid aca ná riód  
 Suír móri mo ghean airí innáis  
 Niúr énsgair-ra mo ghean aict do cíngear,  
 A'f i g-contaibhirt mo báctas\*  
 So leanfainn tu 'ra' tigheáin  
 D'fionn beirte ann do páirte a cíul-fionn.  
 Do cheanfainn páirte de luing  
 'S do rciúróidéann i tapa tuim  
 Do fínsoinfeainn gao 'r do cheanfainn céucta,  
 Mo leanabán beag fionn  
 Do bheusgfainn f airí mo glúin,  
 A'g zo naofainn real faoi beinn a léime.

Σαγγαταοιδ αποιη̄ αιρῑ αθη̄ραῑ τοδη̄ρόνᾱ εile, νο̄ μινη̄ παιδεω̄αν  
ός αγ̄ υευνᾱδιν cύμα ασῡρ lιondūb αποιᾱις ᾱ δη̄ρά̄-ρα. Chualaīō  
μέ̄ curio τέ̄ ο̄ ſean-ιη̄ναοι i ſ-conοdᾱ ſlisīg, αέ̄t b̄ ſē ſuαīte ασῡρ  
meařḡc̄a lē τρο̄c̄-b̄ēυpρraib̄ εile, ασῡr αῑ ᾱ ūb̄ar τη̄ ſēīpim curio  
τέ̄ αρ̄ αn lāim-řzrīb̄:n n ασῡr curio εile πᾱc̄ b̄ruil̄'rαī lāim-řzrīb̄:n  
μᾱr ſuαīr mē̄ ō'n t̄rean-ιη̄ναοī ē. Tá̄ αn ēeū ſēuρra ασῡr αn  
ceann ſēīpionnāc̄ ō'n t̄rean iη̄ναοī, ασῡr uā t̄rī c̄m̄ eile ō'n ms.

\* b'fəəŋŋ "mo bájte."

Beside the great river  
 Is my thousand treasures,  
 She is the maiden—handsome, mannerly, satisfying ;  
 And sure her kiss was sweeter to me  
 Than the honey of the bees at table,  
 And it to be drunk with brandy.  
 Her two breasts—round, fine,  
 Shapen, handsome, blossomy—  
 As it were snow that would be thrown on mountains;  
 And sure the cuckoo speaks with delight  
 In the middle of the winter over there  
 In the village in which my love doth be with pleasure.

There is one other verse in the song, but I am sure it does not belong to it, and that it was somebody else who made it, but I shall give it here :—

There are some of them saying  
 That my love for women is great  
 But I never gave it but to five ;  
 And, in danger of being drowned,  
 Sure I would follow you in the ocean  
 With desire to be in your part (*i.e.*, dear to you), oh fair-haired one !  
 I would make portion of a ship,  
 And I would steer it across the waves ;  
 I would spin a gad (withy), and I would make a plough,  
 My little fair child  
 I would coax her on my knee,  
 And sure I would go awhile beneath the corner of her mantle.

We shall now meet another mournful song which a young maiden composed lamenting and grieving after her love. I heard part of it from an old woman in the county Sligo, but it was mixed up and mingled with other bad verses, and for that reason I give part of it out of my manuscript and part that is not in the manuscript, as I got it from the old woman. The first verse and the last are from her and the other three from the manuscript ;—

mala an tsleibhe ruairidh.

Tá mth ann mo lúiðe  
O'líriugd an ghealasá díréir,  
Aig cupr teineadó ríor  
Aghur go ríor 'gá fadógsa ño gneur,  
Tá muinnitír an tigé  
'nna lúiðe agur míre liom féim,  
Tá na coillise ag gásaothach  
Aghur an tig 'nna coisla ñ acht mé.

Ná'n fágusaidh mé an gaoighál ro  
Só gádailibh ñé om an mís-ád,  
Só náib bád agam agur caoiríse  
A'g mo mián de bhuadairill aitháin,  
Níor bfaidh liom an oisde  
Beirdeinn rinte le na bhoillád mhn báin  
's go dtiúbhráinn cead do fíol éabha  
'nna óidig riu a riogha riud a hao.

Folusigeanu ghrád ghráin  
Ann gac áit a n bionn mairge 'fhan miasat  
Aig leabhairt caol árho  
Le hárcte níor bfaidh mo lúiðe,  
Nuadair chunntaig mé air mo ghrád  
O'fág mé air mala an trléibhe ruairidh  
Soilim mo fáid  
'Súr iñ fánaidc éiormuigearf mo ghrusaidh.

An liontuib a gnuidiom féim  
Ni feusdaim dadaidh oé ól,  
Iñ meadra mair tám  
Ni feusdaim coisla ñ go fóil,\*  
Mallact imic Dáid do'n té riu  
Do bain osom mo ghrád,  
Aghur o'fágusaidh liom féin mé  
Gac aon oisde fá éigéid †

\* "An coisla ñ fágusaidh," 'fhan ms.  
† "Fá bhoíon," 'fhan ms.

## THE BROW OF THE RED MOUNTAIN.

I am sitting up  
 Since the moon rose last night,  
 And putting down a fire,  
 And ever kindling it diligently;  
 The people of the house  
 Are lying down, and I by myself.  
 The cocks are crowing,  
 And the land is asleep but me.

That I may never leave the world  
 Till I loose from me the ill-luck,  
 Till I have cows and sheep  
 And my one desire of a boy.  
 I would not think the night long  
 That I would be stretched by his smooth white breast,  
 And sure I would allow the race of Eve  
 After that to say their choice thing (*of me*).

Love covers up hate  
 In every place in which there is beauty in a woman  
 On a couch narrow, high,  
 For a quarter-of-a-year great and long (*was I*) lying,  
 When I remembered my love  
 That I left on the Brow of the Red Mountain,  
 I weep my enough  
 And it is scarcely (?) my countenance dries.

The grief (*or black ale, a play on words*) I myself make  
 I cannot drink any of it ;  
 It is worse as I am  
 I cannot get the sleep;  
 The curse of the Son of God upon that one  
 Who took from me my love  
 And left me by myself  
 Each single long night in misery.

'S a bhuadairillín níos  
 ní áthbhearr air bhéas magair ó bhuit mè,  
 níl aghaidh le riád  
 Acht aithnían go bhuail mé gan rppré,  
 ní cura mo ghárd  
 Aghair mo ércaidh má'r mírge liom é,  
 'S má tá mé gan bólacht  
 17 leóir Ódam Laiðe\* liom féin.

Tá an t-abhrán ro an-toibrónaí, mar an éirí 17 mó de na h-abhránaibh ghláidh tá deunta le mináibh, agus tá an fonn níos toibrónaighe 'ná na focaíl féin. Tá ré an-éorainníl le h-abhrán air an bfronn ceudna do fuailear mé i láimhgráibhinn imílinnig le Dómhnall Mac Conraidiúin. 17 ndiós go bhuairtear reifearan an t-áin o' feann-tuine thíos agus gan ríspíobh ré níos é. Cíod gur i ríspíobh imílinnig do fuailear mé é, ní i g-cúigé Muhammád atá ré le fágdaíl, mar évalar cuiro té i g-Connacláibh, mé féin. 17 de na h-abhránaibh riu é atá coitceoinn u'n t-dá cúnige. 17 carlín atá ann ro aghair ag deunamh bhróní dí féin fá náicé ntuig leíre a rogha-ghrád féin beirt aici Tá ré an-éorainníl leig an abhrán air a nglaoðann o'Dálaití Caipleán uil níell, acht tá beurraíodh ann ro náicé bhuail aige-rean, agus air an áthbhearr riu creibhíom gur fiú a éabhairt ann ro.†

### AN TUIRSE A'S AN BRÓN SO.

Tá an tuirfe a'g air bhrón ro  
 Ag gáibéal go móri móri timéiolach mo ériodáin,  
 a'g lón mo Ódha bhróga óde  
 'S na deóra ag ríleadh liom ríos.  
 'S é 17 fada liom uadim an Dómhnáí  
 A mille rtóiríno no go nglaoðann tu an trilise  
 Agus m' annraíct fá óró éin,  
 Slán beó leat no go bprílliòt me aghair.

A chumainn a'g a annraíct  
 1. Ntúig air t-riamhrialach air nglaoðairfead liom féin,  
 Amach faoi na gcleamhaisibh  
 Mar a mbéitíomh ag oul faoi u'n ghréim.  
 Ba, coimhíse, ná géana  
 Ní iarrfadh leat iad mar rppré,  
 Acht mo lón faoi do éom gheal  
 A'g cead cóimhlaibh no go mbuailearfead air tó-deas.

\*=lúidé

† Feac l. 82 de "fíliúdeachta ná cúnige Muhammáin," 11. cuiro.

And oh, young *bohaleen*,  
 I am no material for mockery for you,  
 You have nothing to say  
 Except only that I am without a fortune.  
 You are not my love,  
 And my destruction if I am sorry for it ;  
 And if I am without cattle  
 It is enough for me (*i.e.*, *I am able*) to lie alone.

This song is very sorrowful, like most of the love songs that are composed by women, and the air is more mournful than the words themselves. It is very like a song to the same air which I got in a Munster manuscript of mine by Donal Mac Consaidin. He probably got the poem from some old person and wrote it down. Although I found it in a Munster manuscript, it is not in Munster alone it is, for I heard some of it myself in Connacht. It is one of those songs that are common to the two provinces. It is again a girl who is here making lament for herself because she cannot have her choice love. It is very like the song that O'Daly calls "Castle O'Neill," but there are verses here which he has not got, and for this reason I think it worth giving them here.

#### THIS WEARINESS AND GRIEF.

This weariness and grief  
 Are going greatly, greatly, round my heart,  
 And the full of my two shoes of it,  
 And the tears dropping down with me.  
 It is what I think the Sunday long from me,  
 Oh, thousand treasures till you pass the way.  
 And my darling twice over you are,  
 Giving farewell to you, until I return again.

Oh, affection, and oh, darling,  
 In the beginning of the summer would you move with  
 me yourself  
 Out under (*i.e.*, among) the valleys,  
 Where we might be at the going-under of the sun (?)  
 Cows, sheep, or calves  
 I would not ask them for fortune with thee,  
 But my hand beneath your white form,  
 And leave to converse until twelve would strike,

Ceud plán do'n oisíche agáireas  
 'S é mo leun nád a nocht do b' aig aonúr  
 Buaéadailín ghréigearainn  
 Do bhréigearadh mé gearl aig a ghluin.  
 O'mheoirí aonuim fénim gheul tuait,  
 Dá mb'fheidir go ndeuntír aonim rún,  
 Go bhrúil mo ghrád do m'chréigim  
 A' Dí a ghleasail 'r a illsearé nád tamaist!

Tig le feair beirteach do bhrónaíodh éinm moit le mnáoi. Ag ro aibhráin  
 beag rimpliúde do fuaip mé o fean fíorí tair b'ainm O'Falaithmain  
 ag baile-an-tobair.

is fada mé ag imteacáit.  
 i) fada mé ag imteacáit  
     Aig éadaírig tmaí císe,  
     A tuisírig in bhráid  
         I mbairle no i dtír,  
     nó go bfaicair mé mo tmaillinn  
         Aig éaois Ónuic na Sióe,  
     A ghrád na trí dualac  
         O'á gusábaid le gaoit.  
 ii) tamaist gan mé pórta  
     Le gatór gseal mo érioiúde,  
     Taoibh éall de'n abhairn iónóir  
         Ná ag an gclóidíthe teóiran le na taoibh,  
     Cúnlóthair\* bain óg  
         Iar a éigéafad mo érioiúde,  
     'S beidhinn bliadain eileft si b' óigse  
         Dá mbeidhinn pórta ag mo tmaian.  
 So bhráidair d'á gusaláidán  
     Ag mo clíadáin anuas  
     'S go n-éirítear anáilpde  
         Améadairg éinín aí éadaí,  
     So ndeuntair cónair a cláir óam  
         'S go dtéid na tairisíde innici go olúid,  
     nì gusalaird do ghrád go bhráid liom  
         So mbéid meáráidce 'fhan uasáist.

\* = Cúnlóthair.

† Si b'óigse=níor óigse. Foirim Connadáctaé=ní b'óigse.

A hundred farewells to last night ;  
 It is my grief that it was not to-night that was first.  
 A sprightly *bóhalcen*  
 That would coax me awhile on his knee,  
 I would tell you a tale myself  
 If it were possible you could keep a secret for me,  
 That my love is forsaking me,  
 Oh ! bright God, and oh, Mary, is it not the pity !

A man can be sorrowful as well as a woman. Here is a little simple song I got from an old man named O'Fallon in Ballintubber.

#### LONG AM I GOING.

Long am I a-going  
 Inquiring for a *ban-a-t'yee* (Hausfrau)  
 Information of her I did not get  
 In town or in country.  
 Till I saw my darling  
 On the side of the Fairy's Hill,  
 Her hair of the three tresses  
 A-sweeping with wind.

\*Tis a pity without me to be (*i.e.* that I am not) married.  
 With the bright treasure of my heart,  
 On the brink by the great river  
 Or at the nearer ditch by its side.  
 Company of young women,  
 It is they who would raise my heart,  
 And I would be a year younger  
 If I were married to my desire.

Until two wings grow  
 Out of my two breasts,  
 And till I rise up on high  
 Amongst the birds of the bay,  
 Till a coffin of boards is made for me  
 And till the nails go closely into it,  
 Your love will never part me  
 Until I shall be a quarter of a year in the tomb.

Διηρή-αλλαιόις αν τιςέ μόνιμη-γε  
Κόμμυνι-γεανη α'γριον μο στράδό βάν,  
Διηρή-βάσις μο πευτε-εόλαιρ  
'S ειρήνης λιον παέ μεσον\* γέ λε φάγδαι.  
Βυθό-πιλληρε λιον α πόριγκη  
'Πά αν θεοίρη 'Γ'νά αν γνύερα βάν  
'S μυνα βράχη μέ έν λε ρόγαδο  
'S ειρήνης λιον παέ μεσείο μο έροισθε γλέν.

Ατά αν γάλινών γεό 'πινα φάρας,  
Α στράδό γέαλ, νο αν μηρωε λεστ ε?  
Γδαοι πα τορραιόις† βρεάς' βάνα  
Τά ασγ φάγ μαρη όυιλλεαδάρη πα γεραέθ.  
Πίορη βιννε λιον γλόρη κειρηγις  
Ας γαθαίλ αν τρηάτο γεό πά γυέ βινν πα η-ευν,  
'S γυρη ευλυγή μο στράδό ιασιμ  
Cúl φάμμεας δο Καιριλέαν Ήι Ηέιλλ.

Ιγ Δημητριέας ι μθευλ θεαγιων  
Οο φάγδαδο μέ αιρη ματων Θέ Λασιη,  
Σαν ασον συνιε βεό ι ποάιλ λιον  
Δέτη μο στράδό βάν α'γρέ μετιγέζε‡ α βρασ ιασιμ.  
Πιι βρυιλ γιλε πά βρεάδας  
Πά άιλλεας τ'άρισ ανη γαν γιογδας  
Παέ βρυιλ ανη μο στράδό βάν  
Α'γρι γυρη φάσ γέ γύνο ορηα ανη μο έλιασ.

Πάρη φάγδαιό μέ αν γαογδαλ γο  
Νο δο λειγριό μέ θίον αν μι-άδο,  
Ζο μθειό δατης αγαμης ασοιρηγέ  
Αγαμη μ' ανηραςτη αιρη λεαθαιό δο γάιν.  
Τρογδαδο πα ή-δοινε  
Πά λά γαοιρη ηι βριγγινη δο βράς,  
'S πίορη βρασα λιον αν οιδέ  
Οο βειδινη γιντε λε τ' θρολλας δεαλ βάν.

\* "Πα βιθέανη γέ," γαν MS.

† "Γδαοι γ πα τορραιόε," γαν MS.—μαρη ασειρηνη πα Πιατημηνης.

‡ "Μιτέ," γαν MS.

On the halls of this great house  
 - Besides and does be my white love,  
 Altogether (?) (*he is*) my knowledge-star ;  
 What I am sure of is that he is not to be got ;  
 I would think his kiss sweeter  
 Than the b'yore (*kind of beer*) and the sugar white ;  
 And, unless I get you to marry,  
 What I think certain is that my heart will not be whole

This garden is a wilderness,  
 Oh ! white love ; or, are you sorry for it ?—  
 Under the fine white fruits  
 That are growing like the foliage of the branches.  
 I would not think the voice of a thrush more sweet  
 Going this street, or the melodious voice of the birds ;  
 And sure my love has eloped from me,  
 The ringleted cool, to the castle of O'Neill.

Like a (discorded) bush in the mouth of a gap  
 I was left on Monday morning,  
 Without one person alive near me,  
 But my white love—and he gone far from me.  
 There is no brightness nor fineness,  
 Nor loveliness of all that were in the kingdom  
 That is not in my white love ;  
 And sure that left a sigh in my breast.

That I may never leave this world  
 Till I let from me the ill-luck ;  
 That I may have cows and sheep,  
 And my affection on a couch pleasantly ;  
 Fasting on Friday  
 Or holiday I never would break ;  
 And I would not think the night long  
 That I would be near by your white bright heart.

τά λύισην τεαρ εύθαρέα δάσαμ  
 Αἰρε ἔνιλ αν ἐνοσάιη,  
 Λε μο κύλφιον το ὑρευζαδό<sup>ν</sup>  
 Α'γ̄ μο χευο μίλε γράδ.  
 Μαρι γ̄ην α βιθεαρ μο ἐροιδε-ρε  
 Θευναδήν ρίοραϊ δαηι μο λάρ,  
 Μαρι βειθεαδό εριανη i λάρι γλέιβε  
 'S ε γαν ριέαταιβ ηά εροιδε γλάν.

Μαρι βειθεαδό\* γριαν ογ ειονη θυιθεαδάιη  
 Βιονη μ'ιντινη, φαραορ!  
 Γαν κούλαδό γαν ρυαλινηεαρ  
 Λε ταιλλεαδό αγυρ βλιαδαιη,  
 Ιγ̄ μαρ γ̄ην α βιθεαρ μο ἐροιδε-ρε  
 Θευναδήν ρίοραϊ δαηι μο λάρ,  
 Μαρι ηάς τοιγεανη τη νο μ'ιαρραϊδό<sup>ν</sup>  
 Σεαλ δαηι οιδέη διηιάη.

Δες ρο μαρ εδαιμεαρ βεαν ανόιαιδής α γράδό-ρα γο ρίορ-γιμπλιδέ  
 αγυρ γο ή-αη-βιηη. βιαιρι μέ αη ρίορα ρο ο γεανη θιναοι θαρ  
 ή αιηη θηρίζιο ηι Κόρρωναϊδή έι 'μια κότιμηρε i μβοτάη i λάρι ρορ-  
 ταιδή i γ-κονναέ Κορρωνάην αγυρ i βεαγ-ηάς χευο βλιαδαιη θ'αοιρ.

### μο θρόνιν αιρ αη θραιρρζε.

μο θρόνιν αιρ αη θραιρρζε  
 Ιγ̄ ε τά μόρη,  
 Ιγ̄ ε γαδαιλ τοιρή‡ μέ  
 'S μο μίλε γτόρη.

Ο'φάγαδό 'ραν μβαιλε μέ  
 Θευναδήν θηόηη,  
 Γαν δαηι τρύιλ ταρι γάιλε λιομ  
 Κοιδέη ηα γο τεό.

\* Λαθαιρέαρι αη ροκαλ ρο μαρ “βειτ,” i η-αοη γιολλα αιηάη, i γ-  
 Κονναέταιβ.

† “Βιροι Κρυμμεγ,” i μ θευρλα, τά γι μαρήδ ανοιγ αγυρ α ευρο  
 αληράη λειτε.

‡ Λαθαιρέαρι “τοιρη” μαρ “εαδαρ,” i γ-Κονναέταιβ αγυρ i η-  
 αλησαηη.

I have a nice fragrant little corner (?)  
 At the back of the hillock,  
 To entice my fair one  
 And my hundred thousand loves.  
 Even so does my heart be,  
 Making bits (of itself) in my middle,  
 As it were a tree in the midst of a mountain  
 And it without roots or heart sound.

As it were a sun over an abyss  
 My mind, alas, does be  
 Without sleep, without rest,  
 For more than a year.  
 Even so my heart does be,  
 Making pieces (of itself) in my middle,  
 Since thou comest not to seek me  
 For a while of only one night.

This is how a woman keenes after her love, exceedingly simply, and melodiously. I got this piece from an old woman named Biddy Cussrooee (or Crummey in English), who was living in a hut in the midst of a bog in the County Roscommon.

#### \* MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.

My grief on the sea,  
 How the waves of it roll !  
 For they heave between me  
 And the love of my soul !  
  
 Abandoned, forsaken,  
 To grief and to care,  
 Will the sea ever waken  
 Relief from despair ?

\* Literally. My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever or aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moornen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth.

110 lénin naé bfuil mire  
 'Súr mo mánrafn báin  
 1 g-cúige laigean  
 nlo i g-conndáe an chláir.

110 bhrón naé bfuil mire  
 'Súr mo mille grádó  
 aír bocht loinge  
 Tríall go 'mhericá.

Leabharlán  
 'Bí fúm ariéir,  
 agus é cait me amach é  
 le teag an láe.

Táinig mo grád-raf  
 le mo éadéb  
 gusalas airí gusalas  
 agus beul airí beul.

Néarlfairidh mé ann ro aibhlán grád eile, an t-aibhlán an-éliúnta cinnim-  
 neadhuisil rím, an Dhoisighneán Vonn, mar fuaifear é tá bláthainnean  
 ó ríom o fean-feadair, báitear, Sgúrrlóis, 1 gconndáe Roiscomáin,  
 feadair do fuaifear bár o ríom. Beirim ann ro é, mar tá ré ríos-beas  
 eugraimh ón g-cóir do éisg millír bhrús agus ón g-cóir do éisg O  
 h-árgadánán ná O h-árlaitéachán; agus tá éiríseann ríoláire fuaif  
 ariamh le cur 1 g-cló ppríomh-aibhlán na h-Éireann (agus rí osob-rafan  
 an Dhoisighneán Vonn) 1 g-cumad ceart le ríomháraist círdomaist  
 orra, ní fuláir\* ó díom ní oibread cóir eugraimh do beit aige agus  
 iur feirfeadh leis fágair. Níl an ódir leis ríos éorainn le aon éadan  
 eile air a bfuil fíor agam-raf, agus tá thír mór iorú i agus an  
 t-aibhlán 1 leabhar an h-árgadánán.

### an Dhoisighneán Vonn.

Saoileann ceud feadar gur leó féin mór nuaír ólaim lionn,  
 's téidéann díom oibriúan ríos díom nuaír fuaomhaisim air do éoin grád  
 lionn.

Do éam i m' mine 'ná an fíosa air bláth uil fíolann,  
 's go bfuil mo grád-raf mar bláth air áirítear air an Dhoisighneán Vonn.

\* Teirr ríos 1 g Connachtair "ní mór ó," 1. ior éisginn dí.

My grief, and my trouble !  
 Would he and I were  
 In the province of Leinster,  
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—  
 Oh, heart-bitter wound !—  
 On board of the ship  
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes  
 All last night I lay,  
 And I flung it abroad,  
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—  
 He came from the South ;  
 His breast to my bosom,  
 His mouth to my mouth.

I shall here give another love song, that very renowned and famous one, "The Drinaun Dunn" (Brown Blackthorn), as I got it twelve years ago from an old man, one Walter Sherlock, in the County Roscommon, a man who is since dead. I give it here as it is slightly different from the copies which Miss Brooke, Hardiman, and O'Daly give, and if any scholar ever rises up to print the prime songs of Erin—and "The Drinaun Dunn" is one of them—in right form, and making a careful study of them, he would want to have as many different versions as he can get. This copy is not very like any other one that I know, and there is great difference between it and the song as given in Hardiman's Book.

#### THE DRINAUN DUNN (BROWN BLACKTHORN).

A hundred men think that I am their own, when I drink ale (with them),  
 But two-thirds of them go down (*i.e.* retire) from me, when I think  
 of your conversation with me ;  
 Your form smoother than the silk that is on the mountain of O'Flynn,  
 And sure my love is like the blossom of the sloe on the brown  
 blackthorn.

Δειπνούσας δέ τοι πάντα τον θεόν την πρώτην μέραν  
επέβαλε την αποκάταση του θεού από την πόλην,  
επειδή οι Αθηναίοι έπεισαν τον θεόν την πρώτην μέραν  
επέβαλε την αποκάταση του θεού από την πόλην.

Τά πιθήν δ το χειρο-γεαργς απο το φόρα σιορ,  
Δεσμοί φηρ έπιεστην τη λειχεαργαδοιρ μο βηρόν, φαρδοι!  
Τά μέ πειδ λεατ γο πνευταιρι ναμ κοίηρα έδολ  
΄ς γο βρέφραδο αη φευρ γην α θιασιγ ρην τηριδ μο λάρ ανιορ.

'S a þaivoð an miðde leat mē beit tinn  
no a þaivoð an m:ðde leat mē vúl 'r'a 'g cill?  
A þaivoð an cúil ćeangailce 'r é do beul atá binn,  
'S go vtétið:m 'ran vtalaði bét ð mo ćean opt fæoi do ćómíppáð liom.

19 τελοὶ γαν σέιλλ α παστράδ' αὐγέιμ λειρ αν γελοιόθε βειό, ἀγιο  
 'S cloiōθe ḥrioll le no ḥaoib̄ aip̄ a leasgrað rē a láin.  
 Σιօ γυρ ἀρο ἐ αν craon̄ caor̄daiun̄ bionn̄ rē reaŋr̄b̄ aip̄ a bárr̄  
 'S fárgann̄ ryméaljéa 'gyur ruð-creaeb̄a aip̄ aŋ-creann̄ iſ íþle bláč.

'S a mhuire óilir círéad deunfar mé mór imcigréann tu uaim,  
n'íl eolais cum do thíos agam, cum d'agairidh ná do chruidé,  
Cóimheas le óilear do éas mo mhuintir Óam gan eulóig leat,  
'S go raibh ceud con aon do chroíre-rtíos 'gur na míle clear.

“*Οὐαὶ γάρ ἀπὸ εἰς οὐαὶν σαρπίταινιν,*” πατέ τιλεσθή να τεοίη δημόσιον λύτρον. Ας ρολίσουν μαζί την παραπλήσιαν εἰλή τον φυλήν με όχειν πίστην πειθαρίσειν την β' ανημένην Σεπτεμβρίου 15-ον της Κορινθίας.

\* = "úd," i. Connachtai b.

And farewell henceforth to yon town, westward amongst the trees,  
 It is there that my drawing is, early and late;  
 Many is the wet dirty morass and crooked road  
 Going between me and the town in which my treasureen is.

There is a ribbon from my first love in my pocket below,  
 And the men of Erin, they could not cure my grief, alas !  
 I am done with you, until a narrow coffin be made for me,  
 And till the grass shall grow, after that, up through my middle.

And, Oh, Paddy, do you think the worse of it (are you sorry), me to  
 be ill ?

Or, Oh, Paddy, do you think the worse of it, me to go into the  
 churchyard ?

Oh, Paddy of the bound back hair, it is your mouth is sweet,  
 And until I go into the ground my affection will be on you for your  
 conversation with me.

He is a man without sense would go contend with a ditch that  
 would be high,

And a low ditch by his side on which he might lay his hand (to  
 vault across) ;

Although it is high, the rowan-berry tree, it bees\* bitter out of the  
 top,

While blackberries and raspberries grow on the tree that is lowest of  
 blossom.

And, Oh, dear Mary (Virgin), what shall I if you go from me ?  
 I have no knowledge (of how to go) to your house, your haggard, or  
 your stacks ;

A faithful counsel my people gave me not to elope with you,  
 For that there were a hundred twists in your heart, and the thousands  
 of tricks.

This poem is truly gentle and sweet, and there is no spot in the  
 country where it is not to be still found, and it is as common in  
 English as it is in Irish, but we do not always find in it the same  
 verses. There was an old woman in it, long ago, who used to sing it  
 to me, and she never came to this verse—

Although the rowan-berry tree is high, etc.,  
 that she used not to shed tears from her eye. Here is another little  
 simple song that I got from an old piper, named Green, in the county  
 Roscommon.

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\* Usual Anglo-Irish for "it always is," or "it does be."

## IS TRUAHS DAN MISE I SACRANA.

1) ḡruas̄ dán mire i Sacraña  
 1 b̄friamne ná 'r̄d' Spám  
 ná éall amhrna triari-indeas̄daiib̄  
 mar a g-cóinniúigéann mo ḡhráð báin.  
 Agur máirfe an cún dusalairḡ  
 'nna ruithe roiri mo thá láim̄,  
 a'ḡ go mbéiríonn-ye 'gá b̄riengdáð  
 So h-éirigé an lá\* báin.

Uusairi luitim̄ airi mo leabhair  
 ní'l ródaínuil le fágair,  
 's go b̄fuiri ariamnḡ ann mo éaois̄ ñeas̄  
 Agur loit ri mo láir.  
 Doctúiríde na cnuinne  
 's iad uile le fágair,  
 ní'l mo leigear ag an m̄eo r̄in  
 Acht ag máirfe an cún báin.

1) fada mé ag imcheas̄t  
 Airi éuairias̄ḡ mná tiḡe,  
 A macraínuil ní fácaid̄ mire  
 1 m̄baile no i nt̄fri.  
 Dá b̄feicfeá-ra an ḡruas̄-b̄ean  
 Airi éaois̄ Cnuic-na-riide,  
 Dual o'á ḡruas̄ báin  
 's é 'oá fuaðað le ḡaois̄.

ní'l aon aibhán if̄ r̄implíde ann r̄an leabhair ro 'ná an ceannu r̄o.  
 ní'l ré corinnuile le h-obaír̄ fír̄ do éleac̄tað vánta do ñeumad̄, agur  
 if̄ corinnuile le h-aibhán beurla é 'ná le h-aibhán gaeðeis̄ḡ, óir ní'l  
 an coim̄-fuaðim̄ céadona 1 n̄od̄ no 1 nt̄fri focalait̄b̄ ann̄ ḡaois̄ lín̄e,  
 mar atá amhrna rean-aibhánaib̄ eile; ní'l coim̄-fuaðim̄ ann̄ r̄an  
 aibhán ro acht amháin i noeire fe an dairia lín̄e agur an éead̄raim̄að  
 lín̄e,—rua ñeotwigeas̄ nað b̄fuir̄ ré an tgean, agur nað obair  
 báir̄d̄ acht obair̄ vaine-tíre éiḡin é.

\* "lā" = "læ," ann̄ r̄o.

## I WISH I WERE IN ENGLAND.

Pity I am not (*i.e.*, I wish I were) in England,  
     In France, or in Spain,  
 Or over in the West Indies,  
     Where my white love lives,  
 And Mary of the tressy *cool*  
     Sitting between my two hands,  
 And sure I would be coaxing her,  
     Until the rise of the white day.

When I lie upon my bed,  
     There is no relief to be got,  
 And sure there is a stitch in my right side,  
     And she has wounded my middle.  
 The doctors of the universe,  
     And they all to be got—  
 My curing is not with all that number,  
     But with Mary of the fair *cool*.

It is long I am going  
     In search of a woman-of-the-house,  
 And image of her I never ~~saw~~  
     In town or in country.  
 If you were to see the lovely lady  
     On the side of the Fairy's Hill,  
 A tress of her fair hair,  
     And it being violently-forced with the wind.

There is no song in this book more simple than this. It is not like the work of a man who used to practise making poems, and it is more like an English song than an Irish one, for there is not the same co-sound (vowel rhyme) in two or three words in each line as there is in the other old songs ; there is no vowel rhyme in this song except at the end of the second and fourth lines, a thing which proves that it cannot be very old, and, that it is not the work of a bard, but of some peasant.

Si *reó* αι διτ *νασι* αθράνιν *βεας* τε η *τρόπιτ* *ceutona* δο *έμη* *ρίσι*.  
*βεαν* *έιγιν* δο *ένεσ* *γιάλό* δο *έταιλλιήρ* δο *μιννε* ε. *βυαίρι* *μιγε* ο  
*μεαν-φεαρ*, *Όάιτέαρι* *Σζυρρίδο*, *ι γ-κονδαέ* *Κοργομάιν* ε, *Δέτ* τα *αν-*  
*φεαρ* ο *α λευαίρι* *μέ* *οέτ* *μβλιαστηνα* ο *ζοιη* *έ* *μαρβ* *ανοιρ*. *Τά* *γέ* *αν-*  
*τριμπλιδε*, *αγυρδάέ* *υιλε* *ροκαλ* *τ'ά* *πουνδαιτ* *μέ* *ι σταοιβ* *αι* *αθράνι*  
*νειμιοννια* *ι* *ρίσιοι* *έ* *ι σταοιβ* *αι* *αθράνι* *ρεό* *μαρι* *αι* *γ-κευδηνα*.

τάιλινिरίν ἀν ευσαιξ.

Πάξινιό μέ δι ταύτη τούτη  
Μαρτίνη τέ γε γιάννη,  
Δευτέρη πατρινή μέ το οδοιποριό  
Τό Κλαϊό-Βι-Τζεασόνια.  
Από διτή α λευκισθεαδό ρόγδα  
'Όμη τοπίριν δευτέρη πάιτε,  
'Όμη βοζ εδαλαμάνιν (?) βό (?)  
Δευτέρη πόρραδ λειψανία.

Α ἐάιλλιάιρ, Α ἐάιλλιάιρ  
    'S α ἐάιλλιάιρίν αν ἔυταιχ,  
ηι υειρε λιον μαρ ἁγεαριαρ τυ  
    'Νά μαρ ἀυμαρ τυ ρα βρευζα,  
ηι τρυιμε λιον βρό μιυιλιν  
    'S i τυιτιμ i loc είρμε,  
'Νά γράο βυαν αν τάιλλιάιρ  
    Τά i mbjollac mo λέιmc.

Síoltaíl míre féin  
Maig do bì mé gan eólaír  
Só mbainfín liom do Láim  
No fáinne ari pórta,  
Asgur faoil mé 'nna ótadis  
Só mbusó tu ari peult-eólaír,  
No bláit na rúg-s-ériaoibh  
Airi gáde taoibh de na bóitearán.

\* b'ētɔŋj=óm' ñoŋ cəlamáinín (=column óíñ).

This is the place to put down another little song of the same sort. It was some woman who gave love to a tailor who made it. I got it from an old man, Walter Sherlock, in the County Roscommon, but the man from whom I got it eight years ago is now dead. It is very simple, and every word I said about the last song is true of this one also.

#### THE TAILOREEN OF THE CLOTH.

I will leave this village  
 Because it is ugly,  
 And I go to live  
 At Cly-O'Gara ?  
 The place where I will get kisses  
 From my treureen, and a *Céad fáilté*  
 From my soft, young little dove,  
 And I shall marry the tailor.

Oh, tailor, oh, tailor,  
 Oh, tailoreen of the cloth,  
 I do not think it prettier how you cut (your cloth)  
 Than how you shape the lies ;  
 Not heavier would I think the quern of a mill,  
 And it falling into Loch Erne,  
 Than the lasting love of the tailor  
 That is in the breast of my shirt.

I thought, myself,  
 As I was without knowledge,  
 That I would seize your hand with me  
 Or the marriage ring,  
 And I thought after that  
 That you were the star of knowledge  
 Or the blossom of the raspberries  
 On each side of the *boreen* (little road).

Tá ceann de na bheanraibh seo le fágsail i n-abhrán eile, agallamh no cónuiríodh iorú buaċċaill ós do b' aġ fágsail na h-eipreann aġur minnha ois tá aġ labdaip leip. Deiři jé lereiħi ann ran g-ceedu jaġi na ċeċ-ċen il-vaqt aige akt a fláinte aminn, aġur deiři jefri le greann ópim ir pollaraġac go mb'feajri leip i v-imiteadct uard. Illi ċheiredeann riże ē aġur tożżeġeann ji aġ cləmṛan. Aġ ro ē.

### Tá caillini ós 'sa 'mbaile seo.

(An buaċċaill).

Tá caillini ann ran mbaile seo  
 'S iż-żgħiex dī-je mājje,  
 Do ċuġġi međi għap-piġi tawżeġi u  
 Taġi caillini b'na h-áite,  
 Niż-żgħiġi aġam, niż-żgħid  
 Il-ġadha akt mo fláinte,  
 'S mār jipqas leat feajri foli u  
 Biżżejjem aġaqob aġur fäi'l-te.

(An Caillini).

A óġġanat-ġiġ  
 A bfuil ój-buuħiðe ann a jidċċaib  
 So ħżejci idu mé do h-allat-ħid  
 Seħħa, 'għix doċċiżi, u  
 So ħżejci idu mé do għaliex  
 L-ġan de għad-tnejda, \*  
 Aġur na ceutxha aġi fägsail ħażi  
 Le għap-piġi do jidu.

ħ-Saoi l-me pēlin  
 Mlaxi b'ni mé għan eglej  
 So mbeuġġafha ħadu do l-ġalli  
 Il-faġġinna an jidu,  
 Aġur ħ-Saoi l-mé 'nna ħ-deiġi jidu  
 So mħarru tu an neult eglej  
 Il-blaxx na rūz-ċ-ċlaob  
 Aixi għad-daq ta'ebu t-tnejda.

\* Reċċet “tnejda,” u “tnejda.”

One of these verses is to be found in another song, a dialogue or conversation between a young lad who was leaving Erin and a young woman who is speaking with him. He says to her in the first verse that he has nothing but his health, and he says that in sport, for it is evident that he would prefer her not to go away from him. She does not believe him, and begins to complain. Here it is :—

### THERE'S A GIRL IN THIS TOWN.

(THE BOY).

There's a girl in this town,  
 And her name it is Maurya,  
 I gave her love and liking  
 Beyond all the girls of the place.  
 I have no gold, I have no silver,  
 Nor anything but my health,  
 And if an empty man is your choice  
 You may have me and welcome.

(THE GIRL).

O young youth,  
 In whose pockets is the yellow gold,  
 That I may see your halls  
 Bright, and your coaches,  
 That I may see your garden  
 Full of every fruit,  
 And the hundreds dying  
 For love of your marrying.

I thought, myself,  
 For I was without knowledge,  
 That you would give me your hand  
 Or the wedding-ring,  
 And I thought after that  
 That you were the star of knowledge,  
 Or the blossom of the strawberry  
 On each side of the boreen.

(An Buachaill).

Is buachaillim bocht mé  
 Ág fósgbáil na h-éireann  
 Ág imcheadct éum na Fraince  
 I n-áitíom Ríg Seumair,  
 Óisíl mé mo dhúitche  
 Áiri éalpta thíse géisre,  
 'S a bhean ari thíse na páirte  
 Tábhair flinnéad mo bheil dám.

(An Cailín).

A ógánaidh óig  
 Ófuisi an t-óig buithe aini a réasraílaib  
 Águs ari iomaircuiod bain óig  
 Ág rógaibh do bheilín,  
 Ní ri fágairi mire ari raoisgal ro  
 Tá biondánaidh bheusgáid  
 So n-oilearibh mé do leanabán  
 Áiri bhrollaíid geal mo léime.

Tá píofa binn eile aini a bhráigheasoidh ari riadó ceudana, "neult ari eólair" águs i faoibhinn ari riadó é. Is ag cur i g-céill atá ré go mbionn eólair dúbalta águs géisir-imníonn meusdaigthe go móir, ág ari té atá i ngráid. Tá ari gíráid mar neult, águs tá rá mar neult-eólair mar gheall air ari g-cáoi aini a n-oirgeann ré óir g-ceufafáid, go mbidhmost dúbalta níor eutroime níor bеodhá águs géisre 'ná biamair níomh lein. Tuismiti aini lein glórí agus áilleadct ari tраosgáil i miocáid náir éinigearaí ariamh go dtí lein é. Ág ro ari píofa air ari lathair, aibhrán náidé féidiribh a fáruánach i ndeanaidh air bheil air a níllreacáidt águs air a fíor-éadomh.

A ógánaidh ari Cúil ceanasaile.

A ógánaidh ari cúnail ceanasaile  
 Le a riabh mé feal i n-éinífeadct  
 Cúasidh tu 'réir, ari bealaic ro  
 'S in éamaing tu do m'feucáint.  
 Sáoil mé náidé nídeanfaraidh docháir tuit  
 Dá dtiucfá, a'f mé o' iarráidh,  
 'S gur b'i do phróisín éabhairfeadach róilár  
 Dá mbeidhinn i láir ari fiaibhair.

(THE BOY).

I am a poor bohaleen  
 A-leaving Ireland,  
 Going into France

In the army of King James.  
 I sold my estate  
 For a quart of sour drink,  
 And, O woman of the house, of the part (*i.e.*, of my love)  
 Give me the wetting of my mouth (*i.e.*, a drink).



(THE GIRL).

O young youth,  
 Who has the yellow gold in his pearls,  
 And too many young women  
 Kissing your small mouth,  
 That I may never leave this world  
 Which is slanderous and lying  
 Until I rear your children  
 On the white bosom of my shirt.

There is another melodious piece in which we find the same expression, "star of knowledge," and a lovely expression it is. It is making us understand it is, that there be's double knowledge and greatly increased sharp-sightedness to him who is in love. The love is like a star, and it is like a star of knowledge on account of the way in which it opens our senses, so that we be double more light, more lively and more sharp than we were before. We understand then the glory and the beauty of the world in a way we never understood it until that. Here is the piece of which I spoke, a song which cannot be surpassed in any language for its sweetness and true gentleness.

## RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

Ringleted youth of my love,  
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,  
 You passed by the road above,  
 But you never came in to find me ;  
 Where were the harm for you  
 If you came for a little to see me,  
 Your kiss is a wakening dew  
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

Óá mbeisíeadh maoi agam-ra  
 Agair aigeas do ann mo phóca  
 Óeansfainn bóiéirín ait-áisíoraí  
 So norig tisge mo rítearín,  
 Mar fúil le Dia go g-cluinníonn-te  
 Tórlann binn a bhlóigé,  
 'S iur fad an lá ann ari coisail mé  
 Aict ag fúil le bláir do phróigé.

A'g fadaíl me a rítearín  
 So mbuð gealaí aigair grian éu,  
 A'g fadaíl mé 'nnas óidais ríin  
 So mbuð gneacácta ari an tréas éu,  
 A'g fadaíl mé 'nn a óidais ríin  
 So mbuð lóchrainn o Dia éu,  
 No gair ab tu an feult-eólaír  
 Ag tuil nómham a'g mo óidais éu.

Óeall tu ríosa 'g raitíni dám  
 Cailleadhe\* 'g bhróga órós,  
 A'g óeall tu tar éir ríin  
 So leanfá tréso an tréamh mé.  
 Ni mar ríin atá mé  
 Aict mo rígeas i mbeul bearnua,  
 Saic nónin a'g gád maoi  
 Ag feucáint tisge m' aitáir.

Ag ro aibhán ríslí-mhílir eile tá coiriún le phíofa ag Óúige Muimhneacháin ré éoin binn ríin, aict creibidim gair aibhán Connacácta é. Tá an ríad ríin “feult an eólaír” ann fiontach ro mar ait-áisíoraí. Tá follaír gair bhrúil ré bhrúite luair go móri agair nád bhrúil an t-iomlán ann.

\* Róis ríslíle no cair, creibidim.

If I had golden store  
 I would make a nice little boreen  
 To lead straight up to his door,  
 The door of the house of my storeen ;  
 Hoping to God not to miss  
 The sound of his footfall in it,  
 I have waited so long for his kiss  
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—  
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,  
 And I thought after that you were snow,  
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;  
 And I thought after that, you were more  
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,  
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,  
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,  
 And satin and silk, my storeen,  
 And to follow me, never to lose,  
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;  
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall  
 I am now left lonely without thee,  
 And this house I grow dead of, is all  
 That I see around or about me.\*

Here is another truly sweet song, which is like a piece out of Munster, it is so melodious, but I believe it is a Connacht song. The expression "star of knowledge" is in this piece also. It is evidently greatly broken up, and the whole not in it.

\*Literally. O youth of the bound back hair, With whom I was once together You went by this way last night, And you did not come to see me. I thought no harm would be done you If you were to come and to ask for me, And sure it is your little kiss would give comfort. If I were in the midst of a fever.

If I had wealth And silver in my pocket, I would make a handy boreen To the door of the house of my storeen ; Hoping to God that I might hear The melodious sound of his shoe, And long (since) is the day on which I slept, But (ever), hoping for the taste of his kiss.

And I thought, my storeen, That you were the sun and the moon, And I thought after that, That you were snow on the mountain, And I thought after that That you were a lamp from God, Or that you were the star of knowledge Going before me and after me.

an n̄aiḡðean ós.

Τά μαΐσθεαν ὃς ἦται τίπι  
 'S ιη πέαλται εόλαιρι,  
 Σημιον βρεάζει αἱ δόρυ 1  
 Δ' τοῦτα τε να μηδίβ\*  
 Δ cum φασα βρεάζει  
 'S α cūilin cραταέ bάν  
 S γαέ αλτ λέι αἱ lúč-ēpié  
 O búcla γο βρόγδαιρο.

Ὥα μπειδίουν· τε ἦ τοι πάν  
Δη̄ ς οὐλλας δικαιού επόνο  
Νο δη̄ [έδαιοι] λιγίν αἰσθίνη  
Τ' γατ τίθιοντι ορμαῖν αἵτινες  
Βειδέαδη μο δηριθέε-τε τ' ἀ ληρεόδαδ  
Λε τίθιραρ τ' ἀ ρότις  
Τ' γατ βέ δηράδη σεπτ το έλαιοιδη  
Τ' δο φίον-ρεδαιρ μο φνόδη.

Ó mbeiríonn-re 'r mo ghrád  
Ari éasóib énuic no báin  
'S gan feoirling ann ári bpróca  
ná lón cum na fúise,  
Úeið mo fúil-re le Christc  
Le ári nódéaint gan miosll  
A'f go dtóigfaid mo rctóir geal  
An bprón ro te m' ériodé.

\* "Τοῦτα γάρ οὐδὲπιν εἰ," φαν με., αὐτές ταῦτα εἴγιναν αμύγδαλα φαν  
βεντράρο.

<sup>†</sup> “Só bףášmaoir ápi noočain ſan moill” ran ms.



## THE YOUNG MAIDEN.

If I had a dwelling to myself,  
Or a holding and position,  
    Fine white sheep  
On high hill or mountain,  
Health and beauty,  
And right love accordingly,  
    I and my bright love would be  
Quietly off in the world.

There is a young maiden in the land,  
And she is a star of knowledge,  
    A splendid sun at table she is,  
And a choice one of women ;  
Her form long and fine,  
Her cooleen shaking, fair,  
    And every joint with her in an agile quivering  
From her buckles to her neck.

If I and my secret love were to be  
At the wood gathering nuts,  
    Or on the side of a pleasant lis (rath or moat),  
With no shelter over us but mist,  
My heart would be pining  
With affection for her kiss,  
    And sure it was right love destroyed me,  
And truly-scattered my complexion.

If I and my love were  
On the side of a hill or a waste (?),  
    Without a farthing in our pocket  
Or provisions for the way,  
My hope would be with Christ  
That we would get plenty without delay,  
    And that my bright treasure would lift  
This grief off my heart.

Ὥα μέβειόμην-ρε 'πο μό σχάσθ  
Κοιρ ταοτοε νο τράις  
    'S γαν αον οεάς βεο 'νη ἀρ τοιμέιολλ  
Δη οιόέε φασα, 'γ λά;  
Ὥο βέιόμην-ρε ας κόμηράδ  
Λε ηειλιό αι εύιλ βάιν  
    'γ λιομ-ρα 'buό h-αοιβίνν  
    ὑειτ ας εοιμήρεαέτ μο σχάσθ.

Δέτι μι θεαργατικό βρυσίλ απο αλβράν γριάδη πιορ λεατνιστές αριθμού να τίπει αγαρική ποιητική μεβελ να γεων ταοινη 'ιά απόνταν δο μιννε Τομάρη Λάτοιρη Κοιροεαλα (no Κοιροεαλβάς μαρ από την πατέρα της) οριζόμενη από την ιεράτην ημι-άρχαστην της Ιεράτην. Η μένα μικ θιαρματαρ ο'ά θτυγ ρέ γριάδη. Η μιασιδην απο φεαρι 1 η-έριμην λε να λινη βυθό μήδη περιτ αγαρική λύτη 'ιά από Τομάρη το, αγαρική γιαν είναι πάτη φαοι α βρυσίλ ρέ α ιερά-αινη, Τομάρη Λάτοιρη. Η μινδεαδη να γεαντιθε δημιατη τυπιρεαδέ αριθμητ γρευλικ ιονγανταρ ο'ά έσαοι. Μιασιρ ρέ 1 η-αιμηρη από Όαρια Σεαρλινη, φαοιλιμ, αγαρική βι ή Λάτη ταλιμαν αριθ α πινιντηρη, δέτη ταρη έιρ Κρομουιλ δο ζεαέτη δο ιι-έριμην έαιλ λε από έυτο βυθό μήδη δι, αγαρική έάινης ρέ 1 φειλη να ηθιολύν 1 γ-κονταρέ Σλιγική αγαρική 1 γ-κονταρέ πινιζ-εό. Το βι από Τομάρη Λάτοιρη έσην λυατη γιαν δο μιννερφαδη ρέ αριθ βρυματη την θλιδασιν, πατη μιασιδη γριασιν αιρη δημιατη, αγαρική βι ρέ έσην Λάτοιρη γιαν δο γ-κονγιμόδεαδη ρέ εγαν λειγεαν θό ιμιέαέτη έσην μηνικ αγαρική θέαργαδη ρέ γριετην αριθ α πινινγ. Θειρ γιασι δυρη β'έρεο από έυτο ζηνιονη μόρη δο μιννε γέ. Πιναρη βι ρέ 'ηπα θυαέαιλ αριθ φάρη, τιμέιοιλλ γεαέτη μιβλιαθόνα θευγ θ'αοιη, έάινης δαιργιθεαδη δο θτη από βαιλε-μόρη Σλιγεαδέ, αγαρική ένιηρη ρε θυβέλην φαοι από τηρη αριθ φαο, αριθ ιαρριατη θηρη α μιάέφαδη αριθ σομιγεαέτη πο αριθ ιράρηη λειρ. 'Σ ε από γνάταρ δο βι ασα από την πατέρα της, δυρη β'έισηη θο'η έάδαηρ απον α θτιυερφαδη δαιργιθεαδη θε'η θρόητη γιαν από δαιργιθεαδη γιαν έστουξαδη αγαρική έόζβαδη πο δο βρυσίφεαδη μιασιδη φεαρι ειλε, α βυσιλφεαδη ε αριθ σομιγεαέτη.

Τάινης αν λά δον δηρί έρωτανής αν κονταδέ υιλε γο Σλιγεαέ λε φει-  
ριντ αν παιδίς αν τυμε α γιαέφαδός ας κομιστέαέτη λειρ' αν ηγδαργιόθεαέ,  
αγυρ βί θεαρηβλάχαρις αέρης αν Κοιροεαλαίγς ας τουλ ανη μαρ αν γ-  
κευονα. Ό' ιαρη Τομάρις αηρ λειγεαν τό νουλ λειρ, αγυρ ταρ είρ-  
ιμπιδέ φασα ένας γέρε σεαδ οδ. Ήναδιρ έλαγαθαρ γο Σλιγεαέ βί ηα  
ηλυαίστε ανη πομπα, αγυρ έναιδη γιασ απαέδηρι αν θραίχε ηο αρ αν  
μοινέψευη 'η άιτα παιδίς αν γαιργιόθεαέ. Ζαέ υιλε ίνημε το θινουλ ας  
κομιστέαέτη λειρ, θιδεαδό γέ τ' α' λεαδαδό, αγυρ τ' α' έαδαδό δηρ αν  
ταλαΐη, αγυρ ηί παιδίς φεαρι δηρι βιέτ ιοννάνη φεαριην 'ημα αδατό.  
Κονιαρης colceaταιρι αν Κοιροεαλαίγς ιηγ Τομάρις ας εραέδαδό αγυρ

If I and my love were  
 Beside the tide or the shore  
 Without anyone alive around us,  
 And the long night and the day  
 I would be conversing  
 With Nelly of the fair cool,  
 It's I who would think it pleasant  
 To be accompanying my love.

But I do not think that there is any love song more widely spread throughout the country and more common in the mouth of the people than the poem which Tumaus Loidher (strong Thomas) Costello, or Coisdealbhach (foot-shaped ?), as the name is often written, composed over the unfortunate and handsome girl Una MacDermott, to whom he had given love. There was no man in Ireland in his time of greater strength and activity than this Tumaus, and that was why he got his nick-name of Tumaus Loidher. The Shanachies used never to be tired of telling wonderful stories about him. He lived in the time of Charles II, I think, and his people had much land, but after Cromwell's coming to Ireland they lost the greater portion of it, and it came into the possession of the Dillons in the counties Sligo and Mayo. This Tumaus Loidher was that quick that he would overtake a three-year-old colt that never had been bridled, and he was that strong that as often as ever he got a hold of his mane he would hold him, without allowing him to get away. They say that this was the first great deed that he performed: When he was a boy growing up, about seventeen years of age, there came a champion or bully to the town of Sligo, and he put a challenge under (*i.e.* challenged) the whole county, looking for a man who would go to wrestle or contend with him. The custom which they had at that time was, that the city into which a champion of this sort would come, was obliged to support and maintain the champion until they could find another man who would beat him at wrestling.

The day came when the whole county gathered together to Sligo to see was there any man who would go wrestling with the champion, and Costello's father's brother was going there likewise. Tumaus asked him to allow him to go with him, and after long entreaty he gave him leave. When they came to Sligo there were multitudes there before them, and they went out on the lawn or meadow where the champion was. Everyone who was going wrestling with him he used to be throwing him and hurling him on the ground, and there was no man able to stand before him. Young Costello's uncle saw

αιρι θησιε. “*Καν τά οιτ?*” αρι ρέ. “*Όπια,*” αρι ρέ, “*Λειγ ναμ, λειγ ναμ, νυλ αγ κορυγέαςτ λειρεαν.*” “*Δ απανδάιν μόιη,*” αρι αν col-  
ceasaiρι λειρ, “*Καν ε γιν τά τυ μάδ?* αν παιτ λεατ γο παρθέαστ  
αν γαιργιόδεας τύ?” “*Νί μαρθόδαιο ρέ μέ,*” αρι αν βυαδαιλλ,  
“*η λάιρε πιρε 'νά ειρεαν.*” “*Λειγ ναμ νο πιγέαςτ λάινηριγέας,*”  
αρι αν γεαν-φεαρ. Στην *Τομάρ* αμαςέ τασ αγυρ βί πα φειτέαςτ λι  
ιονητά όσηι τεανη αγυρ όσηι ερωατό λειρανη. Βήι αν βυαδαιλλ  
αγ ευρι πιριόδε αιρι αν τ-γεαν-φεαρ αγυρ αγ γιορ-ιαρριατό σεατ αιρ,  
γο μαίβ γε γάριγέας ταοι δειρε αγυρ ενγ γέ σεατ νό νυλ αγ τροιο  
λειρ αν ηγαιργιόδεας. Νί μαίβ αν φεαρ ειλε αγ τεαςτ αν τ-αμ γιν,  
όηρ βή μιαν υιλε βυαίτε αγ αν ηγαιργιόδεας αν μέαν νο χαιτό αγ  
κορυγέαςτ λειρ, αγυρ βή φαιτέιορ αιρι πα ναοινη υιλε. Σεαρ αμαςέ  
αν *Κοιρεαλας* ανη γιν αγυρ νυδαιτ ρέ, “*ηαφατό πιρε αγ γράιη λεατ.*” Ριμη αν γαιργιόδεας γάιρε πυαίρι χονναιρις ρέ αν γαρύρ όσ  
νυλ αμαςέ λειρ αγυρ νυδαιτ ρέ, “*μά τά τυ ερίονα α γαρυίρ βήζ,*”  
αρι ρέ, “*φανφατό τυ παρι α βενιλ τυ; αγυρ νί εινφατό τυ αγ τροιο  
λιον-ρά.*” “*Φευνφατό μέ μο θιτέιοιλ λεατ, αρι πόδ αρι βίτ,*” αρι  
*Τομάρ.*

Ιη ανηλαιόν θυν χνάτ λεό κορυγέαςτ νο θευναιν αν τραςτ γιν, εριορ  
πο βειτ λεαςαιρ νο χεανγαλτ τιμέιοιλ ευιτ αν νά φεαρ, αγυρ  
γρειμ νο χαβδαιτ νο γας φεαρ αρι χριορ αν φηι ειλε, αγυρ πυαίρι  
θειρεαστ γιαν πέτρο αγυρ πυαίρι θέαρριανε αν φοκαλ τόιβ, χορόέαστ  
γιαν αγ κορυγέαςτ. Πυαίρι χονναιρις αν γιναστ πόρ νο βή ερωι-  
νιγέας ανη γιν αν εριορ αγ νυλ αιρ *Τομάρ* όσ νο γλαοδ γιαν αμαςέ  
γαν λειρεαν νό νυλ αγ τροιο, όηρ βή φαιτέιορ ορια γο παρθέριανε  
έ, παρι δο μάρβ αν γαιργιόδεας γο ευιδ μαίτ ναοινε ποιητε γιν, αγυρ  
χαοιλ γιαν υιλε παέ μαίβ κορηνύλεαςτ αρι βίτ γο οτιύληραδ βυαδαιλλ  
βογ όσ παρι *Τομάρ* α αναμ υατό. Δέτ ινορ μαίτ λε *Τομάρ* έιρτεαςτ  
λεό, παρι ποέμιγ ρέ φειν γο μαίβ γέ πιορ λάιρε 'νά ραοιλ πα ναοινε.  
Βί αν γεαν-χολεαςαιρ αγ φειτ νεόρι πυαίρι χονναιρις ρέ πας μαίβ  
αν μαίτ όσ θειέ αγ καμτ λειρ.

Χυαιό αν εριορ λεαςαιρ αιρι ανη γιν, αγυρ βυαίρι αν γαιργιόδεας  
γρειμ ναοιγεαν αιρι, αγυρ βυαίρι φειρεαν γρειμ παιτ αιρι χριορ α  
νάηναιρ. Τυγαδό ορουγέαδ όνιβ ανη γιν νο χορυξάδ αιρι α ζειλε.  
Πυαίρι βυαίρι ρέ αν φοκαλ χαρριανγ *Τομάρ* α θά λάιν νο βή γρεα-  
τηιγέτε 1 mbeilt α νάηναιρ, αγτεαςτ χιγέ φειν γο h-οβανη, δέτ  
ινορ χιρι αν γαιργιόδεας κορι αρι φειν. Βυαίρι *Τομάρ* βάρηρός αιρι  
αγυρ ενγ γε αν θαρα φάρξαδ όσ δέτ ινορ χορριγ ων πάηναιρ.  
“*α χολεαςαιρ όσλιρ,*” αιρ *Τομάρ*, “*καν τά αρι αν βεφαρι γο ηας  
βενιλ γέ αγ κορυγέαςτ λιον, γδαοιλ νιον ε γο βειρεψιμιτ.*”

Tumaus quivering and boiling. "What's on you?" (What's the matter with you?) says he. "Ora," says he, "let me go to wrestle with him." "You great fool," says the uncle to him, "what's that you're saying? Do you want the champion to kill you?" "He won't kill me," says the lad; "I am stronger than he." "Let me feel your arms," says the old man. Tumaus stretched them out, and the muscles that were in them were as firm and hard as iron. The lad was beseeching the old man, and asking permission of him until he was tired at last, and gave him permission to go fight with the champion. There was no other man coming forward at this time, for the champion had beaten them all, as many as went wrestling with him, and the other people were afraid. Costello stood out then and said, "I'll go wrestling with you." The champion laughed when he saw the young gossoon going out against him, and he said, "If you're wise, little gossoon, you will stay where you are, and you won't come fighting with me." "I'll do my best with you, anyhow," says Tumaus.

Now this was the way it was customary with them to make a wrestling at this time; that was, to bind a girdle or belt of leather round about the body of the two men, and to give each man of them a hold on the other man's belt, and when they would be ready and the word would be given them they would begin wrestling. When the great multitude saw the belt going on young Tumaus, they cried out not to let him go fight, for they were afraid he would be killed, for this champion killed a good many people before that, and they thought there was no likelihood that a soft young boy like Tumaus would bring his life away from him; but Tumaus would not listen to them, for he felt himself that he was stronger than the people thought. The old uncle was shedding tears when he saw that it was no good for him to be talking to him.

The leather belt went on him then, and the champion got a firm hold of it, and he got a good hold of his enemy's belt. The order was then given them to begin on one another. When he got the word Tumaus suddenly drew in his two hands that were fastened in his enemy's belt towards himself, but the champion never put a stir out of himself. Tumaus got a leverage on him and gave him the second squeeze, but the enemy did not stir. "Dear uncle," said Tumaus, "what's on this man that he is not wrestling with me; loose him from me till we see?" Then the people came

Τάσις η ασοίη γυαρή από την αγαύη γενούλεσσαρή Λάμια από ξαρ-  
ζιδιγές οι έμιστη από την πατέρα της γενεαλογία, αγαύη από την πατέρα  
νοέτωνται τα φεδρικά της, αγαύη εγκαρφολώντας, —βί ονάτη από το μοναχικό  
λιερ από την πατέρα της.

‘B’ é rí ní ari é ceann-éigíathairde a éct ‘do’ minne Tomáir ariúdait, agus é tuisig ré féin ann rí ní go haisib’ ré níosor láisre ‘ná’ daonine eile. Chuir gobaða geall leis ariúdait go ndeufearfadh ré ceitíre cnuadha capaill ná d’bheurfaradh ré a lúbað ná a nuaímuíghád, a éct go g-cailtearadh ré ná ceitíre cnuadha cùir le céile nuaír a bheithearadh ré ariúdait a lúbað. Cuiréad do minne ari gobað a éct cnuadai’ do é air iomanta i n-áit iadairinn. Táinig Tomáir agus glac ré ná cnuadha ann a láimh agus é tuisig ré fárigasadh óróib’, a éct níosor éorpaing ré iad, éisg jé ari ña dala fárigasadh óróib’, a éct ní haisib’ maité aige ann. “Dáir mo láimh iñ maité do minne tu iad,” ari ré, “cailtear mór ari cóna mór baingtisom.” Bhean ré ari cóna mór de, agus é tuisig ré ari tríomhád teangealadh óróib’, agus níosor é tuisig ré a lúbað, mair iñ cnuadai’ do b’i iomanta, a éct minne re greamanna níosor ann a óá láimh, aithníl agus mair buidh glaine iad. Bí ari gobað nína fíordairí ari ari doiríar, mair b’i foiticeoir ari go mburrífeadh ná cnuadha, cíod gur doir leis féin buidh min do-deunta é, agus é comh luanat agus éonnairic ré ’óá mburrífeadh iad, amach leis, agus é ariúdait ré ari doiríar ’nna ótairis. Ólacs lairgadh feirige ari coimsealaic nuaír éonnairic ré ari cleasr’ imír ari gobað ari, agus é tionscritheus ré ari agus é ariúdait ré na píofair ari cnuadai’ do b’i ann a láimh aithníl ariúdait ré na gobað, agus é ariúdait ré comh láisre rí ní iad gur éiomáin ré mair feileáraib’ iad amach tríod ari doiríar.

Τά αποικεσταί της Ελλάς στην Ασία προστατεύεται από την ιστορία της Ελλάς, καθώς η ιστορία της Ελλάς προστατεύεται από την ιστορία της Ασίας.

up and they loosed the hands of the champion from the belt where they were fastened, and on the spot the man fell back, and he cold dead ; his back-bone had been broken with the first squeeze that Tumaus gave him.

That was the first hero-feat that Tumaus ever performed, and he himself understood then that he was stronger than other people. A smith bet with him one day that he would make four horse-shoes which he would neither bend nor straighten, but that he must put the four shoes together when trying to bend them. What did the smith do but put steel into them in place of iron. Tumaus came, and he took the shoes in his hand, and he gave them a squeeze ; but he never stirred them. He gave them the second squeeze, but there was no good for him in it. "By my hand, then," says he, "it's well you made them. I must take off my cotamore (great coat) to it." He threw the cotamore off him and he gave them the third tightening, but he could not bend them, because it was steel was in it ; however, he made pieces of them in his two hands as if they were glass. The smith was standing at the door, as he was afraid that the shoes might break, although it was an impossibility, as it seemed to him ; but as soon as he saw them breaking, out with him, and he pulled the door after him. Then Costello took a flame of wrath when he saw the trick the smith played him, and he turned round and hurled the pieces of steel that were in his hand out after the smith, and he flung them with such strength that he drove them out like bullets through the door.

The old people have, or they had fifteen years ago, so many stories about the adventures and deeds of Tumaus Loidher, that were I to begin on them, and were I able to tell them as I heard them, I would never cease telling of them, and for that reason I shall only speak here of the occasion on which he composed the poem I am about to give on Una\* MacDermott.

Una gave him love, and he gave love to Una. The Costello was not rich, but MacDermott had much riches and land, and he ordered his daughter Una not to be talking or conversing with Tumaus Loidher, because he never would allow her to marry him. There was another man in it who was richer than the Costello, and he desired that she should marry this man. When he thought, at last, that his daughter's will was sufficiently broken and bent by him, he made a great collation, or feast, and sent an invitation to the gentlemen of the whole

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\* Una is pronounced "Oona" not "Yewna" as so many people now call it. This beautiful native name is now seldom heard, but it is absurdly Anglicised "Wyny" in Roscommon, and in some places "Winny."

υαιρέ απ' έπονδαέ υἱό, αγαρ βί Τομάρ Λάιοιη 'ππα πεδρής. Ήναιρ  
βί απ' τινέαρι εγκύοστη στοιχίγ γιαδ αγ όλ γλάιτεαδ αγαρτυθαίριτ  
Μας Θιαρμαδα λε να ιησίν, "ρεαρ μαρ," αρ ρέ, "αγαρ όλ γλάιτε  
αρ απ' τέ γιν ιρ φεαρη λεατ απν γαν γ-ειρεαέτα ρο," παρ φαοι  
γέ γο η-όλφαδ ρι γλάιτε αρ απ' θρεαρ γαϊόθιρ γιν δο βί λεαγέδα  
απαδ αιγε μαρ γέλε όι.\* Όλας γιρε απ' γλαίνε, αγαρ φεαρ μι γναρ,  
αγαρ ο'όλ μεος αρ Τομάρ Λάιοιη Σοιρεαλα. Ήναιρ έπονδαρις  
απ' τ-αέδαιρι ί αγ νευναδή γιν γέλιγ φεαρη αιρ αγαρ θυαίλ ρέ βυιλε  
βοιρε αρ α λειτ-κινη. Βήι ηάιρε υηρη-ρε, αγαρ γέλιγ νεόρα απν  
α γύνιλιβ, αέτ βί μι ρο άιρη-ιητινηνεάδε λε λειγεαν δο να θαοινι  
φειριντ γο φαιβ ρι αγ γολ φαοι απ' μβυιλε γιας απ' τ-αέδαιρι οι,  
αγαρ γέός ρι βορεα γναοιρην αγαρ γένηρ γι γενιβίν τέ 'ππα γρότην, αγ  
λειγεαν υηρη γυρι β' έ απ' γναοιρην λάιοιη δο θατη να νεόρα όι.  
Ο'φάγ Τομάρ Λάιοιη απ' φεομηρα αρ απ' πόμιτο. Ιρ ι ηταοιδ  
απ' πιδ α γέρηλα απν γιν α τυθαίριτ ρέ απ' γανη ρο απεδρής πόρδαν  
ειλε.

Παέ λάγαδε α τυθαίριτ ράιρτε να ηγεαλ-έιος έ,  
ας φάργαδο α τά λάιοιη 'ρ αγ μίνιυξαδο α μέαρ,  
ας ευρ γέραδε αιρ απ' άθεαρ αγαρ ί ι βρέπιν,  
Δ'γ επεαδ εράιότε αιρ ! βυθ λάιοιη απ' γναοιρην έ.

Βυαίλεαδ υίνα πις Θιαρμαδα τινη 'ππα όλιαδ γιν, λειρ απ' ιηγιάδο  
δο γιας ρι όδ, αγαρ ηι φάιδη ρι αγ φάγαδιλ βιρις αρ βιέ νά λειχιρ ό  
απν γυν, αγαρ βί γι εοιη δονα γιν φαοι θειρεαδ νάρ φευρ ρι α λεα-  
βαιρ ο'φάγκαιλ. Απν γιν αγαρ ηι γο θτι γιν, γιας Μας Θιαρμαδα  
cead θι απ' Σοιρεαλαδ δο γλαούδαδέ γένικι φέιν. Εχιρ υίνα φιορ αιρ  
αγαρ γέλιγ ρέ, αγαρ γέρεδηνιδ γιαδο γο θτι φεομηρα υίνα έ, αγαρ  
γέλιγ α λ-αναμ αρμή γένικι λε φάργαδο ιητινη νυαίρ έπονδαρις μι  
αρήρ έ. Κινη απ' λύτεγάιρε δο βί υηρη φαοι η-α φειριντ απ' οιρεαδ  
γιν δε μάιτ όι, γυρ γένιτ ρι φαοι θειρεαδ απν α κοδλαδ ράιοι γοσαιρ,  
απ' γένιο κοδλαδ φυαιρ μι λε μίοραδ, αγαρ ειρεαν 'ππα γινδε κοιρ να  
λεαρέαν αγαρ ιρε αγ κονγκάιλ α λάιμη-ρεαν απν α λάιοιη-ρε φέιν.  
Συιό γέ απν γιν αρ φεαδ ταμαιλλ μάιτ, αέτ μαρ παέ φαιβ γιρε αγ  
τύγινγαδο αγαρ μαρ βί λειρης αιρ βειέ αγ φανατιντ απν γιν, γδαοι  
ρέ α λάιοιη-ραν αρ α λάιοιη-ρε, αγαρ γένιδ ρέ απαδ αρ απ' τ-φεομηρα  
αγαρ φιορ να γτατόηιδε. Νι θυαίριτ γέ τυινε αρ βιέ απν τεαδ,  
αγαρ βί ηάιρε αιρ ο'φανατιντ απν λειρ φέιν. Όλαδο ρέ αρ α  
γεαριθρόγαντα τιαλαιτε δο γέρη αρ να καρλαδ, αγαρ δο βειέ αγ

\* φευέ απ' φιεαδηλαδ ερίσωνα γιας ιηγεαν ειλε ηναιρ γένηρ απ' τ-  
αέδαιρι απ' γυν ceudona ο'φιαδαδιβ υηρη, απν μο λεάθαρ sgeului  
γέαέτα, L. 153.

county, and Tumaus Loidher was among them. When the dinner was finished they began drinking healths, and MacDermott said to his daughter : "Stand up and drink the health of that person whom you like best in this company," because he thought she would drink the health of that wealthy man he had laid out for her as a consort.\* She took the glass and stood up, and drank a drink on Tumaus Loidher Costello. When the father saw her doing that anger came upon him, and he struck her a blow of his palm on the side of the head. She was ashamed, and tears came into her eyes, but she was too high-spirited to let the people see that she was crying at the blow her father gave her, and she lifted a snuff-box and put a pinch of it to her nose, letting on that it was the strong snuff that knocked the tears out of her. Tumaus Loidher left the room upon the spot. It was anent the occurrence that happened there, that he spake this rann amongst many others—

Is it not courteously the child of the white breasts said it,  
Wringing her two hands and smoothing her fingers,  
Putting a shadow upon the reason, and she in pain,  
And bitter destruction on it ! it was a strong snuff.

After that Una MacDermott was stricken sick with the love she gave him, and she was getting no relief or cure at all from anything, and she was so bad at last that she was not able to leave her bed. Then, and not till then, MacDermott gave her leave to call to herself the Costello. Una sent for him, and he came, and they guided him to Una's chamber, and her soul came again to her with satisfaction of mind when she saw him. The joy that was on her at seeing him did her so much good that she at last fell into a pleasant quiet sleep, the first sleep she had got for months, and he sitting beside her bed, and she holding his hand in her own hand. He sat there for a good while, but as she was not awaking and as he was loath to be remaining there, he loosed his hand out of her hand, and went out of the room and down the stairs. He found nobody at all in the house, and he was ashamed to remain in it by himself. He called to his servant to saddle the horse and be going. He then got on his horse and rode slowly, slowly, from the house, thinking every moment that he would be sent for, and that they would ask him to return ; accordingly, he

\* See the clever answer of the girl who was desired by her father to do the same thing, in my Leabhar Sgeuligheachta, p. 153.

ιμτέαστ. Κυατό ρέ αρι α σαραλλ ανη ριν, αγυρ τάριεσάιλ ρέ γο ταλλ  
ό'ν τις ἀγ γρυπαίνεαδό γαδό μόιμιρο γο γ-ευτριθέ ριορ αιρ, αγυρ γο  
η-ιαρηραδ ριαδ αιρ φύλλεαδό. Ό'βαν ρέ παρ ριν, αναίτε λειρ αι  
τις ἀέτη ηι παιδί αον τεαέταιρε αγ τίχεαστ λε να γλαοδάδε αρι αιρ.  
Ούι α γεαρύρόξαντα τυτρεαέ αγ γαναιναμτ λειρ, αγυρ β'φαδα λειρ  
αι τ-αηι α δίι α μιάτιχτιρ αγ παρευτεάστ γαη τυλ α βραδ ό'ν τις.  
Τορυις ρέ αγ παό λε η-α μιάτιχτιρ παέ παιδί μιμητηρ θίλις θιαρη-  
μαδα, αέτη αγ παγαδό φαοι, αγυρ ευιρ ρέ αην α σεανη ε γυρ φεαλλ  
το ούι παιδ αγ νευναήι αιρ. Νίοιρ ερειο αι Σοιρεαλαέ 1 θογραέ  
γυρ αβ' αινλιιο δίι ρέ, αέτη πυαιρ παέ παιδί τυνη αρι δίιτ α  
τεαέτη ευιγε αγυρ πυαιρ α δίι αι γεαρύρόξαντα αγ πιόρ-ευρ  
αι αηηαρηιρ γεό αην α σεανη, το θορυις ρέ φειν α ερειθεαίηιαντ  
αγυρ ευγ ρέ α πιόριο αγυρ α πιονηα θαρ θιαρ αγυρ θυηρε παέ θιον-  
ηιόδαδ ρέ αρι αιρ γο βράδε αγυρ παέ λαιθεόραδ ρέ φοαλ γο νεό λε  
μίνα πο λε μιμητηρ θιαρημαδα πυνα γλαοδόραιθε αρι αιρ ε γυλ  
ευαιδ ρέ έαρ αέτη να h-αιθηε βιζε, να θονόιζε. Πυαιρ ευαιδ ρέ  
αγρεαέ 'γαν αβαηιη ηι παρέαδ ρέ έαιηρτι, αέτη θ'γαν υιργε αρι  
φεαδ λεατ-ααιρειρ αγυρ ηίορ μό, αγ γιορ-γύιλ γο θιιυρφαδ τεαέταιρε  
'ηνα θιαις. Τορυις αι γεαρύρόξαντα θ'ά έάμεαδ αην ριν. "Ιρ  
μόρι αι τ-ιονγναδ λιομ," αρι ρέ, "θυηνε υαραλ παρ ευρα νο βειτ  
αγ γυαραδ 'γαν υιργε γεό αιρ γον μηά αρι δίιτ αην γαν τραοξαλ  
μόρι. Παέ βεασ θ'αιθηρεαλ πάιρε παρ ριν θ'φυλαιης." "Ιρ  
θυητ ριν," αιρ αι Σοιρεαλαέ, αγυρ ειομάιν ρέ αηι σαραλλ γυαρ αρι  
αη μηανα. Αρι έιγιν δίι ρέ αρι αη ταλαιη τηρη πυαιρ έαίηιγ τεαέ-  
ταιρε 'ηνα θιαις 'ηηι α λάν-ριτ δί μίνα, αγ γλαοδάδ αιρ θο έαέτη αρι  
αιρ ειοιτι δο λιατ. Δέτη ηι βηιρρεαδ αι Σοιρεαλαέ α πιόριο αγυρ  
ηίορ φιλ ρέ. Ταρ έιρ αι Σοιρεαλαέ θ'ιμτέαστ υαιτι, ηίορ θύιρης  
μίνα αρι φεαδ ταμαιιλ άιθβειλ-μόρι. Αρι ηδύιριυχαδ δί φαοι  
θειρεαδ γο h-αεραέ ευοτριομ β'έαι θευρο γυνηρ ρι φιορ θοέυρ  
αρι αη γ-Σοιρεαλαέ, αέτη δίι ρέ ιμτιχτε. Σεραηηρις ρι αην ριν  
αγυρ ευιρ ρι τεαέταιρε 'ηηι α θιαις, αέτη ηίορ έάηιηγ αη τεαέταιρε  
γυαρ λειρ 1 η-αη. Θίας αι Σοιρεαλαέ λαραδ-φειργε αην ριν αγυρ  
θυαιλ ρέ θορη αη αη τρεαρύρόξαντα νο έυγ αη θριοέ-έόηιαριλε θό,  
γυρ μαρηδ ρέ θε'ην θυιλλ ριν έ.

Νίοιρ βραδα 'ηνα θιαις ριν γυρ δοιιλ αη βρδη αγυρ αη κύηα έοηη  
μόρι ριν αη μίνα γυρ φειρης ρι, αγυρ γο βηιρηρ ρι δάρ. Νίοιρ φευρ  
αον γυν δί αη αη θοηηαν φόλαρ αρι δίιτ έαδηρτ θο'η Σοιρεαλαέ  
'ηνα θιαις ριν. Βήι μίνα ευρέα αρι οιλεάηην βεασ 1 λάν λοέα θέ,  
αγυρ έάηιηγ αι Σοιρεαλαέ γο βηιρηαδ αη λοέα αη οιθέε 'θειρ α  
ευρέα, αγυρ ήηαηη ρέ αηαδ γο θηι αη οιλεάη αγυρ έαιτ ρέ έ φειη  
ηίοιρ αη αη υαις, αγυρ ευιρ ρέ αη οιθέε έαιηρ αγ ταινε αγυρ αη δολ

remained near the house, but there was no messenger coming to call him back. His servant was tired waiting for him to go on, and he thought it long the time that his master was riding without going far from the house. He began to say to his master that MacDermott's people were only humbugging him, and he put it into his head that they were doing an act of treachery on him. Costello did not at first believe that it was so, but when no one was coming to him, while the servant kept continually putting this suspicion into his head, he began, himself, to believe it, and took his vow and oath by God and Mary that he would never again turn back and never speak a word to Una or one of MacDermott's people unless he should be called back before he went across the ford of the little river, the Donogue. When he did go into the river he would not go across it, and he remained in the water for half an hour or more, ever hoping that a messenger might come after him. Then the servant began to revile him : "I think it a great wonder," he said, "for a gentleman like you to be cooling in this water for any woman at all in the great world ; is it not small your pride, to endure a disgrace like that ?" "That's true for you," said the Costello, and he drove his horse up upon the bank. Scarcely was he up on the dry ground when there came a messenger after him in a full run from Una, calling to him to come back to her quickly ; but the Costello would not break his vow, and he did not return. After Costello's going from her, Una did not awake for an exceedingly long time. On awaking of her at last, airy and light, the first thing she did was to send for the Costello, but he was gone. She frightened at that, and sent a messenger after him, but the messenger did not come up with him in time. Costello took then a flame of anger and struck a fist upon the servant who gave him the bad advice, so that he killed him of that blow.

It was not long after this that grief and melancholy preyed so much upon Una that she withered away and found death. Nothing at all that was on the world could give any comfort to the Costello after that. Una was buried in a little island in the middle of Lough Cé, and Costello came to the brink of the lake the night after her burial and swam out to the island, and threw himself down upon her grave, and put the night past, watching and weeping over her

ceann. Rinne sé an ríocht ceathair an bheala oileáche. Táinig sé an tréimhse oileáche agus an t-údaraithe ré an cionn na h-uairge mear cúsalait mire é.

Δύναται ουδέ τινα στοιχεία  
Από λειτουργίαν αποτελεῖσθαι πάντα τα πάντα.

ποιητή του διαβόλου μεταξύ των θρησκευμάτων της αρχαίας Ελλάδας και της σύγχρονης Ελλάδας.

Αύτα δύο ήταν γράπτα αν λειτέ την ορτ  
αἱρεταὶ τὸν καλόν ἀρτόν, λάτην λειψάνην τοι  
μηναὶ διηγαῖτο τοῦ τοῦ λάτην ταῖς αἰτίαις· θεατρικοὶ οἱ  
τοι διεργάται τοῦ τοῦ λάτην ταῖς αἰτίαις· θεατρικοὶ οἱ

ηι λατέ τυθαιρτ ρέ την 'ηά ποτειγ ρέ ιηνα ας είριγε τυαρ αγυρ  
ας bualað boiρε ευθροιμε ἀη λειτειν, αγυρ ευαλαιό ρέ γυέ ταρ  
χυέ ιηνα ας ηάð λειρ "ηα ταρηαιδ,"<sup>†</sup> αγυρ ο'ιμτειγ ρέ γο τάρτα ανη  
την γαν φιλεαð γο βράτ.

Ói an cùid eile de ñeada ñomair láríor éin h-iongantac leir an rgeul ro, agur do bñideadò an oiread rgeul ag na rean daomhíb i g-conradé Roigcomáin agur i g-conradé Shligisg t'á éaoib agur éong-bócaò duine ag éirteadct leó air feadòi níche ionlaine acit níor érinniùg mè iad uile nuair t'fhearrfainn agur anoir mì tig liom a bpráigdail. Fuidir ré báir fadai ñeireadò. Ói feair de na Ruadhánaiib agur gseall na ñisolúnaitx duairt do ña marbád ré é. Agur gsaoril ré peileáir leir o cùl cíuwaidc móra agur tìarbh ré é. Bhí ré 'nna luirne ar feadòi trí lá air an talamh gan duine air bié le na tòigbáil mar bñ fàitcior air na daomhíb nornie. Mar gseall air an ngníomh riù nì leisgeadò na Coirthealaig do éainig 'nna ñiaig ñaoi feair o'd'h b'dainn Ruadhán beir 'nna cónntuise air a nòuicé-ream. Acit ñeir cùid eile gur b' é a ñeapbhrácair-ream ñubáltac caoé do fuidir báir mar ro.

Θευρφαῖο τέ άποιρ πα σεαέραμνα το ριμνε απ Σοιρθεαλας ἀρ  
τίνα πις Θιαρμαδα, μαρ εὐαλιστό τέ ιασ ο μόρραν ταοιμε. Τειρ  
πα οδοινε-τίρε γυρ 15-“ερυαδ-ξαεθείλγε,” ατά γιασ, άγυρ παέ-

\* “*φάιδη*,” no “*φάιρη*,” ιτ ἐρέο ἀν *focal* *euvalaisiō* μέ δ *gaēc uile* θυνε *α paib* ሂ *pani* ρο *aige*, *agur iao* *α bfas* δ *céile*, *tpi* *rice* *mile* δ *céile*. *Acēt* *ni* *euicim* *cad* δ *an* *ciall* *de*.

$t = 11 \Delta \tau_{\text{APP}}$ .

head. He did the same thing the second night; he came the third night and spake above her grave, as I heard it—

“O fair-haired Una, ugly is the lying that is upon you,  
On a bed narrow and high among the thousand corpses,  
If you do not come and give me a token (?), O stately woman, who  
was ever without a fault,  
I shall not come to this place for ever, but last night and to-night.”

Or, as I found this stanza in a very ill-written manuscript, the only one in which I ever did find it:

“Unless thou givest me thy hand, O stately woman who did no evil,  
My shadow shall not be seen upon this street for ever but to-night.”

No sooner did he say that than he felt Una rising up, and striking a light blow of her palm upon his cheek, and he heard a voice like Una's, saying, “Come not,” and he then departed satisfied, without returning for ever.

The rest of the life of Tomaus Loidher was as wonderful as this story, and the old people in the Counties Roscommon and Sligo used to have as many stories about him as would keep a person listening to them for an entire night, but I did not collect them all when I was able, and now I cannot find them. He found death at last. There was a man of the Ruanes, and the Dillons promised him a reward if he would kill him, and he loosed a bullet at him from behind a turf clamp and killed him. He was lying for three days on the ground without any person to take him up, for they were afraid of him. On account of this deed the Costellos who came after him would not allow any man of the name of Ruane to live on their estate. But some say that it was his brother, Dooaltagh, or Dudley, the dim-eyed, who died in this manner.

I shall now give the stanzas which the Costello made about Una MacDermott as I heard them from many people. The country people say that they are in “cramp-Irish,” and that there was never yet found a piper or a fiddler to play them on the pipes or the fiddle! There are a great many stanzas in the poem, but I never got the

բարձօն առ իմաստիք ու առ նելլեածօնիք բօր ո'քստքան ա յեսուս  
ար և իմաստիք ու ար և իմաստիք! Եա և լոն շաճրամա առ յան ուն աէտ  
ու նիսալիք մէ առ տ-ուուլան ասա, ու առ լեած. Ըսալած մէ ու յշաւլտ  
րո ար Շոմար Լաւուր օ Տեսմար օ հ-արտ, օ Յաւեար Տշպրլօց, — եա  
առ ներդ ասա տարիք առօր — ազսր օ ուլարտան Օ նրանաւու շ-օուուգ  
Քոյշուման, աէտ բարձ մէ սուր ու ու շաճրամանիք օ քարին-ու-ուուն  
ասալլ, ու ար չսալած սամտ արամ ար Շոմար Լաւուր.

Ասալիք բարձ թէ եար սիրեան է, տար ո'քստքան թէ քեն, առ յան  
ուուլիք ազսր առ յան ու-ուուն շետա առ ար սիրեան նուս, ազսր  
ո'քքար ըրան բայուրեօնիք ար սաւիք նուս ազսր ըրան սիւ ար սաւիք  
Շոմար, ազսր տօ էլասոն յած ուն ճէւլ, ազսր ուուր յշաւլտան ո'ք  
նիսալիք ազսր ազսր յար լիւեան առ ուն եարի ար և ճէւլ ու ուածուն  
ու ուուլիք, ազսր նսնայր ուաօւու տօ ճուռայր լած, ցո յան յած յած  
առ յուն բօր, աէտ նի միյր ար նրանաւ Լուծա Կե ցո ունչեանան ազսր ուուր  
քես մէ ա նրեւունտ, աէտ ու յանայր ար առ ու-ուուն.

### Ա նուս նիսալ.

Ա նուս նան, ա ելաւէ ու ուուլուն ծոյրա  
Ատա ՚ինը տօ նար ու նար ու ուուլուն,  
Քես ա չըրձօն, սա ասա ե'քարը տօ'ն ուն ճուռայր լուծա  
Ա եմ ո շ-շլան ՚ի մէ ո ո-ած ու ուուն ու ուուն.

Ա նուս նան ո'քքան ու մէ ո տերոն սարտա,  
Ազսր սա ե'ձիւ լեած եւէտ երակէտ ար ցո ու ուուն քարտա,  
Ըսիւն բայուրեօն ար ար քար յած ու տ-օր լեաշէտ  
Ա'ր ցո տերուրը լուու ար լաւու լեած ՚ու ու չլուր բլաւէր.

Ա նուս նան, ար յեւըսու, ու շ-սուրբաւան (?) սամ  
՚Տ առ ուն յուն ազսր եսծ ծիւնու ո'ք ու ուուն ու ուուն,  
Ա եւլն առ տրիւրա, տար լեանուաէտ տար իոն ՚ի տար նեօնիր,  
Ազսր ա ճօր նեար լուտուր իւ տո յունալքան ցան յաւ ու տերուն.

Ա նուս նան, տար յոր ու ուզայրուն էս,  
՚Տ եսծ ծունու օրի ար նօրո ու եանրիօչան' էս,  
Եսծ ճէւլեան ազսր եսծ ճէւլուար աշ ճանալ առ նեալաւ թէօ յո-  
ման էս,  
Ազսր ՚թէ տօ ճրեած-մաւուն նրոնան ու յորան լե տօ նսն-չըրձօն էս.

Ա նուս նան ՚ի տօ ու ուելիս տօ ճաւալ  
Ա նուս ՚ի տօ չսալուն յո ուլաւ յուն մէ ՚ցսր նիա,  
Ա նուս, ա ճածն չնախէտ, ա լուն ճարտ ու շ-շլան,  
Ու ու ե'քարը ուամ-յա եւէտ ցան յունին ու ո'քքեալ արամ.

whole of them or the half. I heard these stories about Tomaus Loidher from Shamus O'Hart, from Walter Scurlogue (or Sherlock), both of them dead now, and from Martin O'Brennan, or Brannan, in the County Roscommon, but I got some of the verses from a man in the island of Achill who had never heard any talk about Tomaus Loidher.

When he died he was buried, as he himself directed, in the same grave-yard and island in which Una was buried, and there grew an ash-tree out of Una's grave and another tree out of the grave of Costello, and they inclined towards one another, and they did not cease from growing until the two tops were met and bent upon one another in the middle of the graveyard, and people who saw them said they were that way still, but I was lately on the brink of Lough Cé and could not see them. I was not, however, on the island.

#### OONA WAUN (FAIR UNA).

O fair Una, thou blossom of the amber locks,  
Thou who art after thy death from the result of ill counsel,  
See, O love, which of them was the best of the two counsels,  
O bird in a cage, and I in the ford of the Donogue.

O fair Una, thou has left me in grief twisted,  
And why shouldst thou like to be recounting it any more for ever ?  
Ringleted cooleen upon which grew up the melted gold,  
And sure I would rather be sitting beside thee than the glory of heaven.

O fair Una, said he, of the crooked skiffs (?)\*  
And the two eyes you have the mildest that ever went in a head,  
O little mouth of the sugar, like new milk, like wine, like b'yore,  
And O pretty active foot, it is you would walk without pain in a shoe !

O fair Una, like a rose in a garden you,  
And like a candlestick of gold you were on the table of a queen,  
Melodious and musical you were going this road before me,  
And it is my sorrowful morning-spoil that you were not married to  
your dark love.

O fair Una, it is you who have set astray my senses;  
O Una, it is you who went close in between me and God,  
O Una, fragrant branch, twisted little curl of the ringlets,  
Was it not better for me to be without eyes than ever to have seen you ?

---

\* Perhaps referring to the skiffs or curraghs on Loch Cé, round which so many of the MacDermotts lived.

Tá Daoine ann ian t-riaoisíl ro éaláicear ní-mhear ar ónúiscé falaím\*  
 Á lán de maoine riaoisílta, agur ní buan i accut  
 Ceardacht maoine ní ñeunfaimh ná t-riuaís feadarainn,  
 Ácet b'feadar liom ná tá éalóra da mbeicte‡ ñuas ágdam.

ὕσαιρ τέ ηα σειήρε σεατραίνηα ρο λεαναρ ι πδροιό-γζειθιν, ηας  
ταισ δέτευτο τε ηα σεατραίνηας ἕναρ απη. Ήιορ ἔναλαρ φέιν  
αριασην ηα σειήρε σινη ειλε γεό. Ιρ γοιλέιρη ηας ἐ αν Σοιρεαλας  
το μινη αν σεανη σειρεανηας δασ, αρ τιόδη αρι βιέ.

Σεαριαὶ ἀδυρ̄ δεαριαὶ ὅπιοι τοι πό-ξηράδι αγ τίξεαςτ,  
ιγ ταρ̄ ἔναρ-γηεαςτα [i] α'γ ταρ̄ τηλ-θεαέα (το) ποιξεαδι αη ξηιαση,  
ταρ̄ ἔναρ-γηεαςτα 'γ ταρ̄ τηλ-θεαέα (το) ποιξεαδι αη ξηιαση,  
Δευρ̄ α ἔνατο 'γ α ἔσαριαστ ιγ φατα μέ βεο το ὄνιατξ.

Δύνα, Διανοίη, Διάρατό, 'Γ οὐέιο ὄγιά,  
Διείλιν μεαλα πάρι ἐπαὶ ευγέρα,  
Β' φεαρρι λιομ-τα δειτ αρ λεαδατό λει 'Γά γιοη-ρόδαθ  
Πά μο γινιθε 1 βελατεαρ 1 γ-εάταοιρ πα τριονδιτε.

Ὥλωσι τέ τρίον τυπώσεων μόνην την πατέρα την οὐρανίαν, πάντας δέ την θεότηταν την αρχήν την πατέραν την οὐρανίαν, την πατέραν την οὐρανίαν, την πατέραν την οὐρανίαν.

Σειέρη μία σειέρη δίπε, σειέρη τάιρε 'γ' σειέρη ηόρα  
να σειέρη μιά βυό σειέρη θρεάκτα ύι (ι γ-) σειέρη σεαρισιύν να  
ρόδια,  
Σειέρη ταυριγιόδε α'γ σειέρη γάδ αγ σειέρη clάροιύν cόπηρας  
Σειέρη γράπιν διρη να σειέρη μηάιύν παέ δτιυθραδό α γ-σειέρη γράπι  
σ'α γ-σειέρη ρόδαιβ.

\*=polam.      †=aca.      ‡ beit=“beitōdeab,” i 5-Connāctabib.  
§ “Ceit̄he tárnais a gceit̄he tráis a g-ceit̄he clárasais cónmanra,”  
’rən ms.

It's wet and cold was my visit to the village last night,  
 And I sitting up on the brink of the couch by myself,  
 O brightness without gloom, to whom the many were not betrothed  
     but [only] I,  
 Wherefore proclaimest thou not the cold of the morning to myself.

There are people in this world who throw disrespect upon an empty  
 estate  
 [Having] a quantity of worldly goods [themselves], though they have  
 them not lastingly,  
 Complaint over [lack of] goods or lament for land I would not make ;  
 I would rather than two sheep if I had Una (*i.e.* "a lamb," a play on  
 the word).

I found the following four stanzas in a bad manuscript in which  
 were only a few of the above verses. I never heard these other four  
 myself. It is plain it was not the Costello who made the last one  
 of them, at all events.

Stand ye and look ye is my very love a-coming,  
 She is like a ball of snow and like bee's honey which the sun would freeze  
 Like a ball of snow and like bee's honey the sun would freeze ;  
 And my portion (*i.e.* my love) and my friend, it is long that I am  
 alive after you.

O Una, O maiden, O friend, and O golden tooth,  
 O little mouth of honey that never uttered injustice,  
 I had rather be beside her on a couch, ever kissing her,  
 Than be sitting in heaven in the chair of the Trinity.

I passed through the byre\* of my friends last night ;  
 I never got any refreshment or [even] the wetting of my mouth.  
 "Twas what the frowning high-shouldered (?) girl said, and madder on  
     her fingers,  
 " My three pities that it was not in a solitude I met yourself."

Four Unas, four Annies, four Marys and four Noras,  
 The four women, the four finest were in the four quarters of Fola (Ireland)  
 Four nails and four saws to four boards of coffin,  
 Four hates on the four women who would not give their four loves  
     off their four kisses.

\* Or perhaps through the town of Boyle, *i.e.* *Buille* not *buaile*.

Τυς μέ σόιρ τον Κέαν θυβ θίλεαρ θέσαιδα, απειλής η α-αβηλάν  
αρι αρι γλαού μέ “αβηλάν οκάριεαδα,” αγυρ θ' ιννιγ μέ ράτε α  
θευτα, αγυρ έταιρέαν μέ γυρ ευγραΐνιλ αρι ράτ έ ον γ-σόιριν  
γεαρρι τέ νο βίι γ-κλό λε Ο ή-Αργασόν. Σαίξιρι μέ αποιρ απ  
τρεαρ σόιρ έμηρ γιορ. Τά γι γεαρρι γιμπλιδε αγυρ βινη. Ιρ σορηνύλ  
γυρ γινε αν σόιρ ρεό ‘να λιμηριν αν Κέαρηβαλάναις. Τά γέ ρεο ησορ  
σορηνύλε λε σεαχραΐναις Ήι ή-Αργασόν ηά αν τ-αβηλάν νο έυγ  
μέ ανη ραι γ-σευτ-έαιβιδιλ.

ceann dúbh thileas.

Tá miná an Baile seo ar buile 'r ar buaistíreacht

Δς ταρπαντικ δημοσιεύσεων που λαμβάνεται στην Ελλάδα.

ni ḫlacerfaidh riad ḫsafairle d'fearlaibh na tuaité,

30 dtéidh riad 'raibh riadais le buachaillibh aii ri. 31

Ceann duib' ailear ailear ailear

Ceanin dub dilear d'fhiu ro liom anall,

Ceann dub iŋ gile 'ná 'n eala 'r an faoileam

17 οὐτινε γὰς ἀποτέλειας τεινόμενος θυμός.

Δ ógánaig uarail uarail uarail

ᜒeoᜒaᜒiᜒo ᜒtu ᜒuᜒaᜒiᜒr ᜒaᜒ'r ᜒfuiᜒriᜒk ᜒgᜒo ᜒlᜒa,

Geoðaðið tu fxioból a'r upplápi ari þuaðilte

Δέσμης σε αυτόν τον βελτίζονταρχόν τον ιερόν πάσιν την Ελλάδαν.

Ceann dubh dilear dilear dilear,

Ceann duibh ailear, d'fhiad liom análl,

Ceann dubh is gile 'ná 'n eala 'r an faoileann

ἳ τοινε ταῦτα ἔργοιόν εἰσιν τοῖνυνταδός θυμίτην τηνάκην.

Úearfaiō mé ann ro abhrán ari a nglaoótarai an páirtí fionn. Tá abhrán oe'n anna riu i leabhar an h-áirgadánaitéig déct níl aon líne ann copairíil leir an tón ro. Níl ré ro foilléiri cad ari a bhrúil an tón ro ag trádáct. Ói rgeul i dtaoibh mna éiginn a éamhig cleatáiríe. 7. riogairíe le na fuadáce leir, déct éuir i a culaitó féin ari ónuine éiginn eile, agus níor fuadairig an "cleatáiríe cam" an ónuine ceapta leir. Ní éig linn an rean-rgeul fágsail aonair, tá fáitceoir oíomh go bhrúil ré caillte. Ir cinnte mé guri i dtaoibh riuit fírinneig a éábla don uair aonáin ameacht na ndaoine, do cumaóid níor me 'ná leat de na rean abhráontaibh rieb, déct ní éig linn fágsail aonáce aonair cad iad na h-ocáidíthe fadai a n-dearainnibh iad. Ir copairíil go bhrúil tá abhrán meaghsa riuair ann rian abhrán ro, an tón céud beurra ag trádáct ari an iarratáid do riinne an Cleatáiríe cam leir an bráigtear fionn. 7. caillín bón, d'fuadáce leir, agus ari an g-

I gave a version of the Cann Dhu Dheelish, or Darling Black Head, amongst the songs which I called "Occasional," and told the reason of its composition, and showed that it was quite different from the short little copy of it that was printed by Hardiman. I must now give the third version of it; it is short, simple and sweet. It is probable that this copy is older than Carolan's time. This song is more like Hardiman's stanzas than the one given in the first chapter.

### DARLING BLACK HEAD.

(ANOTHER VERSION).

The women of this village are in madness and trouble,  
Pulling their hair and letting it go with the wind,  
They will not accept a gallant of the men of the country  
Until they go into the rout with the boys of the king.\*

Black Head, Darling, Darling, Darling,  
Black Head, Darling, move over to me,  
Black Head, brighter than swan and than seagull,  
He's a man without heart gives not love to thee.

O youth well-born, well-born, well-born  
Thou shalt get a reward, and remain till day,  
Thou shalt get barn and threshing floor,  
And leave to be up till the day shall rise.

Black Head, Darling, Darling, Darling,  
Black Head, Darling, move over to me,  
Black Head, brighter than swan or than seagull,  
He's a man without heart gives not love to thee.

I shall here give a song called the Paustyeen Finn.† There is a song of that name in Hardiman's book, but there is not one line in it resembling this poem. It is not very clear what this poem is about. There was a story about some woman that a "clahirya," or rogue (?) came to carry off with him, but she put her own garments on someone else, and the crooked "clahirya" did not carry off the right person with him. We cannot find the old story now; I am afraid it is lost. I am sure it was about some true event or other that once hap-

\* This seems to mean that the girls said they would not marry anyone who had not fought with and routed the king's troops. All these old songs, however, are very obscure.

† This word, as in the name of the celebrated warrior, Finn MacCool, is pronounced like "Finn" in Connacht and the North, but something like "Fewn" (rhyming with tune) in parts of Munster and Scotland. Hence the diversity of spelling we meet with in the Anglicized Ossianic tales.

An pásáistíni fionn.

Σεανη τειρεαπιαδ' θε' ει τεσάταιην μηγλόσα διη γηεανη,  
Τάιμης το τειριβήιυίρ έιγδαη γο εαοιηεαπιιλ βαηη,  
“Τιερφατό τέ έιγδαηη διη Cleαταιηε cam  
Αζηρ βέδαρφατό τέ πιηε ‘γα’ β-μηαδασ.”

δαὶν ἐντα διοτ ευδαιγέ το ἐντηρετο το διν,  
Δευτερο εντηρετο μο θατα το μο εὐλατού πο θονν,  
Μά είγεσαντ τε εὐεργατην αν κλεαταιρε καμ  
Τι μιτε βετερετο λειρ αντα το βεντασα.

pened amongst the people that more than half of these old songs were composed, but we cannot now find out what were the occasions on which they were made. It is probable that there are two songs mixed up in this one, the two first verses speaking of the attempt which the crooked clahiryā made to carry off with him the Paustyeen Finn, or fair-haired childeen, and of the way in which she deceived him, and what follows is praising the beauty of the Paustyeen, and then somebody is saying—perhaps the crooked clahiryā—that he ought not to be hanged for the Paustyeen because she went with him willingly. If these old songs had been collected a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, together with the stories that belong to them, these great gaps would not occur in them, and they would not be so broken up and so unintelligible as they are now. It is a really great pity that the song and poetry and story of the people—I am not now talking of the song and poetry of the bards—were not collected long ago, and they would make the most valuable and interesting store and treasure amongst the nations that speak a Celtic language. It is now too late in the day to go gathering or collecting them, for half or three-fourths of the best songs belong to the middle of Ireland, or to those counties in which only a very little Irish is spoken to-day. If we go far back beside the sea, amongst the mountains and the fishermen, we will find people who habitually, indeed, speak Irish, but they have not much now outside of the songs and stories that were common in their own midst and rose beside the sea; but the stories and bardism of the wealthiest and best educated portion of the country, the portion of most knowledge and learning, are now gone and lost, such as those of the counties of Meath and Westmeath, and all the central parts of Ireland, Longford, Roscommon, Tipperary and the flower of Érin. Alas! it is an incredible loss.

#### THE PAUSTYEEN FINN, OR THE FAIR-HAIRED CHILDEEN.

At the last end of the Saturday I shall waken the fun,  
 My sister came to me mildly and weak,  
 “ He will come to us, the crooked clahiryā,  
 And will bring me off by violence.”

“ Do you take off the dress of your body and your head  
 And put on my hat and my new brown suit,  
 If he come to us, the crooked clahiryā,  
 It’s I shall be carried off by him.”

ns'l de m'aom an t'faoisgail agam a'ct aon tseilbhriúir a'máin  
agsur ní "réc" an doimain bu' m'aile liom i fáisail,  
ní b'eadarfaon-re r'gillimé ari m'fóirtún go bhrád  
muna\* t'cig liom a riad gur liom féin i.

m'aigí éuaitó mé amadé leis an bhráigtín fiann  
tá me lám-cinnite gur tháibhuit mé ari gheann,  
Cuir mé mo lám éairíte a'r théasúig rí liom,  
a'r t'fleagairtál mé an t-am b'i 'ra' láethair.

Bhrád le m'anam í, an páirtín fiann,  
a crioithe 'r a h-anam beit páirghe liom,  
Tá cíc gheala mar blád na t'cig  
's a piob mar an eala lá m'airt.

m'aigí t'éigíig rí ari m'aom an páirtín fiann  
"a éuigle na g-cariad creibh óeunfar tu liom?"  
"A riúir" ari ra mire, "taibhír t'acairí ari faill,  
's má éogairtseann tu atáirig do r'geul dó.

Cao do b'áil osoib mo ériochadh fá 'n b-páirtín fiann,  
a'r gur ari mo neamh-éoil tuigdú mé ann,  
ní éigim u'á n-atáin-théosín do minne mé ann,  
a'ct le lán-éoil a h-acair 'r a m'ádair.

Tá m'béitíonn-re i t'ceadach folaini gur aom-neadé ann,  
Táot mórí agur feadairtai ná r'fóideadh oí ári g-cionn,  
Táin neadé do beit 'm' aice, a'ct an páirtín fiann  
1r cinnite go n-ólraim a pláinte.

Táin b'ád na coite do óeunfarann minn,  
Táin gunna gur riostal do óeunfarann lám,‡  
ns'l aomh-féar a baintearadh le m'ó óeilebhríúir a'máin  
nád éoeunfarann púdarí t'á énáindib.

1r é an rocht agur ni h-iad na focail do minne clú an abhráin reo,  
marí ciúin le mórlán eile aca.

Seo aonair comhrád roibh buadairail agur caillín, ann a bfuil an  
caillín aig curi a'mháir aon a óeilebhríúir go tuisig ré bhrád r'fóide  
ó. 1r an-éoitcinni abhráin te'n éineál ro, agur curim an ceann  
ro ríor mar rompla ari m'órlán eile.

\* "mar," 'ran ms.

† "eagairtseann tu," 'ran ms. focail nád tuisintim.

‡="lám-dé". 7. r'gaoileadh gunna?

I have not of the goods of this life but one sister only,  
 And it is not a rake of the world I would wish to have her.  
 I would not give a shilling for my fortune for ever  
 Unless I can say that she is my own.

When I went out with the Paustyeen Finn  
 I am certain sure that I doubled the fun ;  
 I put my arm round her and to me she clung  
 And I served the time that was present (?).

The love of my soul is the Paustyeen Finn,  
 Her heart and her soul to be squeezed to me,  
 Two breasts, bright like the blossom of the bushes,  
 And her neck like the swan on a March day.

When she rose in the morning, the Paustyeen Finn,  
 "O pulse of the friends, what wilt thou do with me ?"  
 "O sister," said I, "take your father on an occasion  
 And if you choose tell him your story."

Why do you wish to hang me for the Paustyeen Finn ?  
 And sure against my will I was brought into it.  
 It was not violence against their wish I did there  
 But with the full consent of her father and mother.

If I were to be in an empty house without anyone in it,  
 Great wind and rain blowing over our heads,  
 Without anyone to be near me but the Paustyeen Finn  
 It is certain that I would drink her health.

Without a boat or a cot I would make a rowing,  
 Without a gun or a pistol I would make a shooting.  
 There is no man would touch my one little sister\*  
 That I would not make powder of his bones.

It is the air and not the words which has made the fame of this  
 song, as we see is the case with many more.

Here, now, is a conversation between a boy and a girl in which  
 she doubts the reality of his protestations of eternal love. Songs of  
 this kind are very common, and I put this one down as an example  
 of many more—

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\* Sister is often used, not as a term of relationship. but, as here, of affection.

uč a uīna.

(Eircean).

Uč a uīna an tinn no an tūbaé leat  
 Míre ag deunaím cúnna am' aonair,  
 'S dá mbraictínn do ónúdracht aini mo éonlaó ná mo iúlreacht  
 Do ñeunfarann rún go h-eug oif.

Iñ iongantacé liom-ra éu bеic bonn-oj-cionn liom  
 'S mé bеic lán de'n túníl bеic pеiò leat,  
 'S dá dtiucrað\* cúngaithe a mánúirnín tuairisgin ná cúram  
 Iñ aédaír mé mánúinfesð léigean dó.

(Ire).

A ógdaidigh mánúinte na labhairtæ ciúna  
 Taitníseann do clú a'f do ménim liom,  
 Níor b'aité leat rúgráð daírt m'fallainz 'ná liom-ra  
 Aéct ari eagla éu bеic bheusgadé.

Mári iñ rúgráidhe éu tá meannanac lúsgac  
 'Spalrað ná miornu 'r ná n-éicéadé,  
 'S go mb' eagalac liom dá leanfarann-je éu  
 Suír caorað fá cúnna do ñeunfarann.

(Eircean ag fheagaisiúit).

A ghráð 'suír a éuio go bhráð ná tuig  
 So nœunfarann do malaist te céile,  
 So n-rompuisg' an mánur ari fad 'nna fuil,  
 'S go ngrábhainn na cnuic fá céile.

So bhráffaraiò bholair tríos láir na temearað,  
 'S go dtig na bhríc o'á éiliusgadé,  
 'S go g-caillidh na dhruid' ari fad a n-guisib,  
 'S go nœunfaradh lon de'n céirfri.

Iñ abhrán Connacétaé an Cúilíní no an "Cúilfionn" agus bеic O hAigrasáin túninn é. Tá cónair illiúinneadé i gcló mairi an g céadain. Aéct béalairfaiò mé aini ro cónair eile do fuairt mé i láinni-rgníbíni atá agam do b'í rgníobha i g-contaé an Chláir, atá eugraimil ari fad ó'n dá cónair eile. Fádgairt amadé d'á mhan d'é atá ari don focal, beaðnacé, leir na béalairfaiò i leabhar uil Óálaig, i bphiliðeacc na Cúinge

\* "dá dtigio" 'ran MS. dño-c-foiirm nád bfeicimio go minic aonairna fean-abhránaib feo. D'áetráidigh mé an líne feo beaðán,

+ "air," ran MS.

UGH, O UNA.

[HE].

Ugh, O Una, do you think it a sickly or sorrowful thing  
 Me to be making melancholy alone ?  
 And if I were to observe your earnestness in my sleeping or my waking  
 I would make a secret love of you (or set my heart on you?) till death.

I think it wonderful, you to be upside down (*i.e.* fallen out) with me,  
 And I full of desire to be reconciled to you ;  
 And if there were to come to us, my dear, a family or a care,  
 A father I who would teach them learning.

[SHF].

O learned youth of the quiet speeches  
 Your fame and your mien please me,  
 By my cloak ! sport were no more agreeable to you than to me,  
 But for fear of you being false.

For you are a gallant, who is high-spirited, merry,  
 Taking-rashly oaths and perjury ;  
 And, sure, I would be afraid if I were to follow you,  
 That it is a return under melancholy I would make.

[HE].

My love, and my portion, do not think for ever  
 That I would ever exchange you for another consort ;  
 Until the sea change entirely into blood,  
 And until the hills go under each other.

Until watercress shall grow through the middle of the fire,  
 And until the trout come to sue for it ;  
 Until the starlings shall altogether lose their bills,  
 And, until a blackbird is made of the thrush.

The Cooleen, or Coolun, literally the “Cúl Fhionn,” or fair-haired cool, *i.e.* back-hair, is a Connacht song, and Hardiman gives it to us, and there is a Munster version in print also ; but I shall here give another copy which I have, which I found in a manuscript of mine, written in the County Clare, which is altogether different from the other two copies. I omit two ranns of it which are almost on one word with

μυηναν, ἢ τάν αθηράν “Αἰώνιε τούτης η εὐηπλε,” ας λεατανας 224; αγυρτάν πανν ειλε γηρούσιτει πιοέτ παέ τοις λιον ο λειζεαθ, αέτ ας το αι ευτο ειλε θέ. Νίλ δον αθηράν ι η-ειρινη ιρ μοντού ’να αν Κύλκισσι αγυρ αρ αν άδηρην ιρ μυντο φιορ-υφάιδεας ένα σόιρεαννα ευγραμμία θέ δο βατινεξαθ αγυρ δο ευρι 1 γ-ελόθ. Θειρ ο Ταλάιζ γυρι ευαιριτις γέ αι Μένην αρ παν αγυρ παέ θυναιρι γε αέτ ηα την πανην δο ευρι γέ. Ήι πιρε πιορ άδαμιλα.

an Chúlfiomh.

Ceo mealta lá reaca, ar éoilíteib duibh Ógairiúise  
A'ir ghláid gan círlt atá agam duit a báin-éniú na ngeal-cíoc,  
Do com reang, do beul tana, a'ir do cúnlaí bí cap míin,  
A'ir a céad-freagair ná tréig mé, ar gup mheadaithe tu ar m'aicfe.

Δ' γε οὐδὲ πάντα τοῦ θεοῦ ἀπέστησεν, οὐδὲ πάντα τοῦ θεοῦ στρατεύματα, οὐδὲ πάντα τοῦ θεοῦ φύσις, οὐδὲ πάντα τοῦ θεοῦ δύναμις, οὐδὲ πάντα τοῦ θεοῦ εἰδῶλα, οὐδὲ πάντα τοῦ θεοῦ λόγοι.

Αν τέ έτορεαδὸν αν Κύιλκιον ἢ ήσαγ πιάθαλ αρ να βάνταιδ  
Αρι ματοιν Ιαέ γαμήλαιο ἢ αν δημέτ αρι α βηρόγαιδ.  
'Σ α Ιιαέτ ογόναδε πιάλ-ξιλαρ βιορ αγ τηνέτ λε να πόραδ  
Δέτ μι βράχαιδο πιατ μο πιάν-ρα αρι αν γ-εινταρ ιρ νούς λεό.

Δ neiliō, mo ḡnád-⁹, an ḡtioċpá liom faoi fíleibtiib.  
Δg ól piona a'g bolcán\* a'g bainne an ḡabhaip ḡlé-⁹il.  
Ceol fada a'g impijt vo ḡabhaifann le t' jaé-⁹uit,  
a'g cead dul a' cotulað i mbhollaċ mo léime.

\* Cineál uirge-beatéa, creibim. Taighéanaitó an focal ro go ńfhiul an cóir geó de'n Cúlfionn rean go léor, óiri iŋ fada o bís aon trácht ari “Bolcán.” Ciúiní an focal ro fá óró ’rach aibhíán cliútae rin “máigair láiorú.”



the verses in O'Daly's book, "The Poetry of Munster," in the song "A Waurya gus a hushla" at p. 224, and there are two other verses torn in a way that I cannot read them, but here is the other part of it. There is no song in Erin more famous than the Cooleen, and for that reason, it is an exceedingly useful thing to collect and print the various copies of it. O'Daly says that after hunting through Munster he only found the three verses of this song which he has given. I was more fortunate.

#### THE COOLEEN, OR COOLUN.

A honey mist on a day of frost, in a dark oak wood,  
And love for thee in my heart in me, thou bright, white, and good ;  
Thy slender form, soft and warm, thy red lips apart,  
Thou hast found me, and hast bound me, and put grief in my heart.

In fair-green and market, men mark thee, bright, young, and merry,  
Though thou hurt them like foes with the rose of thy blush of the  
berry ;

Her cheeks are a poppy,\* her eye it is Cupid's helper,  
But each foolish man dreams that its beams for himself are.

Whoe'er saw the Cooleen in a cool dewy meadow  
On a morning in summer in sunshine and shadow ;  
All the young men go wild for her, my childeen, my treasure,  
But now let them go mope, they've no hope to possess her.

Let us roam, O my darling, afar through the mountains,  
Drink milk of the goat, wine and bulcaun in fountains ;  
With music and play every day from my lyre,  
And leave to come rest on my breast when you tire.†

Here is now the fourth copy of the same renowned song, which is altogether different from the other three. I leave out the second and third stanzas of it, for they are in the version which Hardiman gave ; those are the stanzas beginning, " Whosoever would see the Coolin," and " Do you remember the day."

\* This is the only song in which I remember meeting the word *cocan*, which, I think, means "poppy," applied to a girl's cheeks.

† This translation is nearly in the metre of the original.

*Literally.* Mist of honey on day of frost over dark woods of oak, And love without concealment I have for thee, O fair skin of the white breasts. Thy form slender, thy mouth thin, and thy cooleen twisted, smooth. And O first love, forsake me not, and sure thou hast increased my disease.

And who would see my love upon the middle of the fair, And sure the thou-

## An Cúilfíonan. (Cóip eile).

Δ' ἦιμις τὸ οὐρέα καὶ βυαῖσιν Δ' γλευρὸν μοῦ σεαρράν  
 Τὸ πασαῖόν μέγοντα καὶ ταῖρης μοῦ θιαν-ζιράδ,  
 Δ' τὰ δύο τάκτα ταῦτα λιονταῖς διβίζηντα  
 'Σ γυρὶ βυτὸν βίντε λιονταῖς ναοῖς ηὐατρεῖς οὐαδέταις Δ' οὐράνιον.†

Αν ευτίμην λεατ αν οιόδε ύπο τοῦ θεομαρίαν αγαπήσειν  
 Αννα αρισταῖς τοῦ θεομαρίαν αρισταῖς τοῦ θεομαρίαν  
 Τοῦ σίνην μέτε λεατούς τοῦ θεομαρίαν αρισταῖς τοῦ θεομαρίαν  
 Δ' τοῦ βητού μέτε αντοῦ τοῦ θεομαρίαν αρισταῖς τοῦ θεομαρίαν.

'Σί μοῦ φίνεται, 'τί μοῦ λύνεται, 'τί μοῦ ζηράδεται,  
 'Σί γηιανάναντα βρεφαῖς οὐαδέταις τοῦ θεομαρίαν.  
 Τάκτα ταῦτα λαμπραῖς αντοῦ τοῦ θεομαρίαν αρισταῖς τοῦ θεομαρίαν.  
 Σέ μοῦ έντατα γανταῖς τοῦ θεομαρίαν αρισταῖς τοῦ θεομαρίαν.

Μητέλι αιρεσθαντοῦ λόρου αγαπάμενον, μητέλι κότα, μητέλι λέιμη,  
 Μητέλι πρίγκηπον αντοῦ μοῦ βόρεατοῦ γούνηριον μακάρεαν θέανταν  
 Τοῦ ζεαλλού μέτε φαοῖς θεομαρίαν, λυτέλια βόρεατον μέτε φαοῖς θεομαρίαν  
 Αιναισχύλεαν αντοῦ έντατα γανταῖς τοῦ θεομαρίαν λεπτούντανταν.

Διάμυρηνταν αρισταῖς αντοῦ πανταχοῦ βίλαρης αρισταῖς αντοῦ πανταχοῦ,  
 Δ' οὐαδέταις τοῦ θεομαρίαν αρισταῖς αντοῦ πανταχοῦ βίλαρης αρισταῖς αντοῦ πανταχοῦ  
 Τοῦ βέληρατον αντοῦ πανταχοῦ βίλαρης αρισταῖς αντοῦ πανταχοῦ  
 Τοῦ ουτιύθρατον αντοῦ πανταχοῦ βίλαρης αρισταῖς αντοῦ πανταχοῦ.

Διάμυρηνταν αρισταῖς αντοῦ πανταχοῦ βίλαρης αρισταῖς αντοῦ πανταχοῦ  
 Λετοῦ έλεωμαγέατον μητέλι μητέλι λαμπραῖς τοῦ θεομαρίαν  
 Μάτιας μέτε φαοῖς θεομαρίαν αντοῦ πανταχοῦ βίλαρης αρισταῖς αντοῦ πανταχοῦ,  
 Δ' γυρὶ βάσις τοῦ θεομαρίαν αντοῦ πανταχοῦ βίλαρης αρισταῖς αντοῦ πανταχοῦ.

sands of youths were slain with the roses of her face, Her cheeks like the poppy,  
 and she was the finest in beauty of the world, And sure every fopling thinks  
 that she is his own darling.

He who would see the Cooleen and she walking on the meadows Of a morning  
 on a day in summer, and the dew on her shoes. And all the grey-eyed youths  
 who are envious to marry her. But they shall not get my darling as easily as  
 they think. (*Literally*, on the account that is hope with them).

O Nelly, my love, wouldest thou come with me beneath the mountain, Drinking  
 wine and bulcaun (a kind of spirits?) and the milk of the white goat. Long-  
 drawn music and play I would give thee during thy life; And leave to go sleep  
 in the bosom of my shirt.

\* "Τὸ λυαῖς μοῦ" 'γαν μ. πατοῦ οὐαδέταις τοῦ πανταχοῦ.

+ "να παρηασαῖν" 'γαν μ. focal οὐαδέταις τοῦ πανταχοῦ.

‡ πεαλβ=παλαῖνον βοέτ. § "αντοῦ πιοβλαρεοῖς" 'γαν μ. οὐαδέταις τοῦ πανταχοῦ.

|| "λεπτούντανταν" 'γαν μ. οὐαδέταις τοῦ πανταχοῦ.

## THE COOLUN.

(ANOTHER VERSION).

And rise up lad, and get ready for me my nag,  
 Until I go quickly to enquire for my desperately-loved,  
 And she is betrothed to me since the time she was a little child,  
 And, sure, I thought her nine times more melodious than cuckoo or  
 organ.

Do you remember that night that we were at the window  
 When you caught my hand and squeezed a pressure (?) on it ?  
 I stretched myself at thy side, and in my heart there was no harm,  
 And I was in thy company until I heard the lark.

She is my sister, she is my secret,\* she is my love, she is my be-trothed (?)  
 She is the greeanawn (sunny-chamber) of the young men every day  
 in the week ;  
 Her countenance is like the rose, and her neck like the swan,  
 'Tis my sorrow I am not always where she dresses her couch.

I have no silver, I have no gold, have no coat, have no shirt ;  
 Have no penny in my pocket—and may the Son of God relieve me,  
 I promised thee twice before I kissed thy little mouth,  
 O maiden of the amber cool, that I would not marry thee during my  
 life.

My sweetheart, my affection, be faithful, and be firm,  
 And do not forsake the secret love of your inner heart on account of  
 him to be poor ;  
 I would take the Bible (as oath) or any (other) thing on earth,  
 That the Son of God will give us our nights' portion to eat.

My sweetheart, my affection, you deceived me in the beginning of my  
 youth,  
 With your soft pleasant roguishness, sure, you promised to marry me,  
 If my heart gave you love, I think myself that that is enough,  
 And, sure, you left me in melancholy on the coming of evening.

\* Rún which literally means "secret" is, in these songs, often used in the sense of sweetheart, as in "Eileen Aroon," i.e. "Eileen O secret (love)."

Frásaim ar m'fállamh gur fada liom uaim at Óninnad  
Seo bfeicfíodh mé an aithnír ag éiríse amach ar na bóiérib,  
Tánaillfaróth mé éum aifíunn mar a móríodh mo róip-raf,  
—— Seul cimte gur fád rí m'inniúin buairdeartha.

Úchéarfaiodh me ann ro cuij d'abhrán an clúcháinail eile, d'á dtuig  
O hársgáordón tibi jannu faoi ainnm "Capaó an tSúgáin." Fuaile  
míre é faoi ainnm an "Súighín bán."

### An Súisín bán.

Má bionn tu liom bí liom a ghrádhséal mo ériodh  
Má bionn tu liom bí liom do ló gur d'oiríodh,  
Má bionn tu liom bí liom gád oírlasach ann do ériodh  
'S é mo leun a'f mo lom nád líom tráchtóna én maraoid.

An g-cluim tu\* mé a Óiolla tá ag iarráidh ghrádó,  
Fill a-baile aifír a'f fain bliaodain eile mar táir,  
Táimig me aitseád u tdeacád a riabhs ghrádhséal mo ériodh  
a'f éuirí an éailleacád amach ar cártaidh an tSúgáin mé.

B'ait líom bean a'fhanfaidh a bliaodain le n-a ghrádó  
B'ait líom bean a'fhanfaidh bliaodain uile agus a lá,  
Níor b'ait líom aon bheideadh leat-raf agus líomra aifír a báll  
'S í mo ghrádó aon bean a'fhanfaidh ari aon róid aithní.

A'f cat é an cat marb do feóil ann rian tír reó mé  
A'f a líadéit carlin deag d'fágáilidh mé mo Óeig,  
Ni tuismithe míre rím, r ni buailéadó† oírm é,  
A'f gur minic do bain bean rílat do buailfeadó í rím.

A'f síor i Sligearád éuirí me eólaír ari na muidib,  
Agus ríar i nDáillí an t-ól mé leó fá mo rát,  
etc.

Iar é fádt aon abhráin reó, bárho do éus ghrádó do muidí ois agus\*  
éáinig ré aitseád 'fain tisg ann a riabhs rí féin agus a móríar le  
tuaitim na h-oiríodh. B'olc leir aon tream muidí a tigearád, agus  
fusadain rí aici féin cia aon éadoi do b'feadar le n-a éuir amach aifír.  
Agus éorpaídhs rí ag cártaidh fúgáin no róra tuigé. Cionnig ríre aon  
tuigé agus éuirí rí aon bárho g'á éarach. Bí aon bárho aul ari a cùl  
néiri marí bí aon fúgáin ag fathuigeadh no go nteacailidh ré amach ari aon

\* "Sluim tu leat mé" 'fain ms.

† "ni buala" ms. juro nac bfuil foileip.

I leave it on (*i.e.*, swear by) my mantle that I think it long from me  
the Sunday is,

Till I shall see the maiden rising out on the roads ;  
I shall journey to Mass where my treasure shall be—  
A sure tale it is, that she has left my mind troubled.

I shall give here part of another renowned song, of which Hardiman gave three verses under the name of "The Twisting of the Rope." I found it under the name of the Soosheen Bawn, or White Coverlet.

#### THE SOOSHEEN BAWN.

If thou art mine, be mine, white love of my heart :  
If thou art mine, be mine by day and by night ;  
If thou art mine, be mine every inch in thy heart,  
And my misfortune and misery that thou art not with me in the  
evening for wife.

[The maiden answers :]

" Do you hear me, you gilly, who are seeking love ?  
Return home again, and remain another year as you are."

[The harper says :]

I came into a house where the bright love of my heart was,  
And the hag put me out a-twisting of the suggaun.

I would like a woman who would wait her year for her love ;  
I would like a woman who would wait a whole year and her day ;  
I would not like the woman who would be with you and again, on  
the spot, with me :

My love is the woman who would remain in the one state only.

And what was the dead cat which guided me into this country,  
And the numbers of pretty girls I left behind me ?  
I am not the heavier for that, and I was not beaten by it,  
And sure a woman often cut a rod would beat herself.

And down in Sligo I gained a knowledge of women,  
And back in Galway I drank with them my enough, etc.

'Tis the cause of this song—a bard who gave love to a young woman, and he came into the house where she herself was with her mother at the fall of night. The old woman was angry, him to come, and she thought to herself what would be the best way to put him out again, and she began twisting a suggaun, or straw rope. She

τοιαφ ραοι θειρε, ασυρ ε ασ τιοι-έδαραθ. Πιναιρι φυαιρι αη τρεαν  
θεαν αμινις ε, τ' εινις γι τε ρηνεαρ ασυρ θυαιλ γι αη θοραφ αην α  
ενταν. Τειλς γι απαδ αν ελαιρρεαδ αην γιν ένιγε έρπο αη θρυι-  
νεόις ασυρ θυβαιτ λειρ θειε 'γ μητεαέτ. Ιρ ε “Παδέ ε αη εαδε μαριθ  
έσαρ αην να h-άιτε-γι με” ceuo λινε τε'ν αθηράν i λεαθαρ ui ιαρ-  
δαυάιν, λινε νάρι ένισ μέ αριαδιν, αέτ ιρ θοις γυρι λοέτ αη focal  
“εαδ,” ασυρ γυρι “εαδ” μωρι φυαιρι πηρε ε βυν θεαρτ νο θειε αην,  
ασυρ γυρι b'ιοννον “εαδ μαριθ” ασυρ θροέ-άδ, i γ-εαπαδιαν αη  
θάιρο.

Δι το αποιρ αδηάν αινημνεαται ειλε έυαλαρ φέμι ο ψεαν-τυινε.  
Ευαιρ μέ κοιρ τε 1 γργίβιν είγιν α τυδαιτ γυρι β'έ Τόμηναλ  
Φαιρε (no Φαιρε?) Ο Σορμάιν, cia bé αη βιζ αη βάρο τιν, do γιννε έ.

briñío & stoír.

Δ Βρίσιο Δ γτόιη ηά πόρ αη γεαν τυινε  
Δέτ πόρ φεαρ ίδσ 'η ε'οιλεαδ λεανδ νυιτ,  
Δο γινφεαδ γιορ γο σαιμ αη λεαβαιδ λεατ  
Δο βέαρηαδ πόρ ηο νό αη μαριδιν τυιτ.

Ἵη τρυπάς αὐτῷ πίγιον ηδέ βάρ' οὐ μαρτυρόμενον  
Σὺν αὖτις μέντοι σύνηντον τοιούτοις,  
Οὐδέ τοι μὲν οὐδεὶς θεοῖς οὐδεὶς θεοῖς  
Μάρτυρας αὐτὸν εργάσθειν· τὸν δὲ γάρ τοι πάντας

Ὥα μετέθεαδ ἀπ τηρ γεο παρ ὑστὸν ἔοιη τι  
τι γ-αιτίλεάν αοιύμην το ὅειτεάν το ἀόμηνιτόε,  
Ὕειόν ἡσιλ λ' ἡσούδαιλ ἀγ τεαναμην βρώνι τηιότ,  
Ἐς ην ὑειόν μέ φειν\* ἀγ πλέ νιορ μό λεατ.

Do gheall tu òamh-ra, 'r do riann' tu bheus liom,  
 So mbeirteá liom-ra ag Cipó na g-caoiach,  
 Do leig mé fead agus mille glaodh opt  
 'S mi bhealairear ann acht uam ag mérioblisht

'S ὁ ξαῦ τη ἐστιν γο νομία τείχεαννας  
'S ὁ ξαῦ τη ἐστιν, α'ρ τολαρ αν λαέ αν,  
Οά οτιυεφά [fén] αγτεας το μ' φευεαντ  
Τεανναν πιαράν (?) το θειεασθαντ αγαν φέν λεατ.

\* “‘S go mbiaod liom fein abeit plé” ’ran ms., nád dtuisíom.

† “mbéiliò”—’Jan ms.

<sup>‡</sup> "Diún fiosráid do báé agam" etc. ian ms., no maig é ualairí mire é "múin (T. deamán) beann in-Cipinn b'feappa liom féin 'ná éu."

held the straw, and she put the bard a-twisting it. The bard was going backwards according as the suggaun was a-lengthening, until at last he went out on the door and he ever-twisting. When the old woman found him outside she rose up of a leap and struck the door to in his face. She then flung his harp out to him through the window, and told him to be going. [The first line of this song in Hardiman's book runs, "Is it not the dead battle that twisted me into this place," a line which I never understood, but it is certain that the word *cath*, "battle," is a mistake, and that it is *cat*, "cat," as I found it, that should be in it; and, that dead cat in the language of the bard, is synonymous with bad luck].

Here now is another celebrated song which I heard myself from an old man. I also found a copy of it in a manuscript which said that it was Donal Faire, or Farire (of the watch ?) O'Gorman, whoever that bard may have been, who composed it.

#### BREED ASTORE.

O Breed, astore, do not marry the old man,  
But marry a young man 'tis he who would rear thee a chi'd.  
Who would stretch softly on a couch beside thee ;  
Who would in the morning give thee a kiss or two.

'Tis a pity, O Breed, it was not death I found  
Before I gave thee love so lasting.  
Thou hast left my mind destroyed and troubled,  
Like the aspen tree and the wind rocking it.

If this country were as it ought to be,  
In a delightful castle thou wouldest be living ;  
Gall and Gael would be grieving, through thee,  
And I, myself, shall not be pleading any longer with thee.

You promised me—and told me a falsehood—  
That you would be with me at the pen of the sheep.  
I let a whistle and a thousand shouts for you,  
And I found nothing in it but the lambs a-bleating.

And you passed me by dark and late,  
And you passed me by, and the light of the day in it.  
If you would come in yourself to see me,  
The demon a misunderstanding (?) I would have with you.

Δειπνόν τούτον παρέστη μέστια στην ομάδα των αθλητών της ομάδας της Κοζάνης, διάφορων επαγγέλματος, που έπαιξαν στην ομάδα της Κοζάνης. Το παρόντα ήταν η πρώτη φορά που οι αθλητές της Κοζάνης ήταν στην ομάδα της Κοζάνης.

an t-Bríseach.

'Σὶ αν Ὑρίζθεας τά ουαῖν  
 Αν ἔσοιη· θεαν ἡμῖν ἥνδαιρε  
 Κεῦλ εόλαιη πα τίπε ι\*  
 'Σ αρι μο ἐροιθε ἐνιρ γί ευαν  
 Τά ἔσει ερωινη ερωιτό  
 [Zeal-ρίος ταρι αν κύβαρι]  
 φολτ βηράς φανα βιτόε  
 'Σ αρι μο ἐροιθε ἐνιρ γί ευαν,

νι hi Βένυ τά μέ πάθ  
νά αον θεαν τε να μηνάιδ  
Δέτ απρέιηθεαν όνον γλέγεαλ  
τά σ'ειρ μο όποιούς (οο) όπλα.  
νι φευρφασ γο ιηράτ  
Δ h-αινη τύσ νο πάθ,  
Σιύρ γατιμιν ί, 'η νι όειλιμ ί,  
Ταρ α μαιρεανι τε μηνάιδ.

† “feorann” 115.    ‡ “go ngealctóm faoi do éliú real” ’pan  
115, nuo na c’ dtuigim b’feorri “go mórglácað” ’ná “go mórglá-  
cað” ’pan line leanor.

Here is a sweet song I got in a manuscript among many Connacht songs, but it is not very like a Connacht song, it is too melodious. I changed the first two lines, for this is how they ran : “*Shee in Vreedyuch tom woot, Dor mutya shee sooarck*,” words which I did not understand. This song was written out very badly, and I only got one copy of it.

#### THE BREEDYEEN.

'Tis the Breedyeen I love,  
All dear ones above,  
Like a star from the start\*  
Round my heart she did move.  
Her breast like a dove,  
Or the foam in the cove,  
With her gold locks apart,  
In my heart she put love.

'Tis not Venus, I say,  
Who grieved me this day,  
But the white one, the bright one,  
Who slighted my stay.  
For her I shall pray—  
I confess it—for aye,  
She's my sister, I missed her,  
When all men were gay.

To the hills let us go,  
Where the raven and crow  
In the dark dismal valleys  
Croak death-like and low ;  
By this volume I swear,  
O bright cool of fair hair,  
That through solitude shrieked  
I should seek for thee there.

\* In singing this, the third line and the seventh line of every verse are often repeated. This metrical version is in the exact metre of the original.

#### LITERAL TRANSLATION.

It is the Breedyuch I want ; The mild woman, gentle, pleasant ; The knowledge star of the country, And in my heart she took harbour. Two breasts round and hard, Bright neck like the foam. Fine long yellow hair. And in my heart she took harbour.

It is not Venus of whom I am speaking, Or any other woman of women, But

Teannam go dtí an fhláb  
 ag éirteadct leif an bpráct,  
   'S na glearntaib teannam lionn'-dub  
     Mar ari éailleas mo éiall.  
 ní bfonn rólár agairt ann  
 San dólár ann a ceann,  
   Ní bfonn mairé gan a mairlo,  
     Ná ari thíreac\* gan a cam.

'S bpréadct a píob mar aon déil  
 a'f a bpráctair gealt gan réim  
   A'f a bán-cíoc náir láinniúiseadh  
     O éall-éireadct zo h-éas.  
 mo éasra triom go h-eus  
 mar rgsáil duibh ari éun,  
   'S gun b'í éráid mé le lán-tróillre—  
     Fáid bprig mo rgséil!

O'n tráidé éus me grád óuit  
 O'n tráidé éus mé grád óuit  
   [O'n tráidé éus mé grád óuit]  
     A bláid na rús-éireadéib  
 Do fárlaig do mém||  
 'S éus tu grád leat ó'n uigréim,  
   'S gun roip do óá láinni-je  
     Do b' feadar liom dul o'éus.

\* "Uireadct" ms.

+ "cí" 'fan ms, nua aicé dtuigim. † "O gal éireadct" 'fan ms  
 ni éuigim é.     § "rgsáil tilb aili can" 'fan ms. ni éuigim.  
 || "Do fárlaig tu ari bém," ms.

the brown bright sky-lady, Who is after destroying my heart. I shall not refuse for ever To repeat her name; Sister, I call her, and I conceal it not Beyond all that live of women.

Let us go to the mountain, Listening to the raven, In the black sorrowful valleys, Where the deer speaks; By this book in my hand,O lovely cool of the fair tresses, I would remain with you in solitude, Until the day would waken.

Let us go to the mountain, Listening to the raven In the glens making melancholy, Where I lost my sense; There existeth no joy Without sorrow at its back; There is no beauty without its reproach. And no Straight without its Crooked.

Her throat is fine, like the lime, And her bright neck unpained, And her white breast that was never touched By foreign defeat (?) till death. My heavy

To the hills let us go,  
 Where the raven and crow  
     In the dark dismal valleys  
     Wing silent and slow.  
 There's no joy in men's fate,  
 But grief grins in the gate ;  
     There's no Fair without Foul,  
     Without Crooked no Straight.

Her neck like the lime  
 And her breath like the thyme,  
     And her bosom untroubled  
     By care or by time.  
 Like a bird in the night,  
 At a great blaze of light,  
     Astounded and wounded  
     I swoon at her sight.

Since I gave thee my love,  
 I gave thee my love,  
     I gave thee my love,  
     O thou berry so bright ;  
 The sun in her height  
 Looked on with delight,  
     And between thy two arms, may  
     I die on the night.

grief till death, Like a dark shadow over a bird ; Sure it was she destroyed me with full light—The cause of the substance of my tale.

From the time I gave thee love ; From the time I gave thee love ; From the time I gave thee love, O Flower of the raspberries, Thy mien overcame, And thou tookest love with thee from the (very) sun, And sure it is between thy two arms I had rather go and die.

My disease (?) and my grief, Without me and thee, my treasure ; In dark so lowful glens, Or in a glen of a wood on a bog. It is honestly, gently, decently, I would coax from thee a kiss, O lovely learned star, 'Tis thou art the pick of the young women.

She is a Phœnix, my love, From Helen who took the palm, The gentle accomplished pearl, Of character the most generous of all. O first love of my middle, Do not leave me to death, And sure I would read your accomplishments, In Irish softly.

A'g mo éantais 'g mo bhrón  
 Táin mé 'g tu a gctóir  
 I ngleannaithe tuiscaíosaí  
 No i ngleann coille ari mór,  
 Tí cealgára caoin cónair  
 Do meallfainn uaitr pós  
 A péaltain bhréasg mhuimte  
 'S tu togsa na mbán ós.

Tí i phoémieig mo ghrádó  
 O hélen riug bárr,  
 An péadarla ciúin tréimeasá  
 Tí féile ari bict cail,  
 A chuid-féiric mo lár  
 Ná leis mé éum báir,  
 'S go léisfum-ge do tréimeasá  
 \* nGaeilge\* go rámh.

Ás go rann miliú eile, acht mair an t-aibhláin fuaif, ír mó atá blear  
 Muinneacá na blear Connacatae aip, cró guri i gcuilbhinn Connacatae  
 Fuailear é. Águr éor leirim, ní focal Connacatae an focal riu  
 "éirling" = laing, águr íar na muinneis go mór-mór do cléacád  
 imirt le focal, mair éitomhso ann ro. Bheiúim an rann ann ro le  
 Criocheagád na vitriphie atá roiri na gean-abhránaib rímplidhe do éas  
 mé céasna, águr abhránaib nuasa ña muinneacá.

A máine is tu mo ghrádó.

A líláire ír tu mo ghrádó, a'g ghrádó mo ériortóe do ghrádó  
 Ghrádó riu gao donaig gao éirling,  
 Ghrádó ó aoirí go bár, ghrádó ó baoiur aig fáir,  
 Ghrádó éuiríriod go tlúch faoi éiré mé,  
 Ghrádó gao rúil le raoisgal, ghrádó gao tñúc le rpple,  
 Ghrádó o'fáis mé criártóe i nodaéir-bhrúid,  
 Ghrádó mo ériortóe tairi mnaib, 'g a raoisail rúid do ghrádó  
 Tí anadairt é le fágsail aig aen-fear.

\* "A'g gaoisam," ms.      † "mnuasád," 'fian ms.

And I would that I were  
 In the glens of the air,  
 Or in dark dismal valleys  
 Where the wildwood is bare ;  
 What a kiss from her there  
 I should coax without care,  
 From my star of the morning,  
 My fairer than fair !

Like a Phoenix of flame,  
 Or like Helen of fame,  
 Is the pearl of all pearls  
 Of girls who came,  
 And who kindled a flame  
 In my bosom. Thy name  
 I shall rhyme thee in Irish,  
 And heighten thy fame.

Here is a sweet rann I found in another manuscript of mine, but like this song, there is more of a Munster flavour than of a Connacht flavour about it. And besides that, the word *aishling* ("weakness") is not a Connacht term, and it is the Munstermen, too, who used especially to practise playing upon a word, as we see done here. I give the verse to show the difference there is between the old simple songs I have given already, and the newer ones of the Munstermen.

#### O MAURYA, TAKE MY LOVE.

O Maurya, take my love, love of my heart, thy love,  
 Love without fear or failing ;  
 Love that *knows not death*, love that *grows with breath*,  
 Love that must shortly slay me ;  
 Love that *heeds not wealth*, love that *breeds in stealth*,  
 Love that leaves me sorrowing daily ;  
 Love from my heart is *thine*, and such a love as *mine*  
 Is found not *twice*—but found, is unfailing.\*

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\* Literally. "O Maurya, thou art my love, and the love of my heart thy love, A love that without pettiness, without weakness, Love from age till death, love from folly growing, Love that shall send me close beneath the clay. Love without a hope of the world, Love without envy of fortune, Love that left me withered in captivity, Love of my heart beyond women, and such a love as that, It is seldom to be got from any man."

Τά απιμητα γεό λειψ απι βροκαλ “γράσ” σορινύιλ λε ιμητα παδαν  
ναο γρησιος απι “μανγαρη Σύγασ” (Διπομιαρ Μας Ερωτή) ο επινοεί  
λυμηνιζ. Τειρι φειρεαν ι παδαν άλυμην νο μινη γέ απι φον “Καιλιν  
νεαρ ερύιθτε να πιβό.”

Δ έυμανην πα γ-ευμανην πά τηρέισ μέ  
‘Σ γο βρυιλιμ ι π-έασ-έρυτς ασ’ θεόις,  
Δ’ γυρι ευμανη μο έυμανην πασ τηρέισφεασ  
Δ έυμανην γο τειδιμ ραοι απι βρόσ,  
Ο έυγαρ τυιτ ευμανη αρ γείλλεασ  
Μο έυμανη-ρα α φέυμασ μι κόιη,  
Δ’ μο έυμανη α έυμανη μά τηρέισηρ  
Σαν ευμανη ασ αέν-βεαν γο νεό.

Ας γο αθηράν ειλ νο έυαλαισ μέ ο γεαν μιναοι ι γεον-πα-μαρα,  
αγυρ ο θαοιμις ειλ. ιρ αθηράν εατέλιον γο λεόρι έ απεαργ πα  
πιναοιμε, αγυρ έυη μέ λειψ απι γο γιανη νο τό νο ρυαηη μέ ι λάιμ-  
γρησινην. Νο έυαλαισ μηρε απι τρεαν-βεαν γά ξαλβαιλ αγυρ ι ας  
βιλισ πα πιβό, αγυρ νο βι τυλλεασ αισι πασ γ-ευμηνιζιμ, αγυρ πασ  
βρυαηρεαρ ο αοι νυιμε ο φοιμ.

### peurila νεας απι τσλείβε θάιν.

Κειχρε Λά νευρι γαν θηρέισ  
Το έαιτη μηρε γραι τηλιασ  
Ας μιοη-μηηρεαέτη μο γρέιλ  
Το βέιλιν αιηηήρη πα γ-ειασ,  
Μο έαεβ λε π-α ταεβ  
Δ’ μο θά λάιηη ταηηητι αιηηη,  
Μο θειλ αρι α θειλ  
Συρι ευλαισ γηη έοιηανηη απι ξηιανη.

Cluimini η’ά θεασ  
Αγυρ ιη εαιητ ή έυιγεαρ α θάη,  
Ζο ντυρι μο έροιθε γεαν  
Το ψευριλα νεαρ απι τσλείβε θάηηη,  
Ζασ η ντυρι με η’ αηηηρεαέτη  
Ιη ι θειτιο η-αηηηλε  
Μ’ αηηηρεαέτη αγυρ μο ξηιασθ.

This play upon the word love is like that which the Mong-ir-yah Soogugh—Andrew MacGrath, from the County Limerick—made. He says, in a beautiful poem which he composed to the air of the “Colleen D’yas Crootyee na Mo :”

Oh, love of my love, do not *hate me*,  
 For love, I am *aching* for thee ;  
 And my love for my love I’ll *forsake not*,  
 O love, till I *fade* like a tree.  
 Since I gave thee my love I am *failing*,  
 My love, wilt thou *aid* me to flee ?  
 And my love, O my love, if thou *take not*  
 --No love for a *maiden* from me.\*\*

Here is another song I heard from an old woman in Connemara, and from others also ; it is a rather common song among the people, and I put with it, here, a stanza or two, which I found in a manuscript. I heard the old woman singing it, and she milking the cows, and she had more of it than I do not remember and that I never got from anyone since.

#### THE PRETTY PEARL OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN.

Fourteen days, without lie  
 I spent on the mountain’s side,  
 Ever crying my cry  
 In the ear of my maiden’s pride ;  
 Pleading bitterly,  
 My side set by her side,  
 On her mouth my mouth,  
 Till the sun set southward and died.

I hear it spoken  
 By many a friendly mouth  
 How my heart is broken  
 By her of the White Hill south.  
 All my affection true  
 And my hope and my longing at flood,  
 Are concentrated on you,  
 Maid of O’Hanly’s blood.

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\*\* Literally, “Affection of the affections, forsake me not, And sure I am in a death-condition after thee, And sure the affection of my affection shall I not forsake, O affection, until I go under the soil. Since I gave thee affection and submission, My affection, to deny it is not right, And my affection, O affection,

'S é mo érpeasé a'g mo Óit  
 nac bfuil mé mo lárca tis báin  
 So rneamhfaimn go h-aigiué  
 i n-eudan na tuile 'g na traídé,  
 Ag réil le mac Ué  
 So réidheóclaió rírgearn mo cásar  
 'S go rímfhinn mo tdaéb  
 Le peupla deag an tsleibhe Úsim.

Deir gúad liom féin  
 Suig níod beag rudaíasé an grian,  
 Acht iŋ matrig air a mbíonn ré  
 mí no radaíntain no Lé,  
 i nna lúidé air a taoibh  
 (faoi ónilleabhar agus) blesé  
 Agus mé le n-a taoibh  
 Agus cíosaibh beag glaibh ann mo lánán.

Mo érpeasé a'g mo Óit  
 nac bfuil eudaísc oíomh ná blesé  
 ná geadarráintí aérlasé  
 Do bhearrfaidh mire aon áit.  
 So b'Uaileasáid na dteangealta  
 má tdeobhim in fíllfead go bhráid  
 aec bíodh a roisda féin  
 Ag peupla deag an tsleibh Úsim.

Cao é an níadach Óamh féin  
 Tá nioneunfaimn capall te bho ?  
 A'g cao é an níadach Óamh é  
 Tá nioneunfaimn cailleán air gáu ?  
 Cao é an níadach Óamh é  
 Tá nioneunfaimn muilionn air nóm ?  
 O cásill mire an glear  
 Le a mbrengfaimn beitriú mo ríomh.

if thou forsakes—No affection for any woman for ever (for me).

These verses are constructed on different words, one *grau*, the other *cumman*, which sounds better in Irish than any such word-play can in English, since the latter word, for instance, can assume three forms—*cunman*, *humman*, and *gumman*, which keeps up the play without palling on the ear.

This translation is in the metre of the original. Literally. Fourteen days without lie, I spent in the mountain. Ever-telling my tale To the little mouth of

"Tis my grief and my pine  
 That I'm no white duck on the bay,  
 On the billows to rise,  
 And to dive in the teeth of the spray.  
 That God may decide on my side,  
 And me far away,  
 And set me beside  
 The side of my pearl some day.

They tell me that love  
 Is little, "t is nothing" they say,  
 But, oh, it's woe for who has it  
 A month, a week, or a day.  
 There she lies on her side  
 Gently by light winds fanned,  
 I sit close to her now  
 With a leafy bough in my hand.

Oft I wish I were  
 Clothed bright in state like a king,  
 Or had a winged mare  
 To bear me afar on her wing.  
 To term-keeping Dublin  
 If I go I shall fare but ill,  
 Leaving thee free my girl,  
 Thou pearl of the fair White Hill.

What should it profit me  
 To make a steed of a cow ?  
 What should it profit me  
 To build a castle here now ?  
 What should it profit me  
 To build on the meadow a mill,  
 Since I lost the way  
 To bend my fay to my will ?




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the maid of the tresses. My side by her side, And my two hands back across her, My mouth on her mouth Until the sun stole away past us.

I hear it being said, And a talk it is which numbers understand, That my heart gave affection To the Pretty Pearl of the White Mountain. All that I ever gave of affection, Or that I ever coveted of women, She is Betty Nee Hanli, My delight and my love.

'Tis my destruction and my loss That I am not a little white duck Until I should swim airily In the face of the flood and the shore, Hoping for the Son of God That He shall settle my case, And that I might stretch my side By the pretty girl of the white mountain.

Taus agus maire.

ΤΑΪΣ : Βυϊ οιύιν αη τράτ, βί τυλέα ι μβλάτ

πυαιρ ἀνηδιπέ μέ τι οἱ ἄιρε,

III άιρε : Ήσοι οἱ περιέχοντες ταῦτα, οἱ τριάντα

Do bain tu a Táisí an báipe.

They say to myself That love is a small petty thing, But it's woe for whom it is on, A month, or a week, or a day. Lying on her side Beneath the foliage and blossoms, And I by her side And a little green bough in my hand, etc.

The remaining verses present no difficulty and need not be translated.

Here is a curious poem, a dialogue or discourse—Carmen Aineabæum—between a man and a woman, as we find it in the poetry of every country from the time of Horace to that of Tumaus O'Moore, and as it will be while men and women exist. I found it in a letter which some one wrote to the old *Nation* at the time when Thomas Davis and Gavan O'Duffy were steering it, hoping, as is likely, that they would put it in print for him. It is worth mentioning here that about half of the Irish, at the least, at this time spoke Gaelic, and that a good deal of Irish songs and different things were sent to the *Nation* by "Iresians" throughout the country. No doubt they would have been printed had there been anyone on the staff of the paper able to do so, for Thomas Davis was very friendly to the language; but it is likely they had no person to correct the proofs, and, besides that, had probably no Irish type at this time.

The man who sent them this poem said that it was composed in this way. Teig O'Dornin, he says—but I do not know what O'Dornin—was travelling through Erin, and came to the house O'Luneen or Lindon. Lindon was a Beetagh or hospitaller; that is, one who kept open house, giving food and shelter gratis to those who went that way. O'Dornin went in, and after the repast or supper, a harp was placed in his hand, as was customary in the country at that time, to see if he wished to make music. Nobody in the house knew O'Dornin, and there was great wonderment on them when he began to draw from the harp the sweetest music at all. That made Lindon's sister jealous, for she was herself a queen harpist. She said that there was no man went by that way for a long time was able to make music like that, and after a long conversation with him she challenged him to play the harp against herself, and the people of the house listening to them as judges. Teig O'Dornin began, and on the moment composed and played this half stanza extempore, and she answered him in the same way, and the same metre.

#### TEIG AND MARY.

TEIG :      Bright was the air, the hills were fair,  
                  When first I saw thee, Mary.

MAURYA :    Not brighter they than thou, the day  
                  Thou tookest Teig the "bairy."\*

\*The Anglo-Irish for a "goal" in hurling, from the Irish *báire*.

This translation is exactly in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—  
T.—Calm was the time, hills were in blossom, when I beheld thee, Mary.  
M.—Not finer was the day than thou wert, the time thou tookest Teig the

**Máipe :** nísl aép ná (g)leann ip píor dám ann  
nior rígomairge 'ná do cáril-re.

Ταῦτα : Βιού ὅμιλος οὗτος σημαντικός λαϊκός  
τονάρος του γενούντος από μάρτυρα,

III. sépte : An peult no 'n gjuvan ni étaoñberiñ eam an tjuvan  
Ojvead roulur le do rizáil-re.

ταῦτα : Ἀριστοφάνης τοῦ Αἰγαίου πόλεως οὐδὲν μένει τοῦτον τὸν θεόν.

πλάγιο : Ηγεαρη ι ηγενέ γλυας γριδε 'νά μέ,  
Δέτ β'γεαρη δο γενέ-ρε αν τρά γιν

Máipe : If tura o'fig an cuacan mhn  
le mhnét éadoin do Éáipe.

Ταῦτα : Οὐ ποτέα σαοινός το θεαλύσις αν μήσε  
το εἰδός μο χρονίσε-ρε α μάνε.

πάιρε : ήρ οπτ-ρα τά αν ball-ρειρς νο σγάρ  
Α λαραρ εινάρ ηαριτάριθμεαν.

ταῦς : má 'r áil least mé a ḡpáð mo cléib  
          Ir least eo li-eut mé a málwe.

πάιρε : τάιο λαρναά' ελιαιν' γαν' ἐράδο γο ειών,  
πέ! υψηλωτών πυντ. ειδή πάνωνά

III ΡΕΑΓ ΤΩΝΝ ΚΑΩ ΕΙΡ ΤΕΙΡΕΑΔ ΤΟΝ ΡΓΕΛ-ΡΟ, ΝΟ ΔΡΙ ΝΗΠΙΔΑΙΣ ΑΝ  
ΩΙΤΒΕΑΝ ΤΟΥ ΤΩΝ ΝΗΠΙΩΝ, ΝΟ ΔΙ ΑΣ ΜΑΣΑΔ ΡΑΟΙ ΤΟ ΒΙ ΡΙ.

\* “Եպորցենի առ Երաշի մոլ շւաշան Երաշի,” յոն 115.

<sup>†</sup> Ηι λέπι δαμι καο ἐ αν ποταλ ρο ανη ται ms. ιη κορινθικη λε  
“μινιθεάετ” 6.      <sup>†</sup> “καο” ται ms.

goal. *T.*—Thy eyes, O sky-lady, of the colour of the air, and, if possible, more lovely. *M.*—There is no air or valley (?) that I know of, more beautiful than thy reputation. *T.*—Blacker is the sun when setting than thy features, Mary. *M.*—Neither star nor sun exhibit one-third as much light as thy shadow. *T.*—It were a good and a comeliness for the host of the fairy women (To have) thy bright gentle countenance, Mary. *M.*—Better is the fairy host in appearance than I, but better thy appearance at that time (than theirs). *T.*—Top-beauty of love in thy fine curls I beheld upon thee, Mary. *M.*—It is thou who wovest the smooth curl? with the gentle softness of thy laugh. *T.*—Thy gentle eyes have shaped the web which took my heart, O Mary. *M.*—It is on thee is ever the love-spot which kindles the love of every stately woman. *T.*—If I am pleasing to

TEIG : Thy eyes are bright as stars of night,  
Each one God's candle-bearer.

MAURYA : There is no star of all that are,  
But thou by far art fairer.

TEIG : The setting sun shows black and dun,  
And cold, beside thee, Mary.

MAURYA : There is no sun of all that run  
To which I could compare thee.

TEIG : The fairy host might make their boast  
Of thy sweet features, Mary.

MAURYA : More fair they are than I, by far,  
But thou more fair than fairy.

TEIG : Top-knots of love all else above,  
Lurk in thy tresses, Mary.

MAURYA : Thou hast a smile which must beguile,  
So gay it is, so airy.

TEIG : Thy bright eyes spin a net so thin,  
Thou took'st me in it, Mary.

MAURYA : A love-spot thou hast on thy brow,  
Of charms it is not chary.

TEIG : Thy slave I'll be ; thou sees't in me  
Thy thrall and lover, Mary.

MAURYA : No longer free, I yield to thee,  
All shamefaced, all unwary."

We do not know what is the end of this story, and whether the lady submitted to him in reality, or whether it was jesting at him she was.\*

thee, O love of my bosom, I am thine till death, Mary. M.—There are treacherous flames silently destroying me. Alas, I submit to thee, although shamefaced.

\* There was a celebrated poet O'Dornin, born near Cashel in 1682, who lived most of his life in Armagh. But his name was Peadar (Padder), not Teig, and his wife's name Rose, not Mary. The gentleman who sent this piece to the *Nation*, accompanied it with a poetic version by a "talented friend" of his own, each half verse of which—regardless of any reminiscence of Cowper—ended in "My Mary," to which the second half of the verse as invariably responded with the delightful assonance of "My Thady." Of course, this is not in the Irish, where the lady's difficulty was to find a fitting extempore rhyme for her own name, Maurya.

Óráifidíod mth aipoir píofa atá le fágáil ann i gcaidc áit ari fud na tíre, bean an fír Ruaidh. Ni'l fíor agam cao fáid ari énig na daonra ann oiriadó rím tréig ann rian abhrán ro munab é an fonn atá aili. Ni' feicim féin móráin ceoil ná filiúeadaí 'rna foclairib, d'ea tóid an giotá ro éomh teagasc-áitíngéche rím, chear agur énig aidiód, nád' tóig liom a fágáil amairg. Fuidir capa òam féin na bhrácaí leanas o bheul feandúime i g-comháde ná Tálliúné, agur fuidir mire uaitó-gean iad. Fágáim amach rianann no dó nád' bfuil rí goiléir.

### bean an fír ruaió.

Tá riadó o'á riadó  
    Súig tu rámhín rócadair i mbhróis  
Tá riadó o'á riadó  
    Súig tu béalín tana ná bpróis.  
Tá riadó o'á riadó  
    A mísle ghláid go dtusg tu òam cùl,  
Cio go bfuil feadair le fágáil  
    'S leir ari tálliúní bean an fír Ruaidh.

Do éusgair náoi mī  
    I bpríosún, ceangailte cruaidh,  
Boltaid ari mo éadraig  
    Agur mísle glair ari rúd rúair,  
Tábharrfainn-re riðe  
    Mairi éabhracha eala coir cuaim,  
Le fonn do bheit rínté  
    Síor le bean an fír Ruaidh.

Ásaoil mire a chéad-geasac  
    So mbeid' aon tigear róir mé 'r éu  
Ásaoil mé 'nna óráid-rím  
    So mbriengfrá mo leanúi ari do ghlúim,  
mallaíte Ríg Neimhe  
    Ari an té rím báin ófom-ra mo élú,  
Sín, agur mísle go léir  
    Luict bhréigé énig róir mé 'r éu.

I shall now give a piece which is to be found in every place throughout the country—the Red Man's Wife. I do not know why the people took such pleasure in this song, unless it is the air which is on it. I do not see myself much music or poetry in the words, but this piece is so well known North and South that I cannot omit it. A friend of mine got the words which follow from an old man in the County Galway, and I got them from him. I leave out a verse or two which are not very clear.

#### THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

'Tis what they say,  
Thy little heel fits in a shoe.  
'Tis what they say,  
Thy little mouth kisses well, too.  
'Tis what they say,  
Thousand loves that you leave me to rue ;  
That the tailor went the way  
That the wife of the Red man knew.

Nine months did I spend  
In a prison closed tightly and bound ;  
Bolts on my smalls\*  
And a thousand locks frowning around ;  
But o'er the tide  
I would leap with the leap of a swan,  
Could I once set my side  
By the bride of the Red-haired man.

I thought, O my life,  
That one house between us love would be ;  
And I thought I would find  
You once coaxing my child on your knee ;  
But now the curse of the High One  
On him let it be,  
And on all of the band of the liars  
Who put silence between you and me.

\* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet with mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

Tá earrann aon rian ngsáileadh  
     Aithí a bpráidhann tuisceadhair a'f bhláth bhuioe,  
 Aon uair leasgáim mo lámh aithí  
     Tráth láitíoch naidh mbrúiseann mo érioióe;  
 'S é ghlór go bár  
     A'f é d'fáidhail o fhlaitheas ag anuas  
 Aon phoibhín aithíán,  
     A'f é d'fáidhail o Úean an fír Ruaidh.

Acht go dtig lá an tráidhail  
     Táin iarrachas agus euan,  
 Tuisceadh rámaithe aon an ngréim  
     'S béalú na neallta comh tuis leis an ngsual  
 Béalú an fáidhse tipim  
     A'f tuisceadh na bpróna 'f na truaighe,  
 'S béalú an táilleáin ag rámaitheas  
     An lá rian faoi Úean an fír Ruaidh.

Do chuir círeannas éigin beagán mí ó fionn, cóip eile de'n abhrán  
 ro i gclóibh, do bhrónaibh, deirí re, níos mó 'ná ceud bliadain ó  
 fionn i gcomhdáil na mióe. Céolbhail fír i bpráireadh Albannach é, "Ná  
 líomhriúche Óbain." Ag ro cuio dé.

Úean an fír Ruaidh. Cóip eile.

'Sé do bheadha aon rian tír-re  
     A faoilinni is deirí faoi ghráidh  
 'Ná an Úean do bhrónaí  
     Ag náoir Mac Uigrneach 'fian g-cuas.  
 Síomhafail mór an tír  
     Aníos go h-imeacht Roif-cuas,  
 'S an uair caiftear aifí  
     Béidéan claoiúinte ag Úean an fír Ruaidh.

There grows a tree in the garden  
     With blossoms that tremble and shake,  
 I lay my hand on its bark  
     And I feel that my heart must break.  
 On one wish alone  
     My soul through the long months ran,  
 One little kiss  
     From the wife of the Red-haired man.

But the Day of Doom shall come,  
     And hills and harbours be rent ;  
 A mist shall fall on the sun  
     From the dark clouds heavily sent ;  
 The sea shall be dry,  
     And earth under mourning and ban ;  
 Then loud shall he cry  
     For the wife of the Red-haired man.\*

Some Irishman, a few months since, printed another copy of this song, which he says was written down more than a hundred years ago in the County Meath. He printed it in a Scotch paper, the *Oban Times*.† Here is some of it :

#### THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

(Another copy).

Salutation to thee into this country  
     O seagull more lovely in countenance  
 Than the woman in the West whom  
     Naesi, son of Usneach, had in the harbour.  
 I shall destroy the country  
     Down to the border of Rosevain,  
 And when I turn back again  
     I shall (myself) be overthrown by the Red man's wife.

\*This translation is in the curious broken metre of the original. *Literally*: Thy are saying it, That thou art the quiet little heel in a shoe. They are saying it, That thou art the thin little mouth of the kisses. They are saying it, Thou-and loves, that thou hast turned thy back on me, Though a man may be had. The tailor's is the wife of the Red man, etc. The other verses offer no difficulty. There is no mention of a tailor in the older copy. It may have been altered to suit local circumstances.

† Or rather, the well-known and humorous Gaelic *littérateur* who writes under the name of Fionn (Mr. Henry Whyte) published it, but some Irishman, I think, gave it to him.

1) gile do bhráid  
 a mille grád ná eala ar tuim,  
 1) neirge do ghrád  
 'ná an róig do éis ar na crainn,  
 1) binne do béal  
 'ná 'n éuad 'fí remm go binn  
 'S gur míne 'ná 'n ríosa  
 Tád tlaoi o'á dtig ar do céann.

a bhrúinioill gan fhiáil  
 a bhrúil an dealraí deas ar do ghrád,  
 Cia bé an t-ógrád bán  
 do b'áil liom leat-fa do lúad;  
 Cia éilim ar aon  
 an t-áidbair fá bhrúilim faoi ghrádum (?)  
 Tá mbeidinn gonnad ag an éag  
 'S í mo cheuo ghrád bean an fír Ruaidh.

a blád-bean na g-céime  
 Cuimini ceuo mille beannadct leat uaim,  
 Tá mé gonnad ag an éag  
 1 n-éigsear do éadairghe gac uair,  
 Tá mb'eól tam bean bhrúga  
 Cuimini i g-céill uait m' anaerfa cruaist  
 'S má fillim go h-eag  
 'Si mo cheuo feairc bean an fír Ruaidh.

Tá mbeidinn 'ran tig fíor  
 i bhrúin ceangailte cruaidh  
 boltaird ar mo éuim  
 a'g mille glair ar rúd fuaif.  
 Tábarrfaidh-re tigib  
 mar do éabarrfaidh eala coif cuim  
 O'fionn a bheit finte  
 Seal orócc le bean an fír Ruaidh.

Whiter is thy neck  
 Thousand loves, than the swan on the waves,  
 Redder is thy cheek  
 Than the rose which comes on the trees.  
 Sweeter is thy mouth  
 Than the cuckoo, and she singing sweetly,  
 And sure smoother than the silk  
 Is each lock which grows upon thy head.

O damsel without spot,  
 Who hast the pretty gloss upon thy cheek,  
 Whoever the fair-haired youth is  
 I would like to betroth to thee,\*  
 Why (?) conceal I it on anyone  
 The reason why I am under gloom ?  
 Though I were wounded by the death  
 My first love is the Red man's wife.

O blossom-woman of the beauty,  
 I send with thee a hundred thousand blessings from me,  
 I am wounded by the death  
 In lack of thy society every hour,  
 If I knew how to coax a woman,  
 I would explain to thee my hard calamity.  
 And if I return for ever  
 My first-love is the Red man's wife.

If I were in the Down country  
 In prison bound hard,  
 Bolts on my waist,  
 And a thousand locks from that up ;  
 I would give a flight  
 As a swan would beside a harbour,  
 With pleasure to be stretched  
 For the while of a night by the wife of the Red-haired man.

\* I do not well understand the third, fourth, and fifth lines; perhaps c:a is meant for ch& which is used instead of n "not" in parts of Meath.

Ag ro abhrán maité fuaipí me ann mo fhean-fhospíbinn férin agus ní  
fáċċatád mé i n-aon áit eile é.

Brisgo ós na 5-ciabhl.

Κατέβησεν το έπιπλον της πόλης  
 Δημήτριος [Άγιος Δημήτριος]  
 Κατέβησεν το έπιπλον της πόλης  
 Δημήτριος [Άγιος Δημήτριος]

Τά γράπτα αγαπή μήνασι  
 Αγαρέραδό τί μο έροισε,  
 Καιού διμένη λιοντάρη νά απέ ευαγέρη απί αν γεράσοις,  
 'Σ' νά λοντούσι αν βέλη κυρίε  
 'Σ' αν σειραράετ λε η-α ζαοις  
 'Σ' ι+ αν γράπτα διμένη λιονταρά το γέραρ-λοιράς μο έροισε.

An g-cuaileadh ríb-ge trácht  
 Áfai clúasan daigheasct na mná?  
 Ír ari feadhars do fhorbairt rí le caol-peann ari élasr,  
 ní'l ré le fágair  
 Ann 'ran bhráime ná 'ran Spáim  
 náé bhruid tisolt pipi marí céile inniti, péipepla an éanil béal.

Σεοβατην-ρε γο Λεόρ  
ινέτ γιοσα 'γυρ γηρόιλ,  
Ηαταϊδ μίνε νυδά, αγυρ φάμηροε θυιθε δίρ,  
πι γιαέδαιδ μήρε λεός  
Δέτ γιοτ-ρα, α πισλε γτόρ,  
Δ γιώτηρ-έσαρτ ταρλα Διντρωιν 'γ γυρ τη φλανητα νε'ν γινι μέτηρ.

\*=coimisce, “*καὶ πάντα τὰ φρεστά σανιδίαν* ἔχομενοι τοις οὐρανοῖς, οὐδὲν μέντοι τοις γηγενεῖς.”

§ “nū leó naċuinn” ’r-an MS. “piot-ṛa” ’r-an líne leanar=leat-ṛa.

Here is a good song I found in my own old manuscript, one which I have never met anywhere else—

### YOUNG BREED OF THE TRESSES.

Unto God I pray  
 Every night and day  
 Not to leave me pining, but to speed me on my way ;  
 Oh, come my love to-day  
 Where the ravens seek their prey,  
 We shall sorrow in the valley where you set my heart astray.

For gone it is and strayed,  
 My love is on a maid,  
 I think her nine times sweeter than the cuckoo in the glade,  
 Or, thrush, within the shade,  
 Or blackbird when he played  
 His sweetest notes to cheer us, and my soul is dismayed.

Oh, have you heard them say  
 How arch and bright and gay  
 Is my lady, how she writes with a pen in her p'ay ?  
 There is not, so they say,  
 In France or Spain to-day,  
 A man who would not leap to take the hand of my may.

Girls I'd get, I swear,  
 Who silk and satins wear,  
 Hats both dark and glossy, and rings rich and rare ;  
 But see, I leave them there,  
 Thou only art my care,  
 Sister of Antrim's Earldom, so fragrant and so fair.

\* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—  
 I put to his guardianship Upon God, and I request, Smooth for me the way  
 and do not suffer me (to be) in pain. If thou wert to come with me under the  
 mountains, Where the raven dwells, Making melancholy through the valleys, and  
 with you I have lost my senses.

I have love for a woman, And she ruined my heart. I thought her nine times  
 sweeter than the cuckoo on the branch Or the blackbird of the yellow mouth,  
 And the song-finches (?) at his side, She is the melodious coaxing little thrush that  
 bitter-burned my heart, etc.

The next verses offer no difficulty and need not be translated. “Diol pîp”  
 in the third verse, means “a sufficiency for any husband;” that is, one good  
 enough to satisfy the most exacting.

Δες γο αὐτάν ματέ εἰλε φυαιρ μει η-Δμερίκα. Διην γαν γ-κευδ  
μανν τά αν καιλίν αγ πάδη ναέ λειγφρή γι νούν βυαέσαιλ μεαλλάθ,  
Δες γαν γνα τρί πανναίν λεαναρ τά αν βυαέσαιλ αγ κυρι α έάιρι  
γ-κειλ νί αγαρ 'γ α βηευδαθ.

### μόρη νά βεας.

[Αν καιλίν αγ λαβαίρετ].

μόρη νά βεας πίορ λυατόθεαθ μιαδιν μιρε  
1 μβυατόθεαθ φίη νά κέιλε,  
Δ' γο θευαίρι μέ μο βεαέδα αριαδην γαν αιέιρ,  
Νί μό\* γυρι βαμεαθ λαραθ αγ μ' έαθαν.  
μά 'γε θιοζβάιλ μο έαραν έυσ γιλιγέ θυιτ αρι μο μεαλλάθ  
Νά θ' ασι φεαρ θ' α θρυιλ βεό η η-θιριμ  
Δ' γαν τά τυρα αγ θραέτ μιρε νο έυρι ο ραέ  
Κυριυιν Κημοζτ τά αρι πεδιν 'ννα θέιξ ορτ.

[Ειρεαν αγ ταρηραίο ή νο θηευδαθ]

Γοιριμιν τυ α γιαύρι, γοιριμιν έυ α γιάνιν,  
Γοιριμιν έυ ησοι η-υαιρε,  
Γοιριμιν νο ένηλ τά τριορπαλαέ [ολύέ],  
Δ' γοιριμιν νο έυμ γεανγ υαραλ.  
Γοιριμιν έυ α γιαόδη, τά μ' αναμ αρι νο λάιν,  
Ταρηραέξ, τέυρα, τριά αγαρ φυαργδαιλ,  
Κονγβαίξ μέ ο'ν έυσ αγαρ βιόιμ αγασ φέιν,  
Α θηυαππιολλ να ηζευς ηγλαν υαραλ.

Τά θαέ αγασ αρι φιλιαθ δ' γ νί'λ ασον θυινε 'ννα ποιαίξ  
Δ' γ μιρε νο μ' έιαραθ λεό-γαν,  
Δ' γ μ' φοκαλ θυιτ α θια ο'ρ ορτ ατά μο έηιαλλ  
Ζυρι βαμεαθαρι μο έιαλλ δο μόρι θιομ,  
Μιρε θειέ λιον φέιν φολαδη, οέ μι θειόθεαθ,  
Ανοιρι αγαρ μέ ι θιύρ μ' οίγε,  
Δ' γυρι μαλλ γυέ γαέ έιν α λαβηαρ λειρ φέιν ♫  
Αρι μαλα νο αρι φιλιαθ μόντε.

\* "μόρη," γαν μις.      †="ταρη."      ‡ τά αν λινε γεό η  
αὐτάν ειλε, ιρ γεαν-φοκαλ έ.

Here is another good song which I got in America. In the first verse the girl is saying that she will not let the boy deceive her, and in the three stanzas that follow, the boy is explaining his case to her and persuading her.

#### GREAT OR SMALL:

Great or small, no word was ever spoken  
 Betrothing me to another.  
 My fame has been fair, and my life without care,  
 I have no blush of shame I must smother.  
 If my friends being few, prompts an ill thought in you,  
 Or in any man else who has seen us,  
 And who hopes he may lead me to shame and to need,  
 I put Christ and His cross between us.

#### [HE ANSWERS].

I call on thee, my love ; I call on thee my dove ;  
 I call on thee nine times over ;  
 I call on thy cool, so tressy and so full,  
 And I call on thy form as a lover.  
 I call thee through the land, my soul is on thy hand,  
 Then leave me not banned and in trouble ;  
 Save me from the death, O maiden with the breath  
 And the limbs of a freeborn noble.

Upon the mountain side my kine are running wide,  
 They have not a guide to herd them.  
 I left them there, God knows, to seek for my wild rose ;  
 My thoughts like waves arose since you stirred them.  
 Alone, why must I be, with none to go with me ?  
 I shall draw from my youth as a fountain :  
 For every bird, you know, who sings alone, sings slow  
 On the side of the grove or mountain.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :-

Great or small was I never betrothed In trouble of husband or consort, And sure I found my life ever without reproach, And more (than that), no blush was ever struck from my face. If it was the loss of my friends gave you a way to betray me, Or any other man alive in Erin, And if you are intending to put me from prosperity, I set Christ who is in Heaven to avenge it on you (*literally*, "after it upon you")

I call thee, O sister. I call thee O secret-love, I call thee nine times, I call thy cool that is clustering and close, And I call thy form slender, noble. I call thee O love, My soul is on thy hand, Come thou for awhile and relieve me. Keep me from the death, and let me be thy own, O damsel of the limbs clean (shaped) and noble, etc.

Τά λαράδι ανη γαν ηγιέμιν αδυτί Λουραύδα τά γειτονία  
 τιμέιοιλι δο βέιλιν ινθόμιατη,  
 α'γ συρι φολλινή δο'ν τραέσαιλ συρι μεαριαίς τη λε κέιλ  
 τυιλλεάδι αδυτί τά όντο οιγ-φεαρι.  
 Δινήπην θηρεάδις ρεαλ ήτινη ηα θρατ-φολτ ευαέ[αέ] ελαον  
 λαρανη μαρι αη γνωσιό (?) ομηρα  
 'Σ συρι β'έντιαρηματην-γε τε ινδοιν ποτε ήτισθηρεαρ αη τραοζαιλ  
 Κεατ ριντε λεατ γαάδ αον οιδέ θόμιναις.

Τά γανη ειλε ανη γαν αθηράν το έτραίσεαρ, “Α εύηλ άλυινη θεαρ”  
 μαρι τά γειτονία “Εάμον αη Ένυικ,” αδυτί ιη φολληραέ δι γο παιδιν τά  
 αθηράν μεαργέτα λε κέιλε ανη γο, μαρι έννικαμαρι ε νευντα δι  
 μηνικ. Τά αη τά γανη έτραίσεαρ “Σοιριν ήη α γιώη” ανη γαν  
 “μαλλ θυβ αη γλεαννα” μαρι αη γ-κευνα.

Ανη γαν αθηράν το λεαναρ τά αη καϊλιν αγ εαοινεαδι ταρι είρι δι  
 βειτε τρειγέτε λε η-α γράδι. Ιη ριμπλιθε αδυτί ιη βινη αη χεαραέτι ατά  
 γι αγ νευναδην. Σανιλιγέανην ήη α μύημην λε “μευτε τριό αη γ-  
 σεο,” γιάδι έννικεαρ ανη άρι γ-κυνηνε αη τάνη θρεάδι γινη λεαθερι ιι  
 ή-θριγσασάμ, αη τάνη ιη θηρεάδια τε ηα θάνταιλ, θέριοη, ατά γαν  
 γιδ-λεαθερι γινη

“Έννικαρικ μέ αγ τεαέτι ένγαμι λε τηρι λεπη αη τηλειθε  
 μαρι μευταν τριό αη γ-σεό.”

### καϊλιν θεαζ αη γλεαννα.

Δι θεάνιαις οιγ μαρι μευταν τριό αη γ-σεό  
 Το ένγαρ-γα μο ρεαλ δο λειρι\* θυτ,  
 α'γ δο ρεαλ λε βειτε ηριναμ αγ κοιλι γλατηρη ηα γ-σνό  
 Σο γ-κυρριμηρ άρι γ-κοιναιηλε ιη-έινφεαέτι.  
 Τυιγ α μίσλε ρτόρι ηαέ θευτι ρεασαδι αη βιτε έοηη μόρι  
 Ιη μεαρα αδυτί ιη μό λε νευναδην  
 Ηά μαργέαν θεαρ ίσ δο μεαλλαδι λε (το) θόισ  
 αδυτί μεαλλαδι ωμηνη δο τεοί μηα θέιξ γινη.

This “I call thee” is a word often used when things or people display any unaccountable restlessness; the full form is, “I call and consecrate you to myself;” and it is used against fairy agency. Κιαραδι in the following verse means “torturing,” and μεαργάδι means to “set astray.” “Every bird who sings by himself sings slow” is, I think, a proverb.

\* “μόρι” γαν MS.

A flame comes from the sun when day is almost done,  
 I see it on thy small mouth staying ;  
 For you have set in play—as all men know to-day—  
     Hundreds of young men straying ;  
 O maiden of the hair so fair beyond compare,  
     On the air like an amber shower,  
 This world has, I swear, no wealth that can compare  
     With but one kiss there in thy bower.

There is another verse in this song which begins *A Hool awlin yass*, as it is in the song of "Ned of the Hill," and it is evident that there are two songs mixed up here, as we have seen done frequently. The two verses which begin *Guryim hoo a h'yewr*, "I call thee, O Sister," are also in the song of "Dark Moll of the Valley."

In the song which follows, the girl is lamenting after her being forsaken by her love. The complaint which she makes is simple and melodious. She likens her sweetheart to a "star in a mist," a saying which calls to our recollection that fine poem in Hardiman's book, perhaps, the finest of all the poems that are in that king-book—

"I saw her come towards me through the middle of the mountain  
 As a star shines through the mist."

#### OH, YOUTH WHOM I HAVE KISSED.

Oh, youth whom I have kissed, like a star through the mist,  
 I have given thee this heart altogether,  
 And you promised me to be at the greenwood for me  
     Until we took counsel together ;  
 But know, my love, though late, that no sin is so great  
     For which the angels hate the deceiver,  
 As first to steal the bliss of a maiden with a kiss,  
     To deceive her after this and to leave her.

Δ Ραδαισέ (?) ο Δ πύιν αη σιτρεας̄ λεατ γο βυαν  
μαρι ενιρ τυ λε βυαιθρεαδ̄ αη τραοζαιλ με (?)

'S γυρ ενιρ τυ νο δύιλ i n-αιργιοσ̄ 'r i mβυαιβ  
αγυρ i ρεαφαιρεαδ̄ νιβ νυβα αη τρλειβε.

Β'φεαρρι λιον γο μόρι βειτ αη ταοιβ βυαέαιλλ όιγ\*

'Nά ρεαλβάν бó αη ταέβ ενιε

'S ε φ'ιμεόραδ̄ (λιον) αηρ φεαν (?) αγυρ κλιτέη ερυαιό να ηγεαλλ  
αγυρ φιύβαλφαδ̄ αη τραοζαλ γο ηειό λιον.

Δς νυλ γηνα λυτε δο'ν ηγιέμι, μο ερεαέ, μο θιέ γο γευρ!

iη μηρε βιορ i βρέμι αη υατηρ γιν,

Δο μηβορανινιλ νο μ'γνε αη τέ φινεαδ̄ αην γαν γειρέ,  
'S α μικ μημιε ναέ μόρι αη τρυασ्त γιν!

μο εάιρινε νιλε γο λειρ, αη ευτο ασα νόρι ευγ

Γυρ ενγαραρι γευρ-φιαέ τα�,

Ζαη τ'φοκαλ αην a mbeul, αέτ "ό μιλλ τυ τυ φέιν  
φιλαινγ νο γειρ γιν βυαιθρεαδ̄."

1 n-αθράν ειλε ατά αγαμ "Ευαίσην βειννε Ειοιρι" ναέ οτυγαιμ  
αην γο, ατά φεηρ αγ νευναιη να εραοιρε εευναια i οταοιβ μηνά,  
αγυρ μαρ νυβαιρτ αη εαιλν γο μηφεαρρι λειτε βυαέαιλλ όγ 'Nά  
"ρεαλβ бó αη εαοιβ ενιε", τειρ φειρεαν

β'φεαρρι λιον εαιλν ός

αγ κόρυζαδ̄ μο λεαρχαν

'Nά γαιοθρεαρ μιγ να φόδλα

'S μο φόραδ̄ λε εαιλιξ.

νιλ μόριαν φιλιθεαέτα αην γαν αθράν γο αγυρ iii αθράν Connac-  
tac é αγυρ γιν é αη t-άθθαρ φαοι a βράγαιμ αμαέ é, αέτ iη φιύ a  
τάθαρτ φά νεαρα γο ηνεαημαδ̄ é 'γαν αη αην a γαιβ Γαενειλς αγ  
να θανινιb i m θειν-Ειοιρι, φεας̄ msle o Û'λ'αέclisat.

\* "ρεαφαν βυαέ λα όιγ" γαν MS. μυρ ναέ οτυιγ: m.

† "γευλ" γαν MS.

This translation is in the metre of the original. Literally. O young youth, like a star through the mist I have given thee my love completely, And you promised to be before me at the greenwood of the nuts Until we would put our counsels together. Understand, O thousand treasures, that there is no sin so great, Worse and greater to do, Than to deceive a pretty young maiden with your kiss And betray her for ever afterwards.

O Rody (?), O secret love, dost thou constantly repent How thou hast sent me on the world's trouble, And how thou hast set thy affection on money and on kine And on black heifers of the mountain? I should greatly sooner be at the side of

And do you now repent for leaving me down bent  
 With the trouble of the world going through me,  
 I referring sheep and kine and silver of the mine  
 And the black mountain heifers to me ?  
 I would sooner win a youth to love me in his truth  
 Than the riches that you, love, have chosen,  
 Who would come to me and play by my side every day  
 With a young heart gay and unfrozen.



But when the sun goes round I sink upon the ground  
 I feel my bitter wound at that hour ;  
 All pallid, full of gloom, like one from out a tomb,  
 O Mary's Son, without power.  
 And all my friends not dead are casting at my head  
 Reproaches at my own sad undoing,  
 And this is what they say, "since yourself went astray,  
 Go and suffer so to-day in your ruin."

In another song which I have, called "The Cuckoo of Bin-édar," which I do not give here, there is a man making the same complaint about a woman, and just as the girl said that she preferred a young boy to the "possession of cows on a hill side," so he says—

I had sooner a young girl  
 Preparing my couch  
 Than the wealth of the King of Fola (Ireland),  
 And my marriage with a hag.

There is not much poetry in the song, and it is not a Connacht one, hence I omit it, but it is worth observing that it was made at a time when the people of Binédar (the Hill of Howth), six miles from Dublin, spoke Irish.

a young bohal Than (have) possession of cows on the side of a hill. It is he who would play with me on *pan* (?) and (play) the hard game of the pledges, And who would freely walk the world with me.

On the sun's going to lie down—my destruction, my loss, grievously—It is I was in pain at that hour, And the likene-s of my countenance was that of him who was stretched in the clay, And O Son of Mary, is not that the great pity ! My friends, all of them entirely, as many of them as did n't die, Ah. they have given me bitter-hatred, Without a word in their mouths but, "Since you have ruined yourself, Now suffer trouble according."

So abhráin eile ann a n-ctíráidtear ari Úeannn Eíordá.

neilliúd na g-cocán.

'S a Óis gao mé am' iad fáidilre  
    Scoilír i mbeannn Eíordá,  
Agnur Neilliúd na g-cocán  
    Óeic i g-cealait-táir iocá éigimé  
Raéfainn-ge oír fírioll  
    Síor ari fad o'á feucáim,  
'S ní éisibhílann bhróibh lusáidí  
    Ari fínáitibh uairle na h-eíreann.

'S a Neilliúd, Óis óilí !  
    Mí cubhaidh\* óuit beic am' éigéidsean,  
'S gur a n-aice do mhnín-éinir  
    Buod mian liom beic aod' bhréigean,  
mio láinn ari an mbíobla  
    'S mé fíor ari mo glúinaiibh,  
na cír físeáinn leat éortéce  
    So rímpíde 'fán úir mé.

Tá cónfírinn dearf buidhe agam  
    'S é líontá le círiortáil,  
'S tá galar gneur go riúin aír  
    'S é go físeáinniach cuíche,  
Achéiméidim ari toirá  
    A'g ari Ríog Colam Cille  
A mairgthean gao mhu-gíreann  
    Deaft-éribhioch oírt ó lílinire.

Agnur b'éiríri go mbeidhinn-ge  
    Agnur mairgthean ari cúníl ómpra  
ari mairgthean ag éirtéadct  
    Le h-dífrionn ari bhréitá ;  
mianab cúnír a raéfáir,  
    Ari a h-agáidh i, béisdead bhrónaibh  
mair na Lón-tuibh ari na coillteibh  
    Le foillte ari tairisíoná.

\*=m cónfír é, m oíreanninnach é. Leabhairtear an focal ro mair "csoi" no "cuíde." Tá le an éortéidionn i n-áiteadcaibh i g-cúise míniúan.

Here is another song in which mention is made of Binédar.

### NELLY OF THE TOP KNOTS.

Dear God ! were I fisher and  
     Back in Binédar,  
 And Nelly a fish who  
     Would swim in the bay there,  
 I would privately set there  
     My net there to catch her,  
 In Erin no maiden  
     Is able to match her.

And Nelly, dear God !  
     Why ! you should not thus flee me,  
 I'd long to be near thee  
     And hear thee and see thee.  
 My hand on the Bible  
     And I swearing and kneeling  
 And giving thee part  
     Of the heart you are stealing.

I've a fair yellow casket  
     And it fastened with crystal,  
 And the lock opens not  
     To the shot of a pistol.  
 To Jesus I pray  
     And to Colomkill's Master,  
 That Mary may guide thee  
     Aside from disaster.

We may be, O maiden,  
     Whom none may disparage ;  
 Some morning a-hearing  
     The sweet mass of marriage,  
 But if fate be against us,  
     To rend us and push us,  
 I shall mourn as the blackbird  
     At eve in the bushes.

'S a via gan mé ari linn (?) Léiré  
 'S gan uimpi acht a Léine,  
 no i bhráipí na Fraince  
 no ari mhríb Loc' Cipine,  
 agh cupr síor mo chainte  
 'S ag deimhinnigh aod mo rgeil dí,  
 mar fúil go mbeidhinn-re aghad  
 A mairghean na gcoraéib-folt.

Agh ro aibhrán do sunne O Ceapbhalláin, do réir mo lámh-réigiúnne. re, acht ní meafaraim féin sunn b'é. Ír tóisigh go raibh a lán aibhrán réigiúniochta ari an bhrón ceudna, agus níl aon aithreas oírn naé bhrúil an poist agus ait t-aibhrán níor sunn 'ná aithriú uil Ceapbhalláin. Beirí Seághan O Dálaigh—feadh naé bhrúair ariamh a fáié molta aip ron an mheáto do sunne ré i g-cúir na n-aibhrán Muimhneach—psiora túimh aig a nglaoðann ré “Beann Dubh an Gleann,” agus tá cuio té an écornúil leir an tán ro. Deirí reirean sunn b'é Éamon an Chnuic O Riain do sunne an t-aibhrán atá ann a leabhar féin timéiolach na bliana 1730-40. Tá an fionn riampriúde agus an-binn. Agh ro níar fuailear mire é.

### MALL DUBH AN GLEANNA.

Ír agh Mall Dubh an Gleanna  
 Tá mo ghrádó-raf i dtairgse,  
 Ír i naé bhrúair suné ná náiré,  
 Ír caoiðeáinail múnite mairgeas  
 Dubháirt sí liom ari mairion  
 Iméig a'g ná feuc go bhráct mé.  
 Níl ógánaid deas  
 O illúinim go Tuam 'r go Sceillich,  
 ná ó inn go Laisgmo uil h-eagras,  
 naé bhrúil tuiall éum an Gleanna  
 ari eacraib phliocasúi pleasmáin,  
 (Agh) feicéamh ari an mhean dubh ír áille.

\* This is in the metre of the original. Literally :—

#### NELLY OF THE TOP-KNOTS.

I wish to God that I were a fisher\* West in Benedar, And Nelly of the top-knots To be in the middle of Lough Erne. I would go privately Down all the way to look at her, And I would not give the point (?) of a rush For the (other) gentle women of Ireland.

\* Literally, “O God! without me in my fisher.”

Oh, God, were she with me  
     Where the gull flits and tern,  
 Or in Paris the smiling,  
     Or an isle in Loch Erne,  
 I would coax her so well,  
     I would tell her my story,  
 And talk till I won her  
     My sunshine of glory.

Here is another song, which, according to my manuscript, Carolan composed, but I do not think myself that it was he. Probably there were a number of songs written to the same old air, and I have no doubt that both air and song are older than Carolan's time. Shawn O'Daly—a man who never received sufficient praise for all he did for the Munster songs—gives us a piece which he calls "Ban Dhuv in Glanna," i.e., "The Dark Woman of the Valley," and part of it is very like this poem. He says that it was Éamon, or Ned of the Hill, O'Ryan, who composed the song which is in his book about the year 1730-40. The air is simple and very sweet. Here is how I found it :—

#### DARK MOLL OF THE VALLEY.

My heart loves to dally  
     With Dark Moll of the valley,  
 No blame nor shame she had ever ;  
 How gently, not scorning,  
     She bade me in the morning  
         To go, and return to her never.  
 There is no handsome youth  
     From the lands of the south  
         Unto Galway's old city of story,  
 But on hunters sleek they rally  
     In hundreds to the valley,  
         To see the Dark Girl in her glory.

And O Nelly, Oh, dear God, It is not proper for thee to be forsaking me, And sure it was beside thy white skin I had desired to be coaxing thee. My hand on the Bible And I down on my knees, That I would never part with thee Until I should be stretched in clay.

I have a nice little yellow casket And it filled with crystal, And I have a sharp lock toughly on it And it truly placed; I implore Jesus And the king of Colum-  
kille, O maiden without ill favour, A good end on thee from Mary.

The remaining verses offer no difficulty, and do not need translation

Ó á bprádáinn-je lean ó'n bpriúonuigé,  
 A'g' bean ó'n lummhescé,  
 Águr bean eile ó nígh Seórlra,  
 Insean Cúlphéill bingam  
 A'g' i do bheit le fionn liom,  
 No bean eile águr mille bo léit,  
 Insean óg an tairila  
 A'g' i do bheit go phriúadlaé  
 Ó'á m'iairíatáid féin le rógraó,  
 Mhá dearf' an tsoimhain  
 Ó á bprádáinn oifíla mo rosgáin  
 If mall Dubh an Óleanná tóigráinn.

Seairim éu a fíúir,  
 Seairim tu a fíúin,  
 Águr seairim éu náoi n-uidhre,  
 Seairim-je do cíul  
 Tá feamhúinniescé bheádáig tluáit,  
 A'g' seairim-je do éom neair uafal.  
 Seairim-je airm éu a ghláib,  
 Tá m'áiniam ari do lánáin,  
 Muineacháin tigíodh tuig, tigáit, águr fuaingais,  
 Coisaim mire ó'n éag  
 Feartá a éoitidé óuit féin,  
 A aithinni éadom na g-céadra níob-óideas.  
 Tá bhráinnibhais águr beoir,  
 Ari céadair-láir an róis,  
 Águr cláiríeadh ari an nór céadra,  
 Bantúrleáit bain óg  
 Le fíúbhal leat aini fionn riód,  
 Sin a'g' tuil i g-cóirte ré n-eacá.  
 Seoibair f'osda águr ríol  
 (A) ríleadh leat go feoir,  
 Cádáoiri águr bóir-eudair,  
 A'g' náic feairi riu a rtóir,  
 Águr eulóigéil liom a rtóir,  
 Ná cónáinidé faoi bhrón i n-éiginn.

\* This translation is in the exact metre of the original. *Literally*—  
 It is with Dark Moll of the valley My heart is laid up in keeping. It is she got  
 neither blame nor shame, It is courteously, mannerly, beautifully, She said to  
 me in the morning, Go and see me not for ever, There is no handsome youth

Were a maid of the Frenches,  
 A maid of the Lynches  
     Or of George's maidens to take us ;  
 Or Colonel Bingham's daughter  
 To love me as I taught her,  
     Or one with thousands of acres.  
 Or could I get the girl  
 The daughter of the Earl  
     In her robes of pearl to marry,  
 Of all the women fair  
 To take my choice of there,  
     I would choose the Dark Girl of the Valley.

I call thee a-roon  
 I call thee right soon,  
     And I call on thee nine times over,  
 I call on thy cool,  
 Like sea-weed fine and full,  
     And thy noble shape, as a lover ;  
 I call thee through the land  
 My soul is on thy hand,  
     Then leave me not banned and forsaken,  
 Save me from the death  
 And keep me for thyself  
     Most beautiful, most tender maiden.

There's brandy amply stowed  
 On the middle of the road  
     And the claret is not put into hiding,  
 And maidens bright as day  
 To take thee on thy way,  
     And a carriage and six to ride in.  
 Satin you will get  
 And silk, and golden fret,  
     And a throne and a royal faring ;  
 And were it not, my dear,  
 Far better than be here,  
     Under grief, under fear, in Érin.\*

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From Munster to Tuam and Galway Or from that to Leyny of the O'Hara But is  
 journeying and drawing On sleek smooth steeds Attending upon the most beau-  
 tiful Dark Woman.

If I were to get a wife from the French, And a wife from the Lynch, And another

Uí éig liom aon iud do b'fearrigh uéanamh ann ro 'ná an tár béisigha i n-abhrán. Uí Dálaitigh atá copáinil le tár béisigha i m'abhrán. Íd do éuri ríor ann ro, ag tairbhéant na caoi ann a n-áchrusigeanu na gaeann abhráin feo ó éuige go éuige. Tá an tár abhrán éagrasaíil ari fad ó céile, áct ainníam 'fan tár béisigha ro. Ág ro mar fuaire O Dálaitigh iad; ní aéribusigim-re a mór-rgníobhá-ron.

níl ógánaí carlce  
O b'lacliat go fáillinn,  
ná aif rím go tuama ní meara,  
ná bfuil ag tairall 'r ag tarraing  
aibh eadair donna deara,  
Ág tnuíte leir aon mbean Dub ólainn,  
Óeabhdainn-re bean 'ra' Múmhan,  
Táiníb bean i lailgean,  
Águr bean o húig geal Seoirs,  
bean na Lúbaidh buioe  
U'fáirgiosc mé le ná cnoithe,  
bean águr tár mísle bó lái,  
Inglionn óig ari iarlaó  
atá go tem dubhach diachraí  
Ág iarraigiaid mífé o'fáidhail le pórach,  
'S tár bfráidainn-re féin mo rogha  
De mhá deara aon domhain  
ír i an Óeán Dub ó'n níseann do b'fearrigh liom.

I fompla maié é reo ari ádhaír na n-aéribusgad éigear ann rna  
gean-abhránaidb. Ciómhd marí o'ácrasig aon Muimneacé é do réir  
muintinne a éuige féin ag cup ainní 'na n-áit rím ari a. riadib eolach  
aige féin, ann fan abhrán; águr marí do minne aon Connachtacé aon  
iud ceuona ag trácht ari mhíndib uaire le do bain le muintirib do  
bí cliútaid ari feadh Connachtá go léir, marí atá na Ríomhordaiodh águr  
na Lúinigris, no na Ríomhordaiodh águr Loingris marí rgníobhád iad  
marí aon g-céadta. Ari an ádhaír ro m' mearrasim go haibl Láin ari  
bíte ag aon g-Cearbhaillánaé ann fan abhrán ro muna b'é guri éuiri ré  
béisigha no tár eile leir, ag tóigbáil feomhra nuasidh ari aon tgean  
cloch-óinn.

wife from King George, The daughter of Colonel Bingham And she to be with  
gladness with me, Or another wife and a thousand cows with her. The young  
daughter of the Earl, And she to be eager Seeking for myself to marry, The fair  
women of the world If I were to get of them my choice It is Dark Moll of the  
Valley I would take, etc.

I cannot do anything better than put down here the two verses in O'Daly's song, which are like two verses in my one ; thus showing the way in which these old songs change from province to province. The two songs are altogether different from one another, except in these two verses. Here is how O'Daly found them. I do not change his orthography. Mangan has translated these lines thus :—

Not a youth from Dublin town  
 Unto Galway of renown,  
     Or thence to Toomevara, but is laden,  
 On steeds bounding free  
 With love-gifts to thee,  
     My loveliest, my dark own maiden.  
 In Momouia I could find  
 Many damsels to my mind,  
     And in Leinster—nay, England, a many ;  
 One from Georgy, without art  
 Who would clasp me to her heart  
     And a beauty is the lass among many.  
 The daughter of the earl,  
 Who walks in silks and pearl,  
     Would fain have me netted in her thrall yet.  
 But could I have my choice,  
 How much could I rejoice  
     To wed thee, my dark maiden of all yet.

This is a good example of the cause of the changes which come in these old songs. We see how the Mweernugh (Munster man) changed it according to the spirit of his own province, putting in the song the names of those places which he knew himself, and how the Connacht man did the same thing, speaking of ladies who belonged to families renowned through all Connacht like the Frenches and Lynches. For this reason, I do not think that Carolan had any hand in this song, unless it were that he added a verse or two to it, raising a new chamber on the old foundation.

"Feamuinneach" in the third verse means "clustering like sea-weed," a word often applied to hair, and *bord-eudairinn* in the last verse means, I think, a "side-board," or some piece of furniture. Carolan uses the word. *Gairim* in the third verse is also spelled *goirim* as in the song "Great or Small," where the verse has been already translated.

Aict atá cónuirí cile agam rigríobhá le Dónimall Mac Conraidiom ar chonadé an Chláir, atá corainníl le cónuirí uí Ólálaigh, aict níl rí cónuirí corainníl leice naé riú a tabhairt ainn ro, óiri buidh cónuirí an méad cónuirí agur i gféidíri de na príomh-abhránaibh amhánaíla ro do éamhainnseach agur do éuri s-cló. Níl aui dán ro rigríobhá ainn riú a linnibh geasraí ainn a bhuil dán uí Ólálaigh, aict éisfriodh an leigheasúr ari aui móimhín grúp ainn fán moifírú céadra iad.

### pol dubh an ghleanna.

Atá bó agam ari fílaib, ir fada mé 'maois tuisceadh a'f do caill mé mo cíall le nódúdar.

O'á feoladó roir (a'f) riap, a'f gacé áit a ngabann an ghuair, no go b'filleann ríamh (fán) tráchtóna.

Nuaíri pheadaimh-re aonúint\*, fán mbaile a bhuil mo rún tuiteann ó mo fán glair deórla

A' Óra mórí na ngráid tabhairt fuaingsealbh ari mo éar a'f grúp bean Dub a' d'fág fá bhrón mé.

Cia bhé éinfeadh mo éasád 'f' gan ne ósion aipi aict resarf, 'f é tdeanta ari éasúib an bhéadar,

Go dtagann an bean, a'f go moéanann an nead le ghuair agur le tearf an fógsíndair,

Nuaíri císonann an tirlat in fhanann uirgú meaf, moí bionn ari an mbuinne i'f óige,

'S a éuil álunn tearf a dtug mo érioiúe únit gean, cuium fílán agur céad go teó least.

Do gcaibhainn bean muimhneach, do gcaibhainn bean lailgeach, do gcaibhainn bean agur tá mille bó Léi.'

'S i bean na bpráinniúche buidhe an bean do éráid mo érioiúe, no bean eile ari an tír-ri Shéoiríjre.

Atá nísean ag an tairila a'f tá li go tuisceadh ag tairisiató níse an d'fáidail le pobair,

A'f tá bpráidínn-re mo luighe de mhnáibh tearpa an domam i'f pol Dub an Ghleanna b'fearrú liom.

\*="anonim," foríom muimhneach.

\* This translation is in the metre of the original. Literally:-

I have a cow upon a mountain and I am a long time after her, And I have lost my sense through a consort. Driving her (the cow) east and west, and wherever the sun goes Until she returns back in the evening. When I look over there to the village where my sweetheart (roon) is, Tears fall from my grey eye,

But I have another copy of this song, written by Donal Considine, of the county Clare, which is like O'Daly's copy, but not so like it that it is not worth while to give it here, for it were well to collect and print as many copies as possible of these renowned prime songs. This poem is not written in the short lines in which O'Daly's poem is, but the reader will see on the spot they are in the same measure.

### THE DARK GIRL OF THE VALLEY.

Upon the mountain brow I herd a lowing cow,  
 (And my sense is gone now through a maiden) ;  
 I drive her east and west, and where'er the sun shines best,  
 To return with her white milk laden.  
 But when I look above, to the village of my love,  
 My grey eyes fill in their dreaming ;  
 O mighty God of grace, take pity in my case,  
 'Tis the Dark Girl left them streaming.

Whoever saw my house, with no roof but the rush,  
 Where the road bends out to the far west,  
 The bee loves to roam and to build there his home  
 In the sun and the heat of harvest.  
 When withered is the root, the bough will bear no fruit  
 'Tis the young twigs shoot by the river,  
 O lovely golden fay, who stole my heart away,  
 Farewell to thee to-day, and for ever.

I would get in Leinster a wife, or in Munster,  
 Whose thousand-cow dowry all paid is  
 (The maiden of fair hair has left me in despair),  
 Or a lady of King George's ladies.  
 The Earl has a daughter, excess of love has brought her  
 With me to trifle and to dally,  
 My choice if I could find of the women of mankind  
 I should choose the Dark Girl of the Valley.

O great God of grace, give a relief for my case, And sure it is the Dark Woman has left me under grief.

Whoever would see my house with no roof on it but sedge, And it made upon the side of the road, Sure the bee comes and makes the nest With the sun and heat of harvest. When the rod withers there remains on it no fruit As there be's upon the youngest sprout, And O beautiful, handsome cool, to which my heart has given love, I send with thee forever a farewell and a hundred.

*The third verse presents no difficulty.*

She is the Dark Poll of the valley, she is the Dark Poll, the best, She is the Dark Poll the brightest and finest, Her throat like the swan, her face like the

Si pol Dubh an Óileanna, 'fí pol Dubh do b'fearrta, 'fí pol Dubh  
buó gile bheágscaí,  
A phib marí an eala, a h-éadan marí fheascte, 'f a com feang fingeal  
éluinn.  
A dhá Láimhín níomhle, na g-cúig méara fuinte, do fíolrais ó'n maithe  
mánla,  
Nuairí gásbhainn an eala amach calléann an t-sílín a teaf, agur  
úinilseangeann an gcealaé le gplád ó.

Ciombid marí do glacadh an t-aibhlán ro le feair bocht agur le feair  
fariúbhir le feinn d'á múnúinibh, feair aca ag iarráidí an mairgdean  
do bheudachad leir ar éirinn go dtí an bhrianc no an Spáinn, agur  
igá geallaíodh bainniu aon a mbeirdeadh an bhráinnidais agur an fion  
éoin h-ionatdáinibh rím go mbeirdeadh riad le n-ól ari éearft-láir an  
bóthair, agur ag geallaíodh cóirte ré gcapall do'n níndoi le cuirodáct  
ban-dóig. Aéit níl ag an tonán eile aéit aon bó ari fílaib agur bo-  
cháiní gan aon éúnúdáé aili aéit feairg no lúacra. Ifolluargaé marí  
rím do réirí mo báramhla-ra go riab é an fionn rím agur cuiro de na  
briathraibh fean go leóir, agur gan aéilseangeadh iad réirí marí d'ion-  
craideadh iad o áit go h-áit agur ó éúige go cúige le daomhí do éuir  
béalraíodh nuadha leó—béalraíodh do bám le n-a g-cáir nó le n-a g-  
cineadáin féin.

Ag ro aibhlán eile an trimpliúe, obairi duine tuaithe gan aithriar,  
aon a g-cuireann an duine bocht a bhrón i n-áinéal le fíor-éuniú.  
Ifolluargaé ó'n aibhlán go ndeacsaiodh re go b'Uascliaé ag iarráidí a  
leagá, agur gan riab é an t-aibhinn é. Bhí ré ag fágáil báir,  
marí if corainníl, nuairí junne ré an píofa ro. B'éidír gan b'é com-  
piáid b'nd, do riug a-bhailé leir é go cúige Connacht. No b'éidír gan  
fill ré féin tar éir a éinní. Cia inneóraír duinn aonair é !

### TRÁD MO ÉRORIÚ ĒU.

Trád mo éroriú ēu a Úrigdón maeirí,  
If minic 'fai oíché a gmuaidhí fém oírt,  
Tá miúr tinn, níl mo léigéar ag aon neac  
A'f bhrón ari an ngaoití nád' dtuigann duinn fseula.

---

snow, And her waist slender single(?) handsome. Her two Mary's little hands / I do not understand this) of the five kneaded fingers, Which were propagated from the gracious maiden, When the swan goes out the sun loses her heat, And the moon submits with love to her.

*Observe the curious and typically Gaelic "anacolouthon" in the beginning of the second verse, where the antecedent clause "whoever would see my house" is left un-*

Dark Girl of the Valley, Dark Girl that is lovely,  
 Dark Girl that is radiant and tender,  
 Her throat and her brow like the swan on the snow  
 And her shapely form so slender.  
 Her hands shaped aright, with fingers soft white  
 That Mary gave from above to her,  
 When my swan leaves her seat the sun loses his heat,  
 And the moon does obeisance with love to her.\*

We see how this song was taken both by a poor man and a wealthy one to sing to their sweethearts, a man of them seeking to coax the maiden with him out of Erin to France or Spain, and promising her a wedding at which brandy and wine would be so plenty that they would be to be drunk on the middle of the road, and promising the lady a coach with six horses and a company of young women. But the other poor wretch has nothing but one cow upon a mountain, and a little hut with no thatch on it but sedge or rushes. It is evident then, in my opinion, that the air and some of the words are old enough, and that they were altered according as they were carried from place to place, or from province to province, by people who added new verses to them—verses which concerned their own ease or their own fate.

Here is another very simple song, the work, no doubt, of some peasant, in which the poor man expresses his grief with real melancholy. It is evident from the song that he went to Dublin to seek his luck, and that the change killed him. He was dying, apparently, when he composed this piece. Perhaps it was a comrade of his who brought it home with him to Connacht; or, perhaps, he returned himself in spite of his illness. Who can tell us?

#### STAR OF MY SIGHT.

Star of my sight, you gentle Breedyeen,  
 Often at night I am sick and grieving ;  
 I am ill, I know it, and no deceiving,  
 And grief on the wind blows no relieving.

---

*finished without any relative. The idea in the poet's mind appears to have been that his love should marry while yet young, as the bee makes its nest in the sunshine and as the twig blossoms in its youth. Instances of these elliptical half-expressed thoughts are very common in these songs.*

*Twelve hundred years before this, St. Columcille also had written of the Súil ghlás, or "grey eye," looking with regret at vanishing Érin. It is curious to find his very words repeated here.*

nuádha ann tu an bealaclach iu ríar, no an bóiéirín,  
Seirí mo beannaithe mar a bhfuil mo rtóirín,  
Dá mbeiríonn 'nna h-aice beurffainn róis ní  
Aict uasairi nádha bhfuilim rílim dceóra.

Ósairi mé liciú ann rian bhorta  
Mar a bhfuil mo fseirí, go raié me tuigheasád,  
'Sé tuisceart rí liom go mbuadh beag an doéar  
'S an té bísor i ngrádha go mbionn a muintirn doiphuiséid.

Seirí mo beannaithe go bonn Shléibh Beacála  
Mar éigiseann ghráin 'r mar lúigeanan an ghealaclach  
Tá ceó liatd ari Ó'Uacliast na mallaclach  
S ní léasr óam an t-aerí of mo céannu ná an talam.

Bhrón ari an mbáir i ghráima an níodh é,  
Saoil mé riadair go meallfheadh bhróna é,  
Beurffainn dó éipe lán faoi éadaoraibh  
Aict mé leigsean do lóch-riabhaclach ag feicim mo gásolta.

Iri faoda liom uaim na bóiéire móra  
'S gáil riú na mbonan faoi mo bhrógaibh  
Cír go dtéidim éum an aifíunn ní le teibhítion,  
Aict le rúil, O, go bfeicim mo mísle rtóri ann.

A Óaile-cáit-riabhaclach, mo éimhí, ceudh plán leat  
'S ionróda lá bhréasg doibhinn do éait mé lánim leat,  
Ag ríoról píosa 'r mo mísan ari lánim liom  
Úisíonn gáil phíosim 'r bhróeaibh m' mintínn rírtas.

Tá na beurffainn rím níor rimpníde 'ná na cinn eile feo. 112  
Éigseam aict dá riann de'n abhrán ro.

\* This translation is in the simple metre of the original. In most of the verses, but not all, there are one or two interlineal vowel rhymes.

Literally. Love of my heart thou art, courteous Breedyen, It is often in the night myself thinks of you; I am ill, and no one has my cure, And grief on the wind that brings us no tidings.

If you go that way, westwards (O wind) or by the boreen, Bring my blessing to where my storeen is; If I were near her I should give to her a kiss, But since I am not I shed tears,

I put a letter into the post (to) Where my darling is (saying) that I was tired; 'Twas what she said to me that the loss was small, And that he who is in love his mind he's moved.

O wind, if passing by that far boreen,  
 Blow my blessing unto my storeen ;  
 Were I on the spot I should hear her calling,  
 But I am not, and my tears are falling.

Into the post I put a letter,  
 Telling my love that I was no better ;  
 Small the loss, was her answer to me,  
 A lover's mind should be always gloomy.

Wind, greet that mountain where she I prize is  
 When the gold moon sets and the white sun rises ;  
 A grey fog hangs over cursèd Dublin,  
 It fills my lungs and my heart it's troubling.

Ochone for the Death, when the breath is going !  
 I thought to bribe it with bumpers flowing ;  
 I'd give what men see from yonder steeple  
 To be in Loughrea and amongst my people.

Och, the long high-roads I shall never travel !  
 Worn my brogues are, with stones and gravel ;  
 Though I went to mass, there was no devotion  
 But to see her pass with her swan-like motion.

Farewell Loughrea, and a long farewell to you ;  
 Many's the pleasant day I spent in you,  
 Drinking with friends, and my love beside me,  
 I little dreamt then of what should betide me.\*

Those verses are simpler than these others. I only give two verses  
 of this song.

Bring my blessing (wind?) to the foot of Slieve Beachla, Where the sun rises  
 and the moon sets ; There is a grey fog over Dublin of the curses, And the air  
 over my head is not visible to me nor is the ground.

Grief on the Death ! it is an ugly thing, I always thought that a bribe would  
 deceive it. I would give to it Erin full up of sheep But only it to let me (go) to  
 Loughrea to behold my kindred.

I think it long from me the high-roads are, Without as much as the soles  
 under my brogues. Though I go to Mass 'tis not with devotion, But hoping, Oh,  
 that I might see there my thousand treasures.

O Bally-ca-reawugh, my grief, a hundred farewells to you, Many's the fine  
 pleasant day I spent beside you ! Ever drinking wine and my desire at my hand  
 (*i.e.*, my dear beside me). I used to be without a penny, and my mind used to be  
 satisfied.

## AII MIÓUÁNÍUIL MAISEAC.

'Sé mo érásó d'í mo milleadó gan mo ghláisó agus mire

'S én Spáinn no a bhrad ó éri ngsaoletasib,

1 n-áruis coille coif tráidí\* no toimne

'S gan neac 'fan g-cruinne 'nri óir ngsaoir ann,  
1 rólúct do órluiridh le plúir na g-cumáin

'S íf ceannra fógsaíonn a béalín,  
Cóirpeóráinn tis leabhará d'í luitréinn 'nná h-aicí  
d'ír éabhairfíonn-ge tamall s'á bheusgád.

Ari an mórdaithiul mairéadác if meadábar liom labhairt

'S ari a tréitíib ní meadhartha múnite,  
Séimioibhaoz go fairsing de bhris gur cailleadh

na mílte peadarla ní ag rúil lé,'  
Tá ceud peadar aca-ryan beo d'á mairéadáin tisib

1 bhréim i nglasaib ag Cúriod,  
'S in raoir tá mire aét mo ríosig i ngsaoir-bhruid tisib

'S íf baogáil go g-cuirfíb rí 'músh' mé.

1 ndeirle an abhráin reó teir an file, no b'éisír file eile ag  
deunain magdaió faoi n-a bocántasair féin agus é ag taillairiú caillín  
niarai.

Sír an rppré do gsearrfáinn dám féin leir an aithír

Dúitíe' eile tráinna, 'r Cionn-tfáile

(a) bhrúil o Shliabh go Sionnainn 'r tás dtuimh Úán gceannáinns

'S a bhrúil riap ó deasg go poiltláiríse.

1 munian leat haéfáinn, Dúrlas do gsearrfáinn tuit,

Agus gluasm-geal-meala éum óitriubh,

'S bheið' do éróitíde ari laraid le h-óri buiðe-deasg

'S fir óga ag feiceamh go lá oírt.

1 r cumáin liom tání eile de'n tróigt ro do cumáne file i g-cionnádáe  
an Chláirí ag riomh damaí an éonosáe riu ari a luict-mhuinniteasrai  
anuail agus tás inbhuibh údarácht do bí ré ag deunain, agus an cumáne  
bocht gan tróiseach taláin aige féin, aét ag deunain magdaió faoi a  
earbhuiú maome.

\* This translation is in the metre of the original. Literally:—

It is my destruction and spoiling, without my love, and me (to be) In Spain  
or far away from our kin, In the dwelling of a wood beside shore or wave, And  
without a person in the world in our vicinity. It is closely I would approach to  
the flower of the affections, And it is mildly I would kiss her little mouth. I  
would arrange for her a couch and would repose near her. And I would give a  
while to coaxing her.

## THE MANNERLY HANDSOME ONE.

'Tis my pain, I'm not going through waves overflowing,  
 To Spain with my love to take service,  
 Or seeking a home by the sea and the foam,  
 Or in woods where none could disturb us ;  
 It's close I would come to my beautiful one,  
 I would teach her that true love a bliss is,  
 I would build her a couch that would face to the south  
 And steal from her mouth its kisses.

Of my beautiful fair, with whom none can compare,  
 I would speak till I fairly tired,  
 And long would I write of her beauty so bright  
 By which youths were mightily fired ;  
 Of how many have died for her fairness and pride,  
 And all have been tied by Cupid,  
 And I am a slave on the brink of the grave,  
 And my heart is hopeless and stupid.\*

At the end of this song the poet says—or, perhaps, some other poet mocking at his own poverty, and him to be seeking a girl like her—

This is the fortune which I would cut out for myself with the girl,  
 The estate of Éile (the O'Caroll's territory ?) across, and Kinsale,  
 All that is from Slieve to Shannon and two-thirds of Dungannon,  
 And all that is south-west to Waterford ;  
 I would go into Munster with you, I would cut out Thurles for you,  
 And bright Clonmel for a habitation,  
 And your couches should be shining with yellow-red gold  
 And young men attending on thee till day.

I remember another song of this sort which a poet in the County Clare composed, dividing out that county to his friends as though he were making a will, and the poor man without a foot of ground to himself, but mocking at his own lack of wealth.

---

Of the Mannerly Handsome one I desire(?) to speak And of her accomplishments that were moderate, I shall write widely (of them), because there have been lost The thousands of persons who hoped for her. There are of these a hundred men (yet) alive who still survive of them (put) in pain, and in locks (fetters) by Cupid, And I am not free (either) but a bondsman in unfree bondage. And there is a danger that she shall put me astray.

Σο τά πανν είλε αρι αινήρι όιδ. Ήσε διορ αγαμη κατέ ή γιαλλ  
οε'ν πάθ συρ θυαδαιτής τί (τ. πας θυατό) αρι Ριζ Σευμαρ. Βέριοι  
σο παιδή μή αγ απ γ-εύητ, αγωρ “Σο οτάιης απ γευλ έαρι τράιης  
ανίορ” σο παιδ απ Ριζ φέμι ι ηγράθ λέιτε.

### Άνα ρευσαć.

Δάνα ρευσαć πας θυατό αρι θένηρ  
Δ' γ' θρυαδαιτής απ γεύηθ ο πινάθι απ τραούδαιλ  
Δ ρυαδό ηα φέλε αρι ήναδό ηα γρέμε  
Το γλυαριγ σαν θρέιγ ο Πάρρηταρ παομ.  
Δ αινήρι πύμητε θευραć νο θυαδαιτής\* αρι Ριζ Σευμαρ  
Ιη λυατότε απ γευλ έαρι τράιης ανίοι,  
Παέ τρυαδή λεατ μέ σαν πυαν ι τ' θέτης-ρε  
Δ γρυαδό ταρι έαοι 'η απ βαμμε τημο.

Σαέ τλαοιτη ταρι απ τ-όη λέιτε ριορ γο θρόις  
Λειρ απ θραοιλεάνι πόδητηρι πάντα πάνη  
Πλαοέ-έριοβ πό-γλαν, ταρι έυμ Σηιογτ, ταρι πονίτ†  
'S γαέ πιολλα τ' α γλόρι ταρι έλαιρρεαć έδοιη.  
Δ έιαλλ ηα φόλα, Δ πιαν ηα π-όις-ρεαρ  
Σγαοιλ απ θρόν τά ι λέρη μο έριοιθε,  
Μο πιαν τά μόρι πυαν θράγδατην αέτ ρόζ  
Ο π-α γρήρ-θευλ ηνιρ θειόην πλάν αριρ.

Ταρι έιρ απ αθράιη-γριάδ θο “Άνα ρευσαć” τιγεαδό ceann ειλε  
οε'ν έινεάλ ceυνια θο “Θρήσιο θευραć,” ταρριαηγιμ έ αρ μο θεαν  
λανη-γρηγιύην φέμι, αέτ έονναης μέ, ηι έιπηπηγιμ cia απ άιτ, τά  
έοιρ ειλε ίε.

### Βριστιο θευσαć.

Ρόγρατην-γε θριξιο θευραć  
Σαη κότα θρινιγ ηα λέμε,  
Δ γτόιρ μο έριοιθε τά μβ'φέριοιρ  
Λιομ, θο έριοιγγριην θυιτ ηαοι θεράτ,

\* “Δ θυατό” την MS.

† “αρ πονίτε” MS.

This translation is in the metre of the original. There is double vowel rhyme in most of the uneven lines, running over into the even ones.

*Literally.* O Showy Una, who carried off victory from Venus, And plundered their beauty from (all) the women of the world, O arch (?) of generosity of the appearance of the sun, Who voyaged without lie from holy Paradise; O maiden, learned, mannerly, who overcame King James, The story is repeated down across.

Here are two other ranns to a young maiden. I do not know what is the meaning of saying that she overcame King James. Perhaps she was at court and "the story came down across the strand" that the King himself was in love with her.

#### SHOWY UNA.

My Una, a queen is, more true than Venus,  
 For who that seen is, can thus entice,  
 You brightest arch in the white sun's march,  
 You lighten hearts out of Paradise ;  
 You overcame King Shamus, your name it was famous,  
 The story came to us down the stream.  
 You stole my rest and my soul from my breast  
 . O check like the berry when mixed with cream.

Each curl like the gold in a furling fold,  
 On my girlish soaring sea-bird flung,  
 Her palm so white, that Christ shaped aright,  
 And the tone of her voice is a harp well strung  
 O daughter of fame, is it all in vain ?  
 Call this flame from my deep heart's core,  
 My hope is this—if I win one kiss  
 From her rose-flame lip I shall sigh no more.\*

After the love song to "Showy Una" another of the same sort to "Courteous Breed" may come. I extract this song from my own manuscript, but I have seen, though I do not remember where, two other copies of it.

#### COURTEOUS BREED.

Though shoeless, shirtless, grieving,  
 Foodless, too, my Breedyeen,  
 Surely I'll not leave you,  
 Nine meals I'll fast for you.

shore, Do you not think it a pity me (to be) without rest after you, O countenance like the berry and the milk through it.

Every curl like the gold with her, down to her shoe, With the sea-mew courteous, gentle, smooth, Soft palm very clean, as Christ shaped it certainly, And every syllable of her voice like a gentle harp. O sense (?) of Fola (Erin), O desire of the young men, Loose this pain which is in the midst of my heart. My pain is great; If I did not get but a kiss From her ember-mouth of rose I should be whole again.

Sean biaid gan deoic gan aon éuro  
 Ári oileán i loch Éigme,  
 U'fionn mé a'g tu beit i n-éimfeadet  
 So réisfimír ári g-cáir.  
 A ghruaio i Ótháid na gcaorachón  
 A chuaicín báirí an t-fleibhe,  
 Do gcealladh ná deun bheusgád  
 Acht éigise (iomáin an lár)  
 'S i n-áitíodhdeónin \* tulach ná cléiríe  
 Léit oideasaithe tui mair céile,  
 'S a Óde, nári ódear an rgeul riu  
 Duine ag eulóig le n-a ghrád.

Órait mo érioiode le buaistíreadh  
 Agur rgeannúrlaig mé nasci n-uisce  
 An mairidin úd do chualaidh mé  
 Náidhír tu róimh le fágáil,  
 'S a lialt lá faoi fuaireasair  
 Chaiti mire 'g tu i n-uisceasair  
 'S gan nead ari bie t'ári g-cúintiadae  
 Acht ari "iub" a'g é ari ari gcláir.  
 Ua bhráigíomh amach do éasaírlas  
 Ua dtéirídear go bonn cnuasach  
 Naéfraidh ari rgeul no érhuaidh oísm  
 No leanúnach do mo ghrád,  
 'S go mb'feadar (liom) rínte ruair leat  
 'S gan fúinn acht fiaroc a'g lualáin  
 Na (beit) 'g éirteadet leir na cuaéasai  
 Óig ari riúbal ag éigise lá (i.e. lalé).

'S é áubair m'orua 'g m'éasfeadom  
 Gaeil mairidin maoic t'á n-éigiseim  
 A cíul na lúb 'g na bpeurila  
 Náidhír tu bie dám i nuaén,  
 'S in iarrifidainn-re de fíelín  
 Acht mé a'g tu beit i n-éimfeadet  
 I n-áit icéint 'm ári n-aonair  
 So leasfainn opt mo láin.

\* "Ingsneón" gan ms. labairtear mair riu é i meádon Connacht.  
 † labairtear "éigin" mair "icéint" i gConnachtach agur mair "éigint" i Mumhan.,

Upon Loch Erne's islands,  
 No food, no drink beside me,  
 Still hoping I may find you,  
     My childeen, to be true.  
 O cheek, so blush-abounding,  
 O berry of the mountain,  
 Your promise, love, is sounding  
     For ever in my ear.  
 And spite of cleric's frowning  
 I'd take you as I found you ;  
 It's I who would go bounding,  
     Eloping with my dear.

I frightened in my heart, for  
 It leapt nine times and started,  
 That morning that you parted  
     And were not to be found.  
 And all the happy evenings  
 I spent beside my dearest,  
 And no one came between us,  
     And the jug was on the ground.  
 I'll travel through the island  
 Still seeking for your tidings,  
 And hard it will betide me  
     If I find not my love.  
 I'd sooner sit beside you  
 On rushes through the night time,  
 Than listen to the finest  
     Of the birds of the grove.

The reason of my sighing  
 Each morning of my rising,  
 Is you to be a-hiding  
     And lost from sight of men.  
 Sure, I would ask beside you  
 No other wealth in life,  
 But only you and I to be  
     Together in the glen.

---

\* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—  
 I would wed Courteous Bredeeyen, Without coat, shoe, or shirt, Treasure of  
 my heart ! If it were possible, for me, I would fast for you nine meals  
 Without food, without drink, without any share (of anything), On an island in

Seinnfinn ceól ari tenuataib  
 Duit, le bárrí mo tmeúra,  
 Érreisfinn i mma ná h-Éireann oírt,  
 A'g leanfainn éu 'jan tgráim  
 'S dá mbéiríonn am' luig ná h-Éireann  
 no am' h-Éireann ari ná ceudataib  
 Do bheanfainn fuaor an tmeád rím  
 Do bhéarla an bhróllasach láim.

Dá bfeicfeá meult an eólaír  
 'S i teacáit i mbeul an bódair  
 Déarffá go mbuád leósú uait  
 Do tózfrað ceó a'g tráidioiseacáit,  
 A ghráid neairis tairis rógráid  
 'S a rúníl tairis tráinéit an fóisínair  
 A béalúin tana ró ñear  
 'S a bhráigaird ari órád an doil.  
 Úi a dá cíod coiria cónin-éamh  
 Míol mé [as] 'r ni tóir liom,  
 'Inn a geograíid ag deunamh lóráin  
 'S iad ceapáid ari cónmairi a cíoráid,  
 Tá mé i mhrón 'r i nuaigírlainig \*  
 O fáisíolári tu uaim tairis teógráin,  
 Cíod iñ fada ó fuaire mé cónmairle  
 Do nuaigírlairfá-ra ari mo fáosgal.

Togróeád fíor i mhréusé-buirdé  
 A'g laérfao go loé eíne  
 O Slíseadáid go bonn céile  
 Bheanfaind mé mo fíglisob,  
 Siúbalraíid mé Móin-éile  
 Coircaid a'g bennn-éidir  
 'S in fáisírlaind me i nDómh-Éireann  
 Do ntáeo id mé go tigráisliosc.

\* "Dojáinn" 'jan MS.

I och Erne, with desire for me and you to be together Till we should settle our case. O cheek of the colour of the dog-berries, O little cuckoo of the top of the mountain, Do not falsify your promise, But rise up before day, And in spite of the law of the clergy Sure I would choose you for my consort, And, Oh, God, were not that a nice story, A man eloping with his love.

My heart started with trouble, and I frightened nine times, That morning that I heard That you were not to be found, And all the days with merriment I

I'd sing to you and harp you,  
 I'd know to touch your heart ;  
 And sure I would not part you  
     For Erin's very best.

And were I King of Greece, or  
 Any king at peace,  
 I'd give it all to thee, love,  
     My pearl of white breast.

O had you seen her moving,  
 My love who was so cruel !  
 She was a star-bright jewel  
     For dispersing fog and mist,

Her cheeks, the rose shone through them,  
 Her eyes like harvest dew-drops,  
 Her neck like lime, and truly  
     Her mouth was to be kiss'd.

Her breasts so round, two diamonds,  
 I praised them for their brightness,  
 Raised up like lamps and shining  
     Before her burning heart.

And I am, night and morning,  
 In grievous blight and mourning,  
 Though often men foretold me  
     That I should feel their smart.

At Brakewee I'll arise  
 And walk Loch Erne's islands,  
 From Kesh I'll search to Sligo  
     And hunt it all for thee ;  
 And I shall try Monaily,  
 And Cork and high Ben-Édir,  
 And stand not in Tomgraney  
     Until I reach Tralee.

and you spent in solitude, Without any one at all guarding us, but the jug and it on the table. If I would find out your tidings The story (*i.e.* case) would go very hard on me (even) if you were to go to the foot of the Reek, or I would cling to my love. And I would sooner be stretched up by you, with nothing under us but heather and rushes, Than be listening to the cuckoos that are stirring at the break of day, *etc.* The literal translation of the fourth verse is as follows :—

If you were to see the star of knowledge And she coming in the mouth of the road, You would say that it was a jewel (at a distance) from you, Who would raise (*i.e.* disperse) fog and enchantment, Her countenance red like the roses, And her eye like the dew of the harvest, Her thin little mouth very pretty, And her

níl gleannitán enoic ná pléibhe  
 ná baile-cuam 'fian méad rím  
 náe utóirneocair mé mór féiríb liom,  
     'S naé n-eulócaid mé le m' mian,  
 mun a bhrád' mé bhrígto 'fian méad rím  
 níl agam le riad leáice  
     Aét beannaéct fílán a'r ceud do éur  
     Le blád na fuig-éiglaob.

Tá aon oifreath eile ann fian bhríofra ro, aét i fíonnadh mé náe leir  
 an bhréar ceudana é. Tá ré láin fuaig d'e ainmneadhaisibh ari ná h-úsg-  
 daírlaibh Shíneugdáca agus níománaíca, agus i fóidí gurí ag tairbhéant  
 a mhúnaidh é a eólaif réim atá an file. Deiril ré gurí earradh Meiriceá  
 leir agus gurí duibhaint gurí fóidí gurí b'é Pluto do fiosb do caillín  
 leir, agus cuirfeann an file ríomhe dul go Tairbháis le n-a tabhairt  
 amach ari. Aét deiril ré leir réim ann rím, má éréideann ré ann náe  
 mbéirí aon éongnáin móri aige ag tairbri ari ron a ghrád-ron, ór  
 náe bhrúil mórlán, cúnácta ag na Bráinaitheibh 'ná ag luéit an bhára  
 ann rím fíor, aét da mbeidéad Chraonmeir Calbhí Íanannáidí no  
 mairteain beo go bhríofeaibh ré lítír uaéadaíum a g-cáipeadán ann rím  
 do buamfaibh an gnó Óró.

ní mórí ódam \* congnamh Láitíor  
 ní bhrúil mé móri mairí Charon  
 b'éríorí óró mé bácaibh  
     Ó dá dtigfíonn aonu a lison,  
 tá a bád 'r' a mairiúde-háiná  
 So fíorlúiníde ann rínt ari ghrára  
 ní édaíeimhseann d'fheam an bhára leir  
     ní gheilleann ré ó noligé.

Deiril ré ann rím go raibhaidh ré i g-comhne na fíonne Éireann, go  
 dtiucfaidh fiann Goll Oifigheáir Cuéulainn agus Clann Uíghneadé leir  
 agus go mbeirírtíodh ré ifíonnadh le n-a g-congnamh-ran agus go n-  
 iontachdóraibh ré a ghrád ari' aifir' leir faoi bhuaidh. Is coirinníil gurí  
 feair éiginn eile do éuirí na bheirfaiodh rím i g-cionn an mériod do éas  
 mé, agus náe mbainneann ríad ó éearft leir an g-ceud-éuidh té.

---

\*—“ní fuiláir ódam,” mairi deiridh i gCúighe Íanannáid. “iñ juaé-  
 tananacé ódam.”

---

neck of the colour of the lime. Her two breasts were pointed and equal round, I praised them, and thought it not much to do so) They standing making a lamp And shapen over against her heart, I am in grief and in tribulation Since you slipped from me across the meiring, Though it was long since I was advised That you would shorten my life.

There's never hill nor mountain,  
 Nor glen nor sheltered fountain,  
 Nor inch nor harbour's mouth,  
 But I'll search it all for thee.  
 / And if I cannot find her  
 My love remains behind her,  
 I can but blow her blindly  
 A blessing from me.

There is as much more in this piece, but I am certain that it is not by the same man. It is full up of names taken out of the Greek and Roman authors, and no doubt it is only showing his own learning and knowledge that the poet is. He says that Mercury met him and told him that he was certain that it was Pluto who whipped off the girl with him, and the poet sets before himself to go to Tartarus to take her back out of it. But then he says to himself that if he goes there he will have no great assistance in fighting for his love, for the Spaniards have no great power down there, nor the people of the Pope, but that if Cranmer, Calvin, Henry, or Martin were alive he would get a letter from them to their friends there, which would do the business for him.

I want a strong help ;  
 I am not large like Charon ;  
 He would be able to drown me  
 If I were to come into his net ;  
 His boat and his oars are  
 Everlastingly there on guard ;  
 The people of the Pope do not please him,  
 He does not submit to their law.

He says, then, that he will go for the Fenians of Ireland, until Finn, Goll, Oscar, Cuchulain and the children of Uisneach come with him, and that he will break hell with their help, and carry his love back again with him victoriously. It is likely that it was some other man who added those verses to what I gave before, and that they do not belong by right to the first part of it.

---

The remainder is easy and need not be translated. *Féirín*, in the third verse means "a present," perhaps from English "fairing." *Indán dam* means "fated for me." *Céaptha*, in the fourth verse, means "shapen." *Dorann* is probably written for *Dóghraing*, which means anguish or misery. *Gearr air*—shorten it. *Gearr é*=cut it. I do not know where *Moin-Eile*, in the fifth verse is. *Breuch-bhuidhe*, a corruption of *Breuch-mhuigh*, or *Breuch-mhagh* "the Wolf's Plain," is a townland in Sligo. *Céis* is also in Sligo and Tomgréine a little village in Clare.

Sealbhíodh mé cúpla abhrán beasg eile éuri jisóir ann ro, ciù nád  
sminte mé ari aon éori gur Connachtairg do júnne iad. Ni obairi  
daoinne-tuaile iad acht daoine fóséamhá. Ag ro an éasúd éasun.

### OÍC A MUIRE.

Oíc! a Muire nád tuisce mo éar  
i bhriantais báis, ari bhithe mo fuaim,  
Tá 'n g-cluasaig meangáe do fíleadh mo ghláid  
'S nád bhrághaim go bhráct a malairt uait.

Líteall sí mihe le bhráchraibh blád  
An bhéicé gheal\* bán i gile fuaidh  
Nád tuipeigfeadh mé go dtí lá an bhráct  
'S aonair gur líon ríft lán de m' fuaidh.

Ig moírig a ériuiofear bean go bhráct  
No béalraibh i g-cáir thír fiosr a rúin,  
Mári do júnne mihe do líon d'á ghláid  
'S aonair gur nádú leíre beannuighaibh óninn.

Tá an t-dán ro 'nna Rannuigéadach Mór fadairigthe amach; ag ro uán  
eile tá níor coimhrialle go móri le fiosr-Rannuigéadach. Ni bhrúair mé  
aon ainnm acht Uilliam Ruadh oif cionn an abhráin reo, acht i gcoimhrial  
gur i dán Muimhneach é, óili ig focal Muimhneach "puinn" 'fan gceud  
júinn;—"moyán."

IS AOIBHÍNN DUIT. Uilliam Ruadh cecinit.  
Ig aoibhínn duit a bhíne Óoil  
Nád bhréiceann puinn te na mnáibh  
Oíc! tá bhréiceadh a bhréiceann puinn  
Do bhréideá tinn mári atáim.

Ig tuisce a Óia nád dall do brios  
Sal do chíomh a cíl casca,  
A ceapr fmeácta, flioict gheal faoi,  
Oíc! ig faoi liom mo beacha.

---

\* "An mór gheal," 'fan ms.      † "'S gur líon rí aonair," 'fan ms.

\* This translation is in the metre of the original. Literally:—

Oh, Mary (*i.e.* Virgin) is it not a pity, my case! In the pains of death in want of  
my slumber, on account of the guileful deceiver who plundered my love, and I get  
not for ever an exchange (of her own love) from her. She deceived me with  
blossoming words, the bright maiden of brightest countenance (saying) that she  
would not forsake me till the day of judgment, and now she has become full of  
hatred of me. Alas! for him who shall ever believe in a woman, or shall give in

I must give here a couple more short songs, although I am not at all sure that it was Connacht men who made them. They are not the work of peasants, but of educated people. Here is the first :

UCH ! O MARY.

Oh, Mary, but mine is the pitiful case,  
In sorrow's embrace I am left this day,  
The little deceiver of roguish face  
Has stolen each trace of my heart away.

She swore with words of bewitching grace—  
How honest her face did appear alway—  
That she would not forsake me through time nor space,  
And now she has hastened to shun my way.

Let no man yield to a lovely face,  
But his energy brace as best he may ;  
She filled me first with her love—'twas base—  
Then laughs in my face and turns away.\*

This poem is in the great Ranneeught metre lengthened out. Here is another poem a good deal more like true Ranneeught. I found no name but "William Ruadh" to this song, but it is probable that he is a Munster man, for "pween" in the first rann is a Munster word, meaning "a good many."

HAPPY IT IS.\*

Happy 'tis, thou blind, for thee  
That thou seest not our star ;  
Could'st thou see as we now see  
Thou would'st be as we now are.

God! why was I not made blind  
Ere my mind was set upon her ?  
Oh, when I behold her eye,  
How can I weigh life or honour ?

---

charge (?) to her a knowledge of his intentions, as I did who was filled with love for her, and now she is loath to (even) salute me.

For this unlawful extension of the Ranneeught metre see the preface. The true Ranneeught has only seven lines in each syllable, while these lines have eight, nine, or ten.

\* This is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :—

"It is happy for thee, O blind man, who dost not see much of women. Uch, if you were to see what we see, thou would'st be sick even as I am. It is a pity, O God, that it was not blind I was before I saw her twisted cool. Her snowy body (of) race bright and free, Uch, I think my life a misery. I always thought the blind pitiable until my calamity waxed beyond the grief of all, Then, though it

Daoine dall a bua ériuaigh liom

Túr fóir mo ghuairt ar fáidh éáié,  
Cúgasóir mo ériuaigh, cíobh ériuaigh, agh ériuaigh,  
A lúib na lúib agh lúib atáim.

Íf mairig marain do Connachtach i

'S íf mairig nád bheiceann i gcaidh Lá,  
Íf mairig agh a bhfuil rnaidh t'á fhearr,  
'S íf mairig fíosaolte agh atá.

Íf mairig do éidí d'á fíor

'S íf mairig nád bheili d'á fíor de ghnáé,  
Íf mairig dhuine bhoibh 'nna h-aice  
'S íf mairig nád 'nna h-aice tá.

Do éis mé aonair go leóir do rompládair agh an abhrán-gjádú mar  
do cumadó é leir na daoimib-tuaité, fír agus mhná, agus meafaimi gur  
an-beag de na dántaib do éis mé ann ro do bí téanta le daoimib  
a riab éolais aca agh bárruiseadh, no le daoimib do fíosfob iad mar  
éacád-damhriúse agus le feicéant círéad t'feudraíd riad do óeanaí  
a ghlidéadaí. Aict, ful ghuairim, cailéidh mé trí no ceatári de dántaib  
eile de na gean-dántaib éabairt ann ro, mar rompla agh na  
h-abhráinib gnád mar bhoibh amasairg na n-ghaeál na ceudá  
bliadair ó foin. Ní éig liom a pháid cia h-iad na h-úgadhair do éum  
na dánta ro leanas, no cia an t-am do mairi riad, aict meafaimi  
gur tamall maití ó foin do bí riad, agus íf pollúrach go mairi riad  
níos móintí agus níos éolaisge 'ná na daoine do éum an méad abhrán  
éis mé éeana. Bhuaigh me iad i Láinni-físeáinnib Connachtacha  
a ghus bheirim ann ro mar abhrán Connachtacha iad, aict leir an  
físeáinnib t'inniúint t'feudraídair bheit cumtha i n-aon chúige de na  
cúigibh, bhrí i bheili dtícheáil agh bíodh iortha an éanamhain do bí cleas-  
taigéid leir na bárraib dá éeudo bliadair no tús ceud bliadair ó  
foin i n-aon chúige de na cúigibh. Do bainfiosf na h-abhrán leanas,  
ó ceaprt, do ériuinniusgád na bpríosaí fín d'fág na fíor-úairí 'nna

is a pity, my pity I turned into envy, In a loop of the loops in a loop am I.  
It is woe for whoever saw her, And it is woe for him who sees her not each day.  
It is woe for him on whom the knot of her love is (tied), And it is woe for him  
who is loosed out of it. It is woe for him who goes to her, and it is woe for him  
who is not with her constantly. It is woe for a person to be near her, And it is  
a woe for him that is not near her.

There is a sixth verse which I do not give above as I do not understand it. It  
runs thus—

A haimm bhios ag sgota srotha  
San ruadh mhuir ó sloingtear ise,  
O na searc níl saor acht dallá  
Gerb'fáith ati; liom a feicsin.

Once I pitied sightless men,  
 I was then unhurt by sight,  
 Now I envy those who see not,  
 They can be not hurt by light.

Woe who once has seen her please,  
 And then sees her not each hour,  
 Woe for him her love-mesh traps,  
 Woe for whom it snaps its power.

Woe for him who visits not,  
 Woe his lot who does, I wis,  
 Woe for him is not beside her,  
 Woe besides for him who is.

I have now given enough of examples of the love song as it was composed by the peasantry, both men and women, and I think that it is very few of the love songs given here which were composed by people who had a knowledge of bardism, or by people who wrote them for pastime, and only to try what they could do in the way of poetry. But before I leave off I must give three or four more poems, of the older ones, for examples of the love songs as they were amongst the Gael some hundreds of years ago. I cannot say who are the authors who composed the following poems, or what was the time at which they lived, but I think it was a good while ago that they existed, and it is evident that they were more learned and more educated than the people who wrote the songs I have given already. I found them in Connacht MSS., and give them here as Connacht songs, but to tell the truth, they might be composed in any of the provinces, for there is no difference at all between the dialects used by the bards two or three hundred years ago in any of the five provinces. The songs which follow would by right belong to a

This verse appears to contain a cryptic allusion to the girl's name, a thing which is not unusual with the older poets. My friend Tomás O Flannaoile has suggested to me that the girl's name was probably "Muireann Ruadh," for the translation of the first line appears to be this, "Her name is (found) by dividing the waters in the Red Sea, whence she is called." Hence it is a pun upon *muir* "sea," and *rann* or *roinn*, "a division." The last two ranns seem to be a Gaelic extension of the Latin pentameter,

"*Non possum tecum vivere nec sine te.*"

The meaning of the last line of the third verse is not very clear; it seems to contain a kind of pun or paronomasia on *láb*, a "curl" and *láb* a "noose." I do not well understand the force of the preposition "ag" in *ag láb*. The phrase seems to mean "snared," Perhaps a better translation would be "*in the snare of all snares (i.e. woman's love) ensnared am I.*" Literally, *a snare has me.*"

Although the word *puinn* is often used in Munster for "many," it seems to be here used in the sense of "jot" or "tittle," and is probably borrowed from the

ntaisc, aghair in d'abhránaib na nuaime-tuisce atá mé ag tabhairt ann rian leabhar ro. Acht i fí copíníil na c'bfuil na píofaraidh seo ní lean, cíod go bfuil rian i mionúr liagálta, no má tá rian lean, féin, t'acmhaingead iad iarr beasg-ó cumad iad, leir na daonimh do gáib aghair do ghríob iad, óir níl mórláin focal i n-aon céann aca na c'bfuil éomh roilleáin go-éigíse aonair aghair b's rian d'fhiain. Aghair rian é an t-ádúbair beirinn ann ro iad, óir i fí d'oirí liom guri cumhainngead leir na daonimh iad, aghair guri ghríobád ríor go déigeanach iad, óir in bhuairte me acht ceann aca i n-aon fean-ghríobáin. Aghair mar i fgríobáin Connachtacha fuair mé iad ni mi-éearf ari fad é, áit do éadair tóníb amearg na n-abhráin grád ro.

Briathróid an Léigéení leir an g-ceard aithíric an t-éigíri an-mór atá iad i n-úbhriacháil seo na mbéar fóglamhá fmuainteac, aghair na nuaime-tíre. Ag ro an éard éann beurfar mé.

### an searc 'sá óiúntuigád.

Mo ghréab, ón 'rí mo ghrád

An bean i fí mó bior 's am' érád,

i fí annra í ó m' óéanamh tinn

ná an bean do m' óéanamh glan.

'Sí mo gtor, ón 'rí mo gtor,

bean aui riorth uaithe mar an gáir,

bean na c'g-cuirreagád láin pá m' céann

bean na c'g-cuirreagád liom ari ór.

Sí mo gfeairc, ón 'rí mo gfeairc

An bean nári fág ionnam neairt,

bean na c'g-cuirreagád mo óisig oé

bean na c'g-cuirreagád lisag am' leacá.

'Sí mo gún, ón 'rí mo gún

bean na c'g-cuirreann aon níod óúinn,

bean na c'g-cuirreagád am' óisig oé,

bean na c'g-cuirreagád rile gún.

Norman point, in imitation of the French idiom, *qui ne voit point de femme*, to which it is here exactly equivalent.

An attempt is made to retain for the first verse of the translation the inwoven vowel rhyme of the original.

*Couldst thou see as we now see  
Thou wouldst be as we now are.*

\* This translation is in the metre of the original, only more regular. *Literally.*  
My love, oh ! she is my love, The woman who is most for destroying me ;  
Dearer is she from making me ill Than the woman who would be for making  
me well. She is my treasure, Oh, she is my treasure, The woman of the grey

collection of those pieces which the true bards left after them, and not to the songs of the peasantry which I am giving in this collection. But it is likely that these pieces are not very old, though they are in a regular metre, or, if they are old, itself, they were somewhat changed since they were composed, by the people who sang them and wrote them down, for there are not many words in any of them which are not as clear and intelligible now as they ever were. And for this reason I give them here, for I am sure they were remembered by the people and lately written down by them, for I have not found any of them except one, the "Roman Earl," in an old manuscript. And as it was in Connacht manuscripts I found them, it is not altogether wrong to give a place to them here amongst these love songs. The reader will observe at the first glance the very great difference that there is between these works of the educated, thinking bards, and those of the country people. This is the first one I shall give :

#### MY LOVE, OH, SHE IS MY LOVE.\*

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell,  
 Which haunts me more than I can tell.  
 Dearer, because she makes me ill,  
 Than who would will to make me well.

She is my store, oh, she my store,  
 Whose grey eye wounded me so sore,  
 Who will not place in mine her palm,  
 Who will not calm me any more.

She is my pet, oh, she my pet,  
 Whom I can never more forget ;  
 Who would not lose by me one moan,  
 Nor stone upon my cairn set.

She is my roon, oh, she my roon,  
 Who tells me nothing, leaves me soon ;  
 Who would not lose by me one sigh,  
 Were death and I within one room.

---

(? eye (she) like the rose, A woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, A woman who would not be with me for gold She is my affection, Oh ! she is my affection, The woman who left no strength in me; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. She is my secret love, Oh ! she is my secret love, A woman who tells us (i. e., me) nothing ; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not (for me) shed tears.\* She is my shape, Oh ! she is my shape; A woman who does not remember me to be cut, A woman who would not

'Sí mo ébuit, ón 'rí mo ébuit,  
 Bean naé g-eurínnseasann mé beis amsuis,  
 Bean naé ngeoilfeadó uairí mo báir\*  
 'Sí ébáðaig mo ébriodé go lár.†

Mór mo éár, ón móir mo éár  
 Iñ iongnaidh fáid go bffáidim bár,  
 Bean naé otiúbhaidh taoibh liom  
 Dáir mo mionn iñ mo ghrádó.

'Sí mo rioghan, ón 'rí mo rioghan  
 Bean naé ndearlaibh fáid oírn,  
 An bean naé ndearlaibh liom-ja ríe  
 (A'g) tá de fíor lán de ghráin.

Iñ móir mo bhrón, ón 'rí móir mo bhrón  
 Fáid an dhois-imear móir  
 Ag an mhadoi do mo élaidorú  
 Iñ i fíad me ó mo béo.

'Sí mo mian, ón 'rí mo mian,  
 Bean iñ amra liom fáid 'n ngreim,  
 An bean naé g-eurífeadó oírn binn  
 Dá guríonn le na taeib.

'Sí do ébáðaig mo ébriodé  
 A'g d'fáidbuiig oírn aom' lár,‡  
 Muna dtóigtear an t-ole fo óm' ébriodé  
 Ni béró mé go deo fíán.

\* "airí mo bár" 'rán MS.      † "gáin lárí" 'rán MS.  
 ‡ "ionnam éoród" 'rán MS.

cry at the hour of my death, It is she ruined my heart to its middle.  
 Great my case, Oh ! great my case, It is a wonder how long it is till I  
 find death. A woman who would not give me trust, By my oath she is my  
 love ! She is my choice, Oh ! she is my choice, The woman who would not  
 look back at me, The woman who would not make peace with me. And who  
 is ever full of hate. Great my grief, Oh ! great my grief, At the great dis-  
 respect The woman has (working) for my destroying. 'Tis she spoiled me of  
 my life. She is my desire, Oh ! she is my desire ; A woman dearest to me under  
 the sun, The woman who would not pay me heed, If I were to sit by her side.  
 It is she ruined my heart, And left a sigh for ever in me. Unless this evil be  
 raised off my heart, I shall not be well for ever.

She is my dear, oh, she my dear,  
 Who cares not whether I be here.  
 Who would not weep when I am dead,  
 Who makes me shed the silent tear.

Hard my case, oh, hard my case,  
 How have I lived so long a space,  
 She does not trust me any more,  
 But I adore her silent face.

She is my choice, oh, she my choice,  
 Who never made me to rejoice ;  
 Who caused my heart to ache so oft,  
 Who put no softness in her voice.

Great my grief, oh, great my grief,  
 Neglected, scorned beyond belief,  
 By her who looks at me askance,  
 By her who grants me no relief.

She's my desire, oh, my desire,  
 More glorious than the bright sun's fire ;  
 Who were than wind-blown ice more cold,  
 Had I the boldness to sit by her.

She it is who stole my heart,  
 But left a void and aching smart,  
 And if she soften not her eye  
 Then life and I shall shortly part.

\* Literally, "Who would not make a pouring of eyes."

+ Perhaps *craic* is for *craobh*—riches or cattle. But an old meaning of *craic* is destruction, which would make best sense if it were not too obsolete. He may have meant to say "she is my riches." The word generally means "shape" which seems to make no sense here, unless, perhaps, like the Latin "forma" and "formosus," it is used in the sense of "beauty." Compare a chrothach mar cholum in the old *Lilany of Mary* in the *Leabhar Breac*=*formosa ut columba*, beautiful as a dove.

If ionaid earráid agus tuigleasú i mhojúr na línteád reib, agus  
nár comhspíceá é rím náde bfuil ríad agaithe ann ro mar éalbhais ríad o  
láinn an file. Óg ro an tsear giotá.

ni bhírád mise báis duit.  
ni bfrád míle bár duit  
A bean úd an éuirib mar gheir,  
Taoine Leathád do mairbairiúin  
Ni ionann iad a'f mé féin.

Criéad fáidh pascainn d'euád  
Do'n ghabh deaibh, do'n deo mar blád (?)  
An cruth mionla, an t-uét mar gheir,  
An tóibh jútóid gceabhairiúin fém bár?

Na cíocáid coiria, an cneasú ní,  
Na grianáid coiria, an cíl fiar,  
So deimíodh ni bhuigfeadra bár  
Tóibh jútó, so mbuodh áill le Uia.

Do mhalaibh \* caola, t'folt man ór,  
Do jún gceannmaidé, do glórí leir,  
Do fál érisinn, do éolpa réi,  
Ni mairbhairiúin fíad aét duine Leathád.

Do mhéim doibh, t'airgne fadom,  
Do bhor tana, do éasóid mar éuir,  
Do joradh goirm, do bhráidh bán,  
Ni bfrád míle bár duit.

A bean ní, an éuirib mar gheir,  
Do h-oileád mibh Óg duine glac,  
A bhor tana, a bhráidh bán  
Ni bfrád míle bár duit.

Óg ro anoir an tríomhaid giotá. Ni'l ré éomh rean leir an tás  
cheann fuaig, creibidim. Ni'l an file éomh fuair glac leir an mbárho  
déisgeannach, agus in ériodeann ré é anasgáidh an ghláidh atá 'sá  
ciaradh.

\* "mairliche" 'fan ms.

This translation is exactly in the metre of the original, *Literally*.  
I shall not die for thee, O woman yonder, of body like a swan. Silly people  
(were they) thou hast ever slain. They and myself are not the same. Why  
should I go to die For the red lip, for the teeth like blossoms; The gentle

There is many a mistake and error in the metre of these lines, in the Irish, and that is a proof that we have not got them here just as they came from the hands of the poet. Here is the second piece :—

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR THEE.

For thee I shall not die,  
Woman high of fame and name ;  
Foolish men thou mayest slay  
I and they are not the same.

Why should I expire  
For the fire of any eye,  
Slender waist or swan-like limb,  
Is't for them that I should die ?

The round breasts, the fresh skin,  
Cheeks crimson, hair so long and rich ;  
Indeed, indeed, I shall not die,  
Please God, not I, for any such.

The golden hair, the forehead thin,  
The chaste mien, the gracious ease,  
The rounded heel, the languid tone,  
Fools alone find death from these.

Thy sharp wit, thy perfect calm,  
Thy thin palm like foam of sea ;  
Thy white neck, thy blue eye,  
I shall not die for thee.

Woman, graceful as the swan,  
A wise man did nurture me,  
Little palm, white neck, bright eye,  
I shall not die for ye.

Here now is the third piece. It is not as old, I think, as the two given above. The poet is not so coldly-wise as the last bard, and does not fight against the love that is torturing him.

figure, the breast like a swan, Is it for them I myself should die. The pointed (?) breasts, the fresh skin ; The scarlet cheeks, the undulating cool ; Indeed, then, I shall not die For them, may it please God. Thy narrow brows, thy tresses like gold, Thy chaste secret, thy languid voice, Thy heel round, thy calf smooth. They shall slay none but a silly person. Thy delightful mien, thy free spirit, Thy thin palm, thy side like foam, Thy blue eye, thy white throat!—I shall not die for thee. O woman of body like a swan, I was nurtured by a cunning man, O thin palm, O white bosom—I shall not die for thee.

an náoiú beag siar.

Seoimí éu, a náoiú níos fiadair  
na bfeolt fiadair, ari thádair óir,  
'S gáe duail thíos go fada fáinn  
nád gáinn do fin go báirí an feoir.

Na jois líseáit, na bfeucain mall,  
na malairt\* ngeann marí ríomh rinn,  
na ngeusad mbaón déct coimseáiri tirlíochá  
Océon! iŋ tirlíochá táin tinn.

An beul blearfa, ari jnuasadh caoír,  
'S an deuo éailce,† fiadair ari méri,  
An tirlíon théair, an fáinig nád móir,  
'S an phíob bán, fnuasadh de' n ngeáir.

Na méar n-úr, na ngeal-láin nglan,  
Na ngeusg lag rá n-iaothainn (?) tinn  
Do gáe ceól ríog-binn fiadair-bláit  
Do ríomhóibh an faoileann bán tinn †

An tucht marí aol na g-cíoc g-cruinn  
Amlaím fóir nári thóir aon, §  
An coipr réinn fnean, an taoibh bláit,  
Ni fionnaithe taoibh ráil mo gáir. .

Iŋ tirluaí gáin mé airtiú faoi gáit  
Ag mnaidh na mbair méar-glácas-maoit,  
I roiscláirige na ríor nglan  
Ni i lioigdaimail na gmeab g-caom.

Ais go faoi threibeachadh, cónaíairle—iŋ thíos le fean túnne ghuama  
éiginn—anaíadair na mbaón, aon phíora beag aithnían le caéadair, mar  
mearachan fuaireach, aon fán taoibh eile de' n ríolád, anróisairig an méri  
fín molta. Iŋ fín a éabhairt marí gáill ari an iarrhaíct do fíonne  
an báirí ríseul d'inniuint. Iŋ rompla maié ari mór na fean-báirí

\* "maislíge" 'fan ms.    † "Éailce bán" 'fan ms.

‡ "fionn" 'fan ms. agus labhairtear é i n-áiteadairib i gCúige Múineacháin marí "fíunn" déct i gConnachtairib marí "fínn." Ni focal coitcheadair amearg na g-Connachtair aonair é.    § "fear" 'fan ms.

## LITTLE CHILD, I CALL THEE.

Little child, I call thee fair,  
 Clad in hair of golden hue,  
 Every lock in ringlets falling  
 Down, to almost kiss the dew.

Slow grey eye and languid mien,  
 Brows as thin as stroke of quill,  
 Checks of white with scarlet through them,  
 Och ! it's through them I am ill.

Luscious mouth, delicious breath,  
 Chalk-white teeth, and very small,  
 Lovely nose and little chin,  
 White neck, thin, she is swan-like all.

Pure white hand and shapely finger,  
 Limbs that linger like a song ;  
 Music speaks in every motion  
 Of my sea-mew warm and young.

Rounded breasts and lime-white bosom,  
 Like a blossom, touched of none,  
 Stately form and slender waist,  
 Far more graceful than the swan.

Alas for me ! I would I were  
 With her of the soft-fingered palm,  
 In Waterford to steal a kiss,  
 Or by the Liss whose airs are balm.

\* This translation is in the exact metre of the original. *Literally* :—

I call on thee, O little baby over there,\* Of the undulating tresses of the colour of gold ; And every lock of them long and languid, That almost stretch to the top of the grass ; Of the grey eyes of the slow looks, Of the brows thin like the stroke of a pen, Of the white cheeks, but scarlet through them, Ochone, it is through them I am ill. The tasteful mouth of the hue of a berry, And the chalk-white teeth free from size (?) The pretty nose, the chin not large, And the white throat, appearance of the swan. Of the fresh fingers of white hands clean (cut), Of the languid limbs round which close tunes (?) Of every fairy-sweet free-blossomed music Which (she) the white fair seagull wrote. The bosom like lime, of the rounded breasts, That never yet any touched ; The gentle tender body, the blossom-like side—I sing ye not (half) an account of my swan. "Tis pity I am not in under lock With the woman of the palms of the soft-finger touch, In Portlarigy (Waterford) of the clean benches(?) Or in Lisgowal of the gentle streams.

\* Literally, "little infant, west."

é, aghair tá an phiora ro coitcinn go leóir, éairínamh mire é ar  
rásúinnt atá agam do minne Dochtúir O' Donabáin an Sgoláire  
mórí Gaeðeilege. D'ádhrais mire litriusgád na bphocal.

an t-iarla bhí san róimí.

mairg do ghnó cumann leis na mnáibh  
in mairi riu atáid u a fír,  
do buidh éoirí a g-eupi i g-eupé  
i n-éagmair na mbán ro airtí.

Is é lár glac do b'fian Rónáin  
a g-a mbidéad coimhín óir fá sion,  
aip mnáid an t-iarla móiliu mair  
do éualaod róenlaithe, ina b'fíor.

Lá t'á nábhádair aghaidh  
taobh le taobh aip Leabharlaibh clúinní  
do leig [ré] aip go mair a g-eas  
do éum róenlaithe, do b'fíor.

“Oc! oc! t'á b'fuisfeá-rla bár  
buidh beas mo éar ionnam féim,  
aip bochtair d'ea leat aip leat  
do riomhainn fá reac mo rppré.

Do éuirfinn ríosa aghair ríol  
i g-comh-phointe fáiltear d'óir neadar  
i stímhíoll do éuirfir 'fian usáig,”  
aip an bhean do rímuaidh\* an éealg.

Ocónaigheair leigean an bár  
do b'fíor mná no mala reangs,  
T'á neóin níor é úinéill rí rím  
an bheoir a rí, ina d'áir' gceall.

---

\* Labhairtear an focal ro mair “rímuaidh” aonair, ann gach áit a.  
n. Éijimini círeoirim, aict is follárasc ó'n ríanni ro guri labhairteadóth é an  
t-dam riu “rímuaidh” mair fígioibh é, a g-deunaidh cónaí-fhuaimé le usáig.

This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally.*

Pity of him who enters on affection with women, Not so are the men. They  
ought to be put in clay, Without (the co-operation) of these women inside. A  
wise Earl there was in Rome, Who used to have golden goblets under wine,  
About the wife of the great good Earl There was heard a pleasant (or queer)  
story, if true.

Here, at last, is a counsel against women, given by some morose old man, no doubt ; only one little piece to throw in as a petty make-weight on the other side of the balance, after all that praise. It is worth giving on account of the attempt the bard has made to tell a story. It is a good example of the manner of the old bards, and this piece is common enough. I took it out of a manuscript which I have, made by Doctor O'Donovan, the greatest of Irish scholars. I have somewhat changed the orthography :

#### THE ROMAN EARL.

No man's trust let woman claim,  
Not the same as men are they ;  
Let the wife withdraw her face  
When ye place the man in clay.

Once there was in Rome an earl  
Cups of pearl did hold his ale,  
Of this wealthiest earl's mate  
Men relate a famous tale.

So it chanced that of a day  
As they lay at ease reclined,  
He in jest pretends to die,  
Thus to try her secret mind.

“Och ! Ochone, if you should die,  
Never I would be myself ;  
To the poor of God I'd give  
All my living, lands and pelf.

“Then in satin stiff with gold,  
I would fold thy fair limbs still,  
Laying thee in gorgeous tomb,”  
Said the woman bent on ill.

Soon the earl, as if in death,  
Yielded up his breath to try her ;  
Not one promise kept his spouse  
Of the vows made glibly by her.

---

On a day that they were together, Side by side on a bed of down, He let on that he was dying. He shaped a story to spy out her secret mind. “Och ! Och ! if thou wert to die Little would be my regard for my own life (*literally*, small were my case in myself). On the poor of God, round about, I wou'd divide severally my fortune. I would put silk and satin, In an equal-broad division of red gold, Round about thy body in the tomb,”—

Phasair d'á mhalairt ari an bháis  
 An trád fín—cíd i'í beag an rathar,  
 Dá hainm-láin no trí de fac  
 Naé páimis ari fad a chom.

Do gheal riye bhpéid a cinn  
 Aír noul do'n éill leip an g-corr,  
 Ni éug phágán d' eagalair Dé  
 'S m éug déiric do óoine bocht.

Tuigead leirean éipise píap  
 Phuair b's a bean ag toul uair,  
 D'fhiarrfaidh círeád fá neib a corr  
 D'á éup nocht ann fán uair.

Éus riye leigrseul gaoibh,  
 Aír nór na mbán biop le h-ole,  
 D'á faoiradh aír a feap fóm,  
 Bean naé ngeobád gáill i locht.\*

"Bhaisélin fá éoraiib gaoibh  
 Ni béal aonair maoi do bí mian,  
 So noirmh† go suig na nocht,  
 Buò leist cùs ó a dtéid 'fan apliab.

Do chomh-ling le túr na fhuasail  
 Aír flisib Síonne—chuaidh an eár,  
 Do éumair tuic aifléime gesáir  
 Naé páimis meall do d'á mór."

Aír na mnáib cíd móibh bupi nitriú  
 Fada dóibh ag toul le gaoi,  
 Teaspic duine naé meallaid fios,  
 Mairis leigear a jún le mnáor.

\* "Beani nári gábaid geall a locht" 'fan MS. † So noirmh=so  
 mísib tu, go dtig tu go.

Said the woman who thought the deceit. Death is pretended † by him, To spy the woman of the slender brow, Of her will she did not fulfil—After her husband —one thing of all she promised. He got in exchange of it on the street, That time— though it was small its worth—Two cubits or three of sackcloth That did not completely reach even his hips. She brightened the kerchief of her head On

Jerked into a coffin hard,  
 With a yard of canvas coarse ;  
 (To his hips it did not come) ;  
 To the tomb they drove the corse.

Bravely dressed was she that day,  
 On her way to Mass and grave ;  
 To God's Church and needy men,  
 Not one penny piece she gave.

Up he starts, the coffined man,  
 Calls upon his wife aloud,  
 " Why am I thus thrust away,  
 Almost naked, with no shroud ? "

Then as women do when caught  
 In a fault, with ready wit  
 Answered she upon the wing —  
 Not one thing would she admit :

" Winding-sheets are out of date,  
 All men state it. Clad like this,  
 When the judgment trump shall sound,  
 You shall bound to God and bliss.

" When in shrouds they trip and stumble  
 You'll be nimble then as erst,  
 Hence I shaped thee this short vest,  
 You'll run best and come in first."

Trust not to a woman's faith,  
 'Tis a breath, a broken stem ;  
 Few whom they do not deceive,  
 Let him grieve that trusts to them.

---

going to the grave-yard with the body, She gave not a penny to the Church of God, And she gave no alms to any poor person. A quick leap up was given by him, When his wife was going away from him. He asked her why his body was A-burying naked in the grave. She gave a ready excuse, After the manner of women (caught) in evil, Clearing herself to her own husband, A woman who would not make submission (?) in fault. "A (winding) sheet round the feet of every man, There shall not be now, as ever before, That thou mayest reach to the king of the elements, Thou shalt have the first place of all that go on the mountain.\* To (let thee) race in the front of the multitudes, On the mountain of Sion —

Ciò 'n b'iomadh canafár min  
 Agur bhratélin caol ann a tis,  
 mò le a bfolóchaithe a nocht  
 níor éinir ri fá éorr a ri.

Az jin cumann na mná,  
 [an] ran iarla glic buidhlan gnaoi,  
 "fíadaid gac nead cláir do fín  
 Sul fágfar a rírié az a mnáoi."

Az fágair báil rá mbeidéadó feair  
 ná cluineadh a bean é or ár,  
 Ó'á théin na leigeadó amach  
 Oc ná aic, ciúin móri a mnáir.

Rá mé réidh aonair leis na h-abhráinibh grádó. Ní éin bhratán mé aon  
 ceann eile ann ro. Níl aon éimeál abhrán amealgs na nodaime-  
 tuasche iomadainila ná iad ro. An tseic-fíchead no rá-fíchead aca  
 do éus me aini ro, do éos mé amach iad amealgs na g-ceantá, iuto  
 náé rialb ro fófar le deunain, óiri atá an éinti iñ mó aca éoin  
 truaillíscéte agur éoin mealgára triso a céile gur deascain é aon  
 oifusád ceart do éuri oírra. An méadó do éus me go dti reo,  
 déanadair mar fomplaibh ari an g-cáoi aini a g-cuireadair an  
 tuataid Connachtac a rmuasinte grádó i n-abhráinibh agur i manntaib,  
 má'r doceáir no eudóccair, má'r bhrón no lúctáirle bior 'gá éoir-  
 naíscádó.

---

hard the case—I shaped for thee a short shroud That did not reach thy two hips." In women though great is your confidence, It is long known ¶ that they go with the wind. Few are the people they do not deceive. Woe is he who lets his secret with a woman. Though many was the piece of smooth canvas, And narrow sheet in her house, A thing by which his nakedness would be covered, She did not put round the body of her husband. There is the affection of the woman ! Says the prudent earl of clear countenance—"Let each man look for a coffin for himself, Before he leaves his fortune to his wife." At point of death though a man should be, Let not his wife hear him (sigh) aloud, If he can help it ¶ let him not let out, Either Och or Ach, though great be his woe.

Though full her house of linen web,  
 And sheets of thread spun full and fair  
 (A warning let it be to us)  
 She left her husband naked there.

Spake the prudent earl—"In sooth  
 Woman's truth ye here behold ;  
 Now let each his coffin buy,  
 Ere his wife shall get his gold.

" When death wrestles for his life  
 Let his wife not hear him moan ;  
 Great though be his pain and fear,  
 Let her hear not sigh nor groan."

I have now done with the love songs. I shall give no other of them here. There is no sort of song amongst the peasantry more plentiful than they. The thirty or forty of them which I have given here, I chose out from amongst hundreds, a thing that was not very easy to do, for the most of them are so corrupt and so mixed through each other that it is difficult to get them into any right order. All that I have given up to this let them serve as examples of the way in which the Connacht peasant puts his love-thoughts into song and verse, whether it be hope or despair, grief or joy, that affect him.

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<sup>†</sup> Οεόνσιά means to grant or consent, but here it must mean pretend, or something equivalent.

<sup>‡</sup> The "Day of the Mountain" is a common phrase for "Judgment Day." She means that not being entangled in a winding-sheet he shall have first place in the running on that day.

<sup>§</sup> Literally, "long for them going with wind."

|| Literally, "of his will."



## NOTES.

Page 2, line 2. The reader will observe throughout the first half of this book some confusion between  $\Delta\bar{v}$  and  $\Delta\bar{v}\bar{v}$ . This must be attributed to the way in which these songs made their appearance. On the death of the *Nation* the *Weekly Freeman* patriotically seconded my efforts to preserve and popularise these songs by placing every two or three weeks a column or two at my disposal. Consequently the publication of these pieces, few as they are, necessarily extended over a long period, during which I changed my views upon the orthography of  $\Delta\bar{v}\bar{v}$ , and insensibly fell into the way of writing, with Keating and our older authors, the simple preposition “ $\Delta\bar{v}$ ,” “on,” reserving the spelling  $\Delta\bar{v}\bar{v}$  for the compound preposition “on him.” In speaking, however, I may observe that both are pronounced in the same way, like *errh*, or like the first syllable in the English word “error.” Line 14, for  $\Gamma\bar{\rho}\bar{\nu}\bar{\chi}\bar{\alpha}\bar{m}\bar{\lambda}$ , read  $\Gamma\bar{\rho}\bar{\nu}\bar{\chi}\bar{\alpha}\bar{m}\bar{\lambda}$ .

Page 4, line 14, for  $\Delta\bar{v}$  read  $\bar{v}$ . Line 22,  $n\bar{a}$  is here confounded with  $no$ . In Connacht the best speakers and writers use  $n\bar{a}$  after a negative and  $no$  on other occasions, as  $\bar{o}\bar{a}\bar{m}\bar{b}\bar{e}\bar{r}\bar{o}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{o}\bar{b}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{n}\bar{a}\bar{c}\bar{l}\bar{a}\bar{n}\bar{a}\bar{m}$ , but  $n\bar{i}\bar{l}\bar{b}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{n}\bar{a}\bar{c}\bar{l}\bar{a}\bar{n}\bar{a}\bar{m}$ . In Ulster  $no$  seems to be often used in both cases. Mr. O’Faherty, in his capital book, “*Siamyr an Ghentiribh*,” has printed the second verse of this song at p. 50, as belonging to a poem which he entitles *cómáistíle*, one of the sweetest in the whole book. This is the only verse in it which bears any resemblance to mine.

Page 8. The beautiful third verse of this song has found its way into different pieces recited by the people, as into the song “*O\bar{a}\bar{m}\bar{b}\bar{e}\bar{r}\bar{o}\bar{'}\bar{r}\bar{p}\bar{h}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{g}\bar{a}\bar{n}\bar{a}\bar{g}\bar{-}\bar{c}\bar{a}\bar{s}\bar{t}*” not given here, and others, so that it is hard now to tell to which it properly belongs.

Page 12, line 23 for  $c\bar{o}\bar{v}\bar{p}$  read  $c\bar{o}\bar{v}\bar{p}$ .

Page 14, line 1.  $\bar{p}\bar{e}$  is a dialectic form of  $\bar{p}\bar{a}$ , the Connacht  $\bar{p}\bar{a}\bar{o}\bar{t}$ , which is also sometimes found as  $po$ . In the last line but one, read  $\Gamma\bar{s}\bar{p}\bar{m}\bar{o}\bar{b}\bar{c}\bar{a}$  for  $\Gamma\bar{s}\bar{p}\bar{m}\bar{b}\bar{c}\bar{a}$ .

Page 16, line 12.  $1\bar{g}\bar{-}\bar{c}\bar{l}\bar{u}\bar{m}\bar{o}\bar{a}\bar{c}\bar{e}\bar{e}\bar{l}\bar{e}$  has been mistranslated in the text as though it were *le céile*. The real translation is, “in one another’s protection (or society).” Line 18,  $mo\bar{v}\bar{l}\bar{a}\bar{o}\bar{m}\bar{g}\bar{m}\bar{a}\bar{j}\bar{m}\bar{u}\bar{n}\bar{e}$ , i.e. my sloe-black hair. Line 21,  $\bar{r}\bar{u}\bar{o}\bar{l}\bar{a}\bar{a}$  means a “whiff” of wind here; in the tale of *Osgar na Súiste*, which I printed in the *Revue Celtique*, it

means a "glint" of a sunbeam, hence it seems to be applied to anything short or small. Its usual meaning, however, is "syllable," as in the song of *Una Péuccáé*, at p. 122, but it seems doubtful whether it is derived from the Latin *syllaba* or not. If it is, the use of the English word "jot," and, possibly, the Irish *giota*, to signify something small, from the Greek *iota*, is a close parallel. Line 32. By right the *v* of *vualaig* should be aspirated, but aspiration in the case of *v* and *c* is not always rigorously observed. Cf. *Beann Óubh an Gleanna* not *beann óubh*, etc.

Page 18, line 7, for *tá* read *tá*. Line 9, this line is mistranslated in the text as a correspondent has pointed out to me. It should be "like snow a-winnowing on mountains." This word *cáit* has in modern Connacht usage a great many meanings, as "throw," "winnow," "smoke (tobacco)," "eat," "shoot," "wear (rings, etc.)," "spend (money)," "wear out (clothes, etc.);" in fact, it is a good Gaelic rival to Mark Twain's *Zug*, of which that humorist observes that the thing which this Teutonic monosyllable does *not* mean, when all its legitimate pendants are hung on, has not yet been discovered. By the way, when the verbal participle has a passive sense, as here, it is better to write *tá* before it, not *'gá*, which should be used, as Dr. Atkinson has shown, only when the participle has an active meaning; then *tá ré 'gá* (*i.e.* *ag* *a*) *buslaibh*, *'gá cáscaibh*, etc., means "he is a-beating it, a-winnowing it," etc., but *tá ré tá* (*i.e.* *do* *a*) *buslaibh*, *úá cáscaibh*, etc. means, "it is a-beating, a-winnowing," *i.e.*, is being beaten, being winnowed.

Page 20, line 21. This line should be translated "not long was my lying." It is translated as if *níor bhráva* was *mór fáva*. Line 25. I think this *fánaí* should be translated "sorrowfully."

Page 22, line 30. *Slán beó leat* is wrongly translated in the text. It means "may you be well while alive," or, "farewell as long as you live."

Page 24. My friend, *Seán Ó Ruairí* (John Rogers), a Mayo man himself, and an authority on Mayo songs, says that the first two verses of this song, *Ir fáva mé ag imteacáit*, belong by right to the song at p. 34, the right name of which is *Máire an chíul bháin*, and that this Maurya was an O'Neill who lived at the foot o Knocknashee, (*cnoc na rróe*) below Tubbercurry, in the County Sligo. The man who made the song is said to have actually left the country taking Maurya with him. He also thinks that the third and last two verses of this song are an addition to *Máire an chíul bháin*. The re-

maining four verses are to the measure and air of “péárla neair an t'fleibh báin.” The fourth verse of the song at p. 70 of *Síamra an gheáiní* is nearly identical with the first verse of mine, but that song appears to be made up of verses from four different ones.

Page 28, line 19. *Coínluaí* is generally Anglicized “Morrisroe.” I do not know why she was called Crummey in English.

Page 30. Some say that this most celebrated song had its origin near Buninadden, in Sligo. Seán Ó Ruairí thinks it came from Ballinlough, in West Roscommon. The third line often runs *gneacáta ríopadó* 'r é 'a jéroeadó éar fíliabh uí plomh. When the snow is driven low and hard, it is said to a' ríopadó or sweeping.

Page 32, line 17, for *tílir* (the vocative masculine) *read* *tíleáir* (the voc. fem.) There is, however, no appreciable difference in pronunciation. Line 5, aspirate the *r* of *pearc*. Line 6, *Léigearra* *doir* is pronounced either *lice-a-deesh* or *lace-a-deesh*, indifferently. The surname Green mentioned in the last line is, I believe, properly *O h-Uaíne*, and should be anglicized O’Hooney.

Page 34, three lines from bottom, line ought to be feminine, not masculine, as here.

Page 36. The last verse of the song called the *Ciomáic* at p. 41, of Mr. O’Faherty’s excellent “*Síamra an gheáiní*” is very like the opening verse of my *Táillíúin*, but there is no other resemblance between the two pieces. He afterwards recovered a verse nearly identical with my second verse, and prints it on the last page of his book as belonging to the *Ciomáic*. If this is so, my song is a fragment of it, but I think it more likely that they are different pieces altogether, for I have recovered from a Roscommon man another version of his called the *Gíobáic*, which I do not give here. Both *ciomáic* and *gíobáic* mean the “untidy” or “slatternly” person.

Page 38, line 4. *Read* *ré* *rin* for *réin*. Line 10. Read *ví-re* for *ví-re*, for when pronouns are emphasized by a suffix the tendency is for the long vowel to become short, as *míre* (mish-a) from *mé*; *eírean* (esh-in) from *é*, *túra* (thussa or thissa) from *tú*, etc. Line 25 would be better translated “with desire to marry you.”

Page 40, line 29. This beautiful song is also printed by Mr. O’Faherty at p. 42 of the *Síamra*. According to him it was generally sung in Connemara as an addition to the song of the “*Ciomáic*,” but it is evidently, as he has observed, a completely different piece.

Page 42, line 18, this *callaróe* is, I take it, the syllable “caul” of the word High-caul cap, or High-cauled cap (a species of headdress

once much worn) Gaelicized. The term High-caul cap itself, occurs in the song of Youghal Harbour, or, *Oul go h-Eocáill*, a most popular one in Connacht, and there is a celebrated air of the same name. This headdress was in vogue during the latter end of the last century and the beginning of this, but I have been unable to discover the origin of the name. The bards disliked the cap, and, as in the case of that contemporaneous article of female attire, the Cardinel, they satirized severely those who wore it.

Page 48, line 19, for *buo* read *buō*. Line 38, for *பார்சாத்* read *பார்சாது*.

Page 50, line 4, for *liep* read *Leip*.

Page 56, line 6. *Seán Ó Ruairí* has since explained this word to me. He says it is the Mayo “ vernacular for answer in reply to a call or shout, as distinct from an answer to a question, which is *பிரைஸ்டா*, or, as we called it, *பிரைஸ்டாப்*.” “I remember,” he adds, “the episode of the ford of the river, but I never could learn where it was, and did not hear the name Donogue till seeing it in your song,” I got the verse below, in which the ford of the Donogue is mentioned, from a man named *பாவாரிங் வே ப்லாசா*, since emigrated to America, but whom I met in the island of Achill. I suppose that *பாயிப்* must be a participle with *அக்* understood, but I have also heard the line run *முன டாக்கால் து அகுப் பாயிப் பும்*. The form *டாக்கான்* for *டிக்கெண்* is very common everywhere. Line 8, for *அமான்* read *அமீன்*.

Page 58, line 12, for *ceile* read *céile*. Line 25. A northern correspondent has informed me that *cupaicín* means, in parts of Ulster, a comb for the hair, and that this must be the meaning of *cupacán* here. This would make good sense, but I have never heard the word. The co-operation of everyone is obviously needed, not only to preserve, but also to explain our folk literature. Line 31, *ceileabhair* must be meant for *ceileabhrac* “ warbling;” however, I give the word as I heard it.

Page 60, line 8. The real form of this play on words is as follows, according to my friend *Ó Ruairí*’s account; “Tumaus was said to have married after Una’s death into the O’Rorke family, but was given to the reprehensible habit of stealing off from Castlemore (query, Edmondstown) to visit poor Una’s grave in Loch Cé, and was finally found dead upon it one morning—which looks like a bardic touch. It was on the occasion of his marriage, when his father-in-law showed him the fortune in sheep, etc., he said, *b’பெற்ற நிம்ரா சாங்க அகுப்*

aoi uan dathair (=aoi una Óón) 'ná an mchéar jin.\* "The Shanachies" adds O Ruairí Óig, "used to lay stress on the fact that O'Rorke, by giving Tumaus a certain amount of sheep and cattle, they, when added to his own stock, would entitle him (Tumaus) to a certain rank of chieftaincy, for which they had an Irish name which I forget; it wasn't *ridire*. There was an ordinance in the Brehon code of this nature, and it makes me think Tumaus lived at an earlier age than we usually thought." Séasán O Ruairí Óig has also furnished me with the following note : "Dualtach Caoch, according to some, was his brother and successor, but others said nothing of their relationship except that he was the last chief, and their story of his death was much the same as that given by Prendergast in his "Irish Rapparees," except that the latter makes no mention of Ruane and the clamp of turf, which, of course, was always our version. Prendergast calls him *Sir Dudley Costello*, and says he was killed by a party led by one of the Dillons somewhere beyond Swinford. He had been a Colonel in the service of Charles II., and had served abroad. The place where Ruane is said to have shot him is a hill near Swinford, called to this day *Sithestin a' Dualtaigh*, or, in English, Seeshteen. Did poor Shamus O'Hart not mention anything of the boyish Tumaus when asked would he try a fall with the champion, "I would if I got enough to eat," "an iorffá an capall jin?" "n'l fior agam an iorffaim an capall móir aét o'iorffaim an capall beag," † meaning the foal, and the story of the twenty grouse which he and the wrestler demolished, and which was the cause of MacDermott's prejudice against him afterwards in the love affair."

According to the best story-tellers, Tumaus lived at Castlemore, about half-a-mile west of Ballaghaderreen (Bealaclé a' Óoirín), in the Co. Mayo, and Una was the daughter of MacDermott of the Rock, who lived in a castle on an island in Loch Cé, called teac na carraigé, or the "house of the rock," from whence sprang the present name, Rockingham. Hence the local proverb, o'fágfaim teac na carraigé agat, "I'd leave you the House of the rock," said to an unpleasant companion. Line 26, bheácta is a not uncommon superlative of bheáct.

\* i.e. "I'd rather have a single lamb than all that," but the words also mean, "I would rather have one sheep and Fair-haired Una than all that."

+ i.e. "Would you eat that horse?" "I don't know would I eat the big horse, but I'd eat the little horse." These legends about Tumaus Loidher seem to me an excellent example of how mythic and fabulous elements, the stock-in-trade of storytellers in all ages, become gradually grafted on to a real historical character.

Page 66, line 3. *mí éinibh ríomh* is the usual form. The people in mid-Connacht never say *mí béisír fáinn*; in the last verse of the Coolun, on p. 70, we find the *inverse solecism*, *do éabhar fáinn* for *do béisír fáinn*.

Page 69, line 10. *Read filiōeacét* for *filiōe aét*. *Read fuaðaċ* for *fuaðac* in fourth line of song. *Bearnaċa*, in line 6, is often pronounced *bearnaċa*, and this ċ sound of ó in plurals so formed is usual in Connacht. *Seáġan O Ruaidhri* tells me he is almost certain that it was a man called Curneen who made this song, early in the century, and that the hero of it was one McLachlan, from Airteach, to the west of Castlerea, who carried off a girl from somewhere near Kilmovée, and that the song began *Tá bean a᷑ an teampoll a᷑r ṭiolann ꝑ lionn*. Curneen was a regular *sporteen* and follower of the gentry, and was the author, according to *O Ruaidhri*, of many sporting, foxhunting, and drinking songs, but I have been unable to recover any of them.

Page 70. The song of the Coolun is generally associated with Belanagare, in Roscommon, from the first verse, which usually runs, *í mbeul-áċ-ná-ċcaṛi aṭá an ḫtáio-bean b̄reá᷑ inóðamail*; but my inquiries on the spot have elicited nothing to throw light upon it, nor does the song seem well known in the vicinity, so I fancy it must have originated in some other place of the same name.

Page 72, line 7. This line is mistranslated. It does not mean you squeezed a pressure on my hand, but "you pressed an embrace upon me." *Baṛriō᷑* is the common form of this word. See p. 48, four lines from bottom, where it is used in its most usual sense.

Page 74, line 14. *Táip=tá tu*. Line 23. *mí buaileasó ořm e*—I do not well understand this.

Page 76, line 7. Or, perhaps, it should be translated, "what the dead cat," as one would say, "what the mischief." This is how *O Ruaidhri* explains it. First line of last verse.—*O Ruaidhri* translates this line differently from me. "In our (Mayo) vernacular," he says, "this would mean 'you passed me by late in the evening without speaking!'" *Dojča* was a localism for "cold," "distant," "making strange;" its opposite was *rubálceac*. Even in English, "She's as black as the pot" would be heard of a cold, reserved girl without any reference to her complexion."

Page 82. This verse *á máiře*, etc., is, I find, also given by Hardiman,

Page 85, line 1. The *mangairé* *rúgaċ* (pronounced like Mong-ir-ya Sooguch) means "jovial peddlar," or, something analogous.

Page 86, line 28, *aliter*, *ó noeumfáinn cairleán* *de črō*, i.e. if I

were to make a castle of a pigsty. I omitted a seventh verse in the text, which I recovered in the Co. Mayo :—

nī'l aon érlann ainn rán gcoill  
 nás cónionntócað a benn oír a báirí  
 nī'l aon eala ari tonn  
 nás cónionntócað a cál leir' an tgráin  
 ná aon tráigart 'rán bhríam  
 nás tráig cál do aifriomh do jadó  
 acht iad ag feicéasín gacé am  
 ari phéarla neair an tsléib' Óáin.

Page 92. This song is supposed to be of Leitrim origin, and is said to be an especial favourite with people of that county. It is, however, well known in Munster also.

Page 94, line 20. *Read h-dimhíriúðe for hinníriúðe.*

Page 98, line 12. *Read buð for buñ.*

Page 100, last line. móintse seems an irregular genitive of móin instead of the usual móna, unless it is for móintseadh, the gen. plur., which would not make good sense.

Page 102, line 6. lárann is very corrupt; it is meant for the relative lárat= “which lights up.” Before this relative form of the verb a “which” (in imitation, according to Dr. Atkinson, of the English “which”) has often been placed of late years.

Page 104, line 1, for aitneasá *read aitneasé.*

Page 106, line 9. I do not quite know what brob is. I have met the expression, brob craoibe, as well as brob lusácha ; it may be the beard of the rush. They have a proverb in Kerry, baileiseara brob beairt which, I suppose, is equivalent to the Scotch “many a little makes a mickle.” Is this the same brob with the final b unaspirated?

Page 114, line 5. *Read érlannasáð for érlannasáð.*

Page 120, line 23. Óún gceannasáing cannot be the northern Dungannon, but a place in Waterford of nearly the same name.

Page 122. The first line of this celebrated song ought to run þórraunn bjurðosn Óeufaioð, which is the way I have always heard it, and Mr. John Fleming also, but the manuscript from which I copied wrote beufað. O Ruairí Óg, who picked up the song by ear, thought that Óeufaioð was the girl’s name “Vesey,” but I think beufaioð is only another form of beufað “well-mannered.” My friend, Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, U.S.A. (author of the “Life of Thomas Francis Meagher,” and like John O’Mahony, whose private secretary

he once was, a fine Irish scholar), has told me that an old man named John Moloney repeated this song for him from beginning to end, including the bombastic verses stuffed with classical names which I have omitted, and assured him that the celebrated poet, Anthony Raftery, was the author of it, and that it was from Raftery's own lips he heard it. Martin P. Ward, of San Francisco, U.S.A., has also assured me that the piece is Raftery's, and added, that it was made by him one night that he came to the Priest's house in Loughrea, and found a new servant girl before him who did not know him, and was unaware that the priest had given orders that as often as he called he should have a bed and entertainment while he chose to remain. He asked where the other girl, *bíráis* na *Cáitairis* (Bridget Casey) was, and heard she had gone to the Protestant Minister's house at the other end of the town. It was then he made this poem on her disappearance calling the Minister Pluto, which explains the allusion in the verse, 'Sé pluto ἀν πριονηρα clampnasć ḫgiob uaim mo ḫcón a' r m'annasct, etc. Mr. Ward also explains the name *móin-eile* which had puzzled me, but which, he says, is the spoken pronunciation of *móin-aile*, the Bog of Allen. This piece is not, however, in the only collected manuscript of Raftery's poems which I have seen. A very mutilated edition of it appeared in an Irish-American newspaper some fourteen years ago, the refined and sensitive Gaelic editor omitting nearly every third line as being, he said, "too broad and coarse to be submitted to the ladies and gentlemen who compose the (Irish) classes!"—A curious instance of false delicacy.

Page 128, line 22. The true reading of this line is *ní'l mé móp le Charon*, and so John Fleming told me he heard it recited, i.e. "I am not great with Charon," meaning, according to one of the commonest of Irish idioms—the despair of the merely book-learned—"I am not on good terms with him."

Page 129, note. Mr. H. S. Lloyd who has collected many Ulster and Leinster songs, tells me there is another Bréuch-mhuigh (or Breaky) in Meath, and thinks it is to it the song alludes.

Page 130, line 14. *beij i gcsár* is an obscure expression to me. I think *i gcsár* must mean, as Tomás Ó flannaoile once suggested to me "in trouble," and the line would mean "who would when in trouble give her knowledge of his secret." *Cásr* does often mean "trouble," or "hardship." Line 29. I do not quite understand the meaning of *ṛlnocht ḡeal ṛsor*.

Page 140, line 11. I do not quite understand *ṛsor ἀp mēto*, nor

the words, τά ο-ιαδάνη τιύιν in the next verse. Read i ხροյτლაյրე in the last verse. Line 13, read piob for piob.

Page 142, line 12. Διτ which means pleasant in some places, means “queer” in mid-Connacht, just as გრეანამარ, which means pleasant in Connacht signifies “queer” in Cork. Can there be a psychological truth underlying this? Line 22. I think კოიუომ is only the dat. case of კიურა, a coffin, which reading I have since found in a Meath MS. lent me by my friend, Mr. David Comyn. Line 31, read რენიօბხაր for რენიօბხაր.

Page 144, line 5, read ხერი for ხერი.

Page 146, line 4, read მიორ for მიორ. Line 22, read ხიო for ხიო. Mr. Comyn's copy, made by one ქადაგი Օ ჯალაკან, near Moynalty, in the Co. Meath, about sixty years ago, prefixes the four following verses to this poem, which I have not met in any of the other copies. I reproduce ქადაგი's orthography exactly.

თუ მარინ ა ჯაბხად ბეან მო ტიაზ  
ფა ძიან წინ ვრ ა ციალ იად გარ,\*  
მუ გუად თულ გან ტეაგა  
თუ იომან წინ თუ გუად ია მბან.

სე ია უგრად ია ხიო თუ ეპეი  
თუ ხერთეად ა მემ-ვრ აღ ია ა კუნ  
გუად ია მბან ტეგად თუ აად  
ტიგ ია კუად თუ ცეი აი ცეულ.

მუ ტ'აონ გუად თუ მო ფაი ა უგრემ  
'ს ა ხეი აიგ ბი მიაი ჩეი იეთ,  
მა ცეი წინ ად ა ხეი ია ხერეა  
'ს ა ზილ ა ზ ეა მუკ ა ცეი ა კოპ.

თა კუნხალქამი ციიც აგაუ რიერ  
თუ გეანამი ა იალ იე ა კირი  
ა ჩიგ თუ ხეი წმინდა წან გუემ  
თი წაძინაი თუ მე აი ა ცეა კო.

In this copy too, the wife is made to say :

მი ხერიშმინ გი ხერიშმინ-ე ხარ  
ხერად თ' უამიე, თი წად ა ხეა,  
ს მი ხემი გან გუადი აი მო გუაი  
თი გი ცეურშმინ მო ჯაბ ლე ვ' ცნეარ.

\* I do not quite understand this line.

Accordingly, when the Earl asks her why he was put naked in the tomb, she first says it was done to leave more space for herself to be beside him.

Do éum uaigneas t'fágsaileann sé.  
 Ann ra ceill a bhrat o cásá,  
 Cúm do aonta, iún mo cléib  
 Tír ffora a méid-ge táim a piád!

Her second excuse is that in the text.

~~1443~~  
 enioch:











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